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The Eagle's Nest ; or, The Lone Star of the West.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH OUR HERO APPEARS UNDER VERY
EXTRAORDINARY AUSPICES.

During one of those really gorgeous and superb days which the traveller meets with at times in the Gulf of Mexico, a small but well-rigged schooner lay becalmed upon its ever-vexed waters, which spread on all sides without sign of land to break the monotony of the scene. It was towards the latter end of the summer of 1835, or in what is so expressively called the fall of the year—a period at which calms are of rare occurrence, and, in general, preceding bad weather. The sky was for the time, however, of that intense blue which is peculiar to the tropics, and was unshadowed by a single cloud, the sun shining with all its dazzling brightness upon the smooth but slightly heaving billows, that appeared to bask in a flood of heat, which, spreading from aloft a few degrees only from perpendicular, scorched the vessel's deck, and rendered walking upon it somewhat unpleasant, even with shoes, as the pitched seams became liquid beneath the burning glow, which warped the very planks. It was, we have said, calm; indeed, not a breath of air was stirring, and but for the long swell, remnant of wind past or sign of wind to come, one would have thought that upon that spot the cold northern, or hot and suffocating south-easter, had never blown.

The huge mainsail and foresail of the schooner, as well as the lighter gaff topsails, were squared to meet the slightest breeze, but at present in vain, the craft rising and falling with the motion of the sea, and turning round towards every point of the compass. The captain, a passenger, and the crew, composed of four men, all stood aft, smoking their short

NO. 1325.

pipes—we except the passenger—conversing and speculating on the probable result of all this delay, or watching in silence the lazy wreaths of vapour which rose and fell from their long puffs, or were borne away by the tactitious breeze caused by the motion of the sails. They were seated some on the trunk, some on the deck, leaning listlessly over the low black bulwarks, with countenances plainly betokening an anxiety for action, and great disrelish for their present position.

"Rather discouraging, Monsieur Grignon," exclaimed the passenger, "three weeks out from New Orleans, a dead calm, very little provender, and at least an hundred miles from Matagorda."

"Develeesh provok—ing," replied the Frenchman, shrugging his shoulders, "put tish tam culf is never vid hout de sacre calme. Mais! vat ish dat on de vatere? Von tortue-de-mer as I am lif."

Instantly bustle and activity was the order of the day, the boat was lowered from astern and brought alongside, and the captain and crew jumped in, despite the remonstrances of the passenger, who warned them that the wind was about to rise.

"Bah! bah! Monsieur Blake, dere is no vind can come so quick I not see him," exclaimed the laughing and light-hearted Gaul, as he sat himself in the stern-sheets of his boat, "but you keep a look hout hall the while."

"Never fear, Monsieur Grignon," answered the passenger; "I see mischief brewing in the south-east, and shall be on the alert."

Four vigorous arms soon bore the dingy to a distance in chase of the turtle, which about half a mile off lay asleep on the face of the water—the captain and his men pursuing their object with all the vi-

VOL. XLVIII.

362920

vacuity and thoughtlessness of French sailors, who on sea and land, in all parts of the world, keep up the character of their country.

The young man who remained on the schooner's deck rose with a dissatisfied air, scanned the horizon in every direction, lit an elegant German pipe, and then seizing the tiller stood ready for any emergency which might happen, well satisfied that his energies would shortly be called into action, though he in reality expected nothing save a stiff breeze, which made him attempt no alteration in the craft's canvas, a complicated undertaking indeed for one man.

Edward Blake, such was his name, was habited in the jacket, cap, and well-fitting pantaloons of a midshipman in the English navy, a costume which peculiarly became his stature and form. He was about the middle height, rather more slight than corpulent, though so nicely did he balance between the two as to be sometimes called stout; with a profusion of dark curls, a straight nose, a peculiarly well-shaped mouth, while an incipient *moustache* of great promise garnishing his upper lip completed the outline of his personal appearance. His mental qualities it is our province in these pages to develop.

Edward Blake had entered on board an English man-of-war at the usual age. The son of a respectable private gentleman of moderate fortune, he possessed no friends powerful enough to ensure his promotion, a fact which had not come home to him with full force until a few years of naval experience had rendered him more thoughtful than before; the idea having once struck him, however, his temperament being quick and hasty, he became convinced that advancement was hopeless in his native country. The conclusion was somewhat illogical, since men do certainly rise to the highest rank in our service by merit alone, and why not Edward Blake, who, strange to say, believed himself beyond hope of redemption the last of his race. The above notion having once entered his head, nothing could eradicate it. While under the influence of these feelings, he received a communication from a friend who had emigrated to America a short time before, and who informed him that an immediate outbreak was contemplated between Texas and Mexico, a navy was in active preparation, and finally that if he felt disposed to register himself on the books of the young republic, a commission would be given him, with good pay, and the prospect of rapid promotion. No more was wanted to inflame the hopes and desires of an ardent and sanguine mind like that of Blake, and at the age of nineteen he quitted his native land on a

very brief notice, sailed from Liverpool to New Orleans, where finding the *Dame Blanche*, Captain Grignon, about to start for Matagorda, he had taken passage, furnished with credentials and letters of introduction from friends in the United States to several of the leading men who had brought about the Texan declaration of independence, letters and credentials equally invaluable with the usual run of such documents.

Meeting with contrary winds, and numerous calms ensuing, they had been already three weeks out, and were at the moment we speak of in lat. 27deg. 50m. N., long. 95 deg. 30m. W., and consequently about a hundred miles from their destination. The calm to which we alluded in the opening paragraph had already been of considerable duration, the wind having died away on the previous evening, and it being now about midday. Nothing can be conceived more vexatious and annoying than a calm at sea, excepting it be a storm of such a serious nature as to place life in jeopardy; otherwise I would always prefer half a gale of wind to no wind at all. No matter how excellent your fare, how agreeable your company, how complete and entertaining your library, one always is anxious to get to the end of a sea voyage; while, therefore, you go ahead, everything is delightful—the society of your fellow passengers is all that could be wished; such pleasant aspirations for the future are dwelt upon, such reminiscences, sad, tender, and merry, of the past. But let a calm ensue, and at once one is irritable, snappish, and out of sorts. Your dinner is detestable, your *cigars* cheerless, your best friend fussy, even the young widow who sits opposite at table rises ten seasons in the scale of years, and is no longer interesting. Sir Walter is serious, Sir Edward a bore, and even the inimitable Rabelais himself would hardly make you laugh. The deck is your sole resource, and there on such occasions will be found officers, passengers, and crew, watching the appearance of the heavens in every direction. A cloud no bigger than a man's head rises, and it is instantly decided that wind is coming from thence, but no, it is a false alarm, and the whole mass of the ship's inhabitants return to their pristine sullenness. Presently, however, the breeze rises, the sails fill, the bow parts the yielding waves, man's love of locomotion is satisfied, the destined port is felt to be nearer every minute, and all is once more cheerful and smiling.

Whether Edward Blake felt all this I know not, but he sat quietly on the companion, his hand resting on the tiller, now watching the motions of his associates, and now the various signs of a coming breeze,

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which showed themselves in the heavens and upon the waters. At a considerable distance, the long billows appeared slightly agitated, a bank rose, the smooth shining and silvery appearance of the slumbering ocean was darkened—it was a south-east wind moving rapidly over the face of the deep. In a few minutes a slight air fanned the cheek of the young sailor, the lazy sails swelled, and the craft was gently in motion before the breeze. Blake now naturally turned his eyes in search of the crew. At the distance of about three quarters of a mile ahead, they were seen pulling smartly for the schooner; and Blake, therefore, using every caution, steered the vessel towards them, the breeze increasing every instant, until it became a matter of certainty that a storm was about to follow the treacherous calm. The wind, indeed, already blew in powerful gusts, dense clouds began to pass over the face of the heavens, and it was not without great anxiety that Blake neared his comrades, who appeared ready to seize a rope which towed astern, resting meanwhile on their oars in the course of the craft. Five minutes elapsed, and it blew a strong gale of wind, the schooner labouring heavily, every rag being set, and Blake being obliged to remain at the helm, as to have left it and let go the halyards would have been to have given the *Dame Blanche* to the mercy of the wind and waves. Rising and sinking, and rising and sinking again on the furious and boiling billows, the schooner under her heavy press of canvas may have been said to have flown rather than to have sailed; and presently a blast more heavy and impetuous than any preceding one, sent her bows under, the masts bending and quivering like a whip handle, and the vessel appearing to plunge into a deep and awful chasm to rise no more; as, however, Blake felt the blast diminish in force, and could see through the dense volume of spray which played around him, he gazed abroad, and found himself alone on the face of the deep, not a sign, not a vestige remained of the boat or one of his companions.

To be alone, is, of all things, the most overwhelming to man. Society in joy and sorrow is his desire, and joy is increased, sadness decreased, by communion with his fellows. But to be left thus rudely, the one solitary object on which the fury of the elements was to wreck itself, one man in a huge unwieldy machine on the wide sea, to combat with death, was inconceivably awful. Nothing, therefore, can be imagined or described more dreadful than the state of mind in which Blake was now thrown; five human beings having perished under his eyes, and no other prospect remaining for himself. The mad wind roared above,

the waves, increasing each instant in force and hollowness, boiled beneath, and the schooner, which never, under such a press of sail and in such a breeze, had walked the waters, rose, and fell, and pitched and laid over, in the most extraordinary and unprecedented manner. The labour at the helm was immense: it was port and starboard, hard up and hard down at each moment, in the earnest endeavour to keep right before the wind; then a huge and combing wave, as the vessel came up unwittingly in the wind, swept across the deck, and casting our hero from the helm, nearly pitched him overboard. The schooner, meanwhile, left to its own guidance, broached to, lay down almost on its beam ends, and the topmasts and topsails parted from the lower mast. In an instant however Edward Blake had regained his feet and seized the tiller, when, by a desperate exertion of strength, he once more brought the craft before the wind, somewhat eased by the loss of the canvas just mentioned. Still, as the topsails had not been entirely carried away, and yet hung by the sheets and halyards, their loud and discordant flapping was to be heard even above the roar of the tempest, and expecting they would demolish the lower masts, Blake determined to cut them from their fastenings. Watching carefully for an instant for a slight diminution in the force of the wind, our hero left the helm, just as the sails were shaking on the larboard side, jammed the tiller hard aport, left the helm, and let go the topsail sheets and halyards, and away went topmasts, topsails, sheets, and halyards, blocks, and hooks and eyes, overboard. Quick as lightning he regained the helm, put it slightly a-starboard, and then, half kneeling on the deck, slippery with the salt spray, gazed around on the terrible scene which presented itself.

In an indescribably short space of time the sky had been covered by one dense mass of black clouds, which completely hid the sun, and presented the appearance of coming night; an atmosphere of damp fog encircled the schooner, the sea foaming, roaring, swelling, heaving, and sinking, exhibited a tremendous fury; the wind shrieked and howled through the rigging as if a thousand demons had been let loose, while the vessel itself, now plunging into the hissing waves, now rising aloft, astonished him by its vitality amid the almost chaotic state of the elements, which appeared about to resolve themselves into their original state of being. Willingly would Blake have eased the *Dame Blanche*, by lowering the mainsail, but the momentary lull which enabled him to let loose the topsail halyards was passed, and did not occur again. A choking heat too was just now experienced, the very air appear-

ed full of poison, and the wind at times seemed ready to hurl him from the deck, while the blast taking effect upon his body, rendered his skin hot, feverish, and uncomfortable.

Suddenly an object caught his eye, which, for a short time, divided his attention, though he did not cease to watch the helm with the greatest care and assiduity. A barque, her royal yards sent down, her top-gallant sails furled, her courses up, her spencer, gaff-topsails, jib, and flying jib snugly stowed, was seen standing towards him, close on a wind, under treble-reefed top-sails, storm stay-sail and spanker, which moderate allowance of sail was even too much for the occasion, as when Blake first noticed her she was lying with her starboard covering board evidently under water, the larboard side rearing its huge black surface aloft, and almost showing, as it rose and fell, her whole copper, down to the very keel. She neared him rapidly, evidently striving to get as much to windward as possible in order to speak the schooner, and as he saw her English colours run up to the gaff, his eyes were almost suffused with tears as he gazed, perhaps for the last time, on that banner which was associated with so many dear recollections. Every man, and she was crowded with passengers, was clinging to the rigging and watching the singular spectacle afforded them; the captain, meanwhile, stood erect on the companion, holding with one hand to the cabin, which was built above deck, and with the other grasping his speaking-trumpet.

"What craft is that?" roared he, making himself heard above the howling of the tempest, as Blake shot under his stern.

"La Dame Blanche, of New Orleans. All hands drowned!" shrieked Edward Blake, but his voice was borne uselessly on the blast, it never reached its destination.

In another instant the barque was before the wind, her spanker and staysail in, standing after the smaller craft. The intention of the captain was, evidently, to make an effort to save Blake, but to the daring and undaunted young midshipman it appeared that to get alongside the ship was a useless risk, though with the addition of his square mainsail his comrade on the ocean was keeping up with him.

"Can I help you?" bellowed the jolly-looking English sailor in command, having once more resorted to his speaking trumpet.

Blake rose, holding fast the tiller, giving his vessel now and then a dig into some hollow wave to lessen the rapidity of his own motion, and waving his cap in the air, pointed, with a shake of the head, to the boiling waves between them, and then resumed his former position. A loud and prolonged cheer burst from the crew of the

British barque, marking their admiration of his courage, and Blake's heart swelled with strange emotions as he remarked that even the female passengers had ventured on deck to gaze upon the gallant and apparently doomed young sailor, who wore the dress of an English officer, which, more than all, puzzled and interested the old ex-quarter-master who commanded the barque. The friendly vessel had only kept up with Blake by his manœuvring, and he no longer attempting to remain beside his larger companion, and she hauling up her main course, and drawing aft her starboard sheets, they parted, and our hero was once more alone on the face of the deep.

Hour after hour passed by, when, presently, by the sudden increase of the gloom, our hero considered that night must be coming on. Presently deep darkness covered the face of the waters, and alone in this raging wilderness of waves the schooner pursued its way, cutting through the liquid hollow masses which reared themselves to oppose his progress. The howling of the wind appeared more terrible, the clamour of the waves more furious, when, suddenly, a bright flash of lightning poured its brilliant and meteoric light upon the waters, showing the outline of every rope, and the whole features of a wild and terrible scene—a scene which is rarely gazed upon by mortal eyes; when once gazed upon, however, never to be forgotten! A storm at sea, when life and hope, death and despair, are ideas of vague and indeterminate signification—when we are conscious that our efforts are vain, when we know that we are helpless, that all rests with One whose whisper stills the fiercest war of the mightiest tempest. A storm at sea, when a faithless and senseless plank of oak is all between us and eternity, is not to be erased from the mind by any subsequent events. We speak from experience. For Blake there was but one point of attraction, and that was a low jagged black line ahead, which, as flash succeeded flash, became at each instant of time more distinct.

"And now," said he fervently, as he grasped the obedient tiller still more energetically than ever, "I have overcome the raging tempest thus much, but by far the greatest danger is at hand; He alone, who has till now saved me, can bear me harmless through it," and casting a somewhat stern look on high, he gradually allowed his features to relax into calmness and placidity. The young sailor sent up an inward prayer. What a time, what a place! Could it be unheard? "So soon!" muttered he, as dashing amid a species of whirlpool of breakers, a huge crested wave swept the deck, sufficiently betokening his proximity to land; "so soon, now for it then."

A tremendous peal of thunder, preceded by a brilliant flash, lit up the heavens, the sea, and the low outline of the coast which our hero appeared rapidly to near. With a quick and keen eye, he had caught sight of one spot more low and flat than the rest, for this he determined to make. When darkness once more overspread the scene, a fire showed itself on the land, a species of safety beacon to the weary traveller. It was faint and indistinct, now it vanished entirely, and then it rose more vivid than ever. Presently the air was illumined by an extraordinary blaze, a column of fire shot up towards the sky, burnt brightly for a few minutes, showing plainly the outline of various forest trees, and then it fell, leaving only the smaller light which had at first attracted Blake's attention. He grew nearer and nearer, until at length, when apparently not more than a couple of hundred yards from the fire, which was now to his left, a violent concussion took place, the schooner grated harshly, and then struck with tremendous force, hurling him from his position to the deck. His head striking against the trunk as he fell, he became insensible to all around.

CHAPTER II.

BLAKE MEETS WITH A CELEBRATED CHARACTER.

About an hour previous to the accident with which our first chapter concluded, a very different scene presented itself at no great distance from the spot at which the gallant schooner had happened to arrive, guided by the mad wind, which, having done its worst upon the waters, swept by to scourge the prairie and the forest, to drive man closely within doors, and the wild beasts to their most sheltered haunts. An extensive grove of trees, somewhat scattered over the surface of the ground, stretched to within a few yards of the water's edge; to the right, about a mile of, was the Sabine river; to the left, the wide and apparently interminable prairie, now screened by the huge and sombre canopy of night. In the centre of the grove was a small hollow, surrounded on all sides by trees, but itself untenanted by any. It was about three yards long and three or four broad, and not more than six feet deep in the lowest portion; at the northern end was an opening, whence ran whatever moisture at times poured into it, and to this spot there was a slope from all parts of the hollow. Across it, from the eastern side, leaned a stunted and aged tree, almost touching a solitary and majestic pine which stood directly opposite to it, while dark masses of similar growth rose plentifully

in the background. The pine here particularised, had been made to serve the purpose of a back to a blazing pile of wood which spread a lurid glare upon the surrounding grove. Opposite the fire was a man, sheltering himself from the blast behind the stunted tree above-mentioned, which had been made the central point of a species of rude tent, in the open entrance of which the individual in question sat, quietly and contentedly gazing upon a ramrod which was thrust in the ground before the fire, and on which were spitted various long slices of venison, cut from a freshly killed deer, that hung to the topmast branch of the gnarled tree above his head. Within reach of his right hand was a long, old, American rifle, which had apparently seen better days. Its owner had certainly been younger than he now was, for though there was fire in his eye, and much strength yet visible in his long and sinewy limbs, he had evidently approached a term of years at which few refrain from seeking refuge from toil and labour, if not in the grave, at least in ease and retirement. The continent of America has, however, wrought wonderful changes in the constitution of those men who, in its wilds, lead a simple but laborious life. The traveller in the Texan wilderness would have been taken for a remarkably hale man of eighty; he was, in reality, fourteen years over four score. His garb was half military, half venatorial, buckskin forming by far the most prominent material of his various articles of clothing; if we except a red flannel shirt, which he wore next his dark red skin, his whole dress was of deer's hide. A pistol butt protruded from the left side of his waistband, a silver hilted dagger, or bowie knife, peeped out of the right. His powder horn, shot bag, and lead pouch, were hanging inside the tent, jealously covered by a blanket to shield the former from the night air—a matter concerning which all true Texans are wondrous particular, and justly so, when their existence, their food, their lives indeed, so often depend on the efficiency of their accoutrements.

Close to the old man's feet was a little heap of hot ashes, which the hunter kept constantly renewing, until at length he ceased, as if satisfied with the result of his labours. He then spoke for the first time.

"Cap'n Harry," said he, turning towards the interior of the little tent, and shaking a form which had up to the present time been shaded by his own erect person—"Cap'n Harry, I conclude you've had snooze enough for any moderate man; open your peepers and chaw. Supper waits, and I reckon if I were one eyed enough to jerk it into me, without callin' on you to foller my example, you'd call me the meanest

thing on 'arth, an old 'coon dog barking at the wrong tree."

"Oh, I know you're death onto a deer, Colonel Crockett, but I sagacitate as how it 'ud take two like you to walk into the whull of that buck."

"I'm the yaller flower of the forest, and no mistake," replied the famous hunter of Tennessee, "but it 'ud go beyont the power of my intarnals to swaller that brute. But git up, cap'n, git up, a volunteer out west should be as smart as a streak o' lightning, whin a fight, a gal, or a supper, is in question. When I was out w' Gen'l Jackson in old times at Pensacola, Talladago, and Jallisahatchee, I know it wur a caution if I said no to ere a one."

"Ah, colonel," continued the individual addressed as captain, rising from his position in the tent, and seating himself alongside his companion, "we all calculate what you were sixty year ago; he must be eternally deaf who ar'n't heard tell of the bay filly. That was like a man who war'n't afraid of the galls."

"That I guess was 'nt so smart as might ha' been, seeing that wur whin I was arter my first wife, Cap'n Harry," said the old man, laughing, though not without a certain saddened expression; "but thin have you got the right end of that story? I conclude not. So just scrape thim sweet potatoes out of the hole, hand here the ramrod, and while you're digging your teeth into the deer meat, maybe I'll tell you the rights of that anecdote."

"Right as a trivet," replied the person addressed as Captain Harry, obeying the requests of his companion, after taking out a huge chaw of tobacco from his left cheek, and carefully laying it aside to be again replaced as soon as the meal was over; "here's the praties, here's the meat, and now, venerable steamboat, go ahead."

"Go ahead I will, friend Harry, in a brace of shakes, but as to saying it 'ull be like a steamboat, I ca'n't promise, since thims an invention I knows little of, and likes less. But do you see, whin I was quite a boy, I reckon not more than three-and-twenty, I fell over head and yars in love. This were quite nat'ral like. Well you know, Cap'n Harry, I reckon, that it wur at a frolic, the girl wur pretty," continued the veteran, sadly, "very pretty, and I concluded to have her and she me. So we agreed I should ride over to her mother and ask her consent. I wur a mighty long time thinking of it, but one day I plucked up smart, mounted one of my master's horses, and rode over to where I heard she wur on a visit to a friend's house. Well, whin I kim in sight of the log, I began to feel mighty cool about the heels and hot about the head and shoulders, but it war'n't to be thought I was a

going to go back, so I rides up to the yard, where wur standing a power of boys and gals, and says I, to mask my love scrape, 'Has any one seen a stray bay filly of my master's?' Well, they all roared, for it seems they all knowed I wur coming, and one told me I should hear inside. My heart in my mouth I went in, and there wur my gall. So I asked her plump if she wur going back to her mother's, 'cause if she wur I would take her up behind me. She said, yes, directly, and after a drink of milk and a bite of cake we started, I a straddle and she behind me. As I went out of the yard, feeling a little bearish about the knuckles, a fellow calls out, 'Have you found your bay filly now?' I wish I may be shot if I know how I felt, all I know is, I felt all overish."

The captain laughed as he handed a fine large brown potato to his aged associate, which the latter accepted, and his bowie knife being brought into use, huge lumps of deer were speedily disappearing, proving incontestibly that age had diminished few, if any, of his faculties.

"This fox-hole," exclaimed the captain, "was smartly hit upon, colonel, for I reckon we'd be pretty extensively cold, with all the fires in creation, if we war'n't burrowed here below."

"It takes me to pick a camp, friend," replied Crockett, quietly; "I conclude I ar'n't lived all these years for nothing; and whin I find a cold south-easter blowing, which is mighty apt to end in a norther, it's a caution if I don't find some hole to lay my head in. But I tell you what man, that ere tree's too near the fire, and I'll be on my oath, as a christian man, it falls before another half hour."

"It will make a fine log for the night, colonel," replied the other, carelessly; "it must fall the other way, so no danger, old sagacity."

"Danger!" replied the great bear hunter, somewhat contemptuously, "I ar'n't lived all these years to come to Texas to be smashed by a falling tree, cap'n; but it 'ull spile our fire, if you do n't take mighty good care; and it 'ull be pretty tall work to make it up again."

The individual in question rose, and taking up a long pole from a heap of wood which lay to his right in the hollow, proceeded to draw the fire a little away from its contact with the trunk of the pine, which, red hot and almost blazing, appeared about to verify the prediction of the old hunter, who, after all his exploits, real and fabled, doings extraordinary, &c., in

* The exigencies of our narrative requiring this one introduction of the famous Colonel Crockett, we are compelled to make use of certain anecdotes, perhaps too well known, for which we apologise. Our motto is, "Speak the truth, and shame," &c.

the United States, had left his own wilds, where the bear, deer, and elk, were alone to be hunted, to seek a land where the progress of revolution promised to bring all who entered its confines in battle with the forces of the Mexican federation, as well as with the hosts of Indians who infested the frontier and interior settlements.

"It's many a fire, cap'n, that old tree has stood," observed the colonel, "but this here's doomed to be its last, I reckon. See the very heart of it is open; there, I told you it's in a blaze."

As he spoke, a stream of fire flew from the trunk to the very summit of the tree, and the captain stood back a few paces, gazing anxiously at the progress of the flames, which had so suddenly enveloped the pine in their embrace.

Captain Harry Coulter, as Crockett, in the true spirit of American politeness, called him, but as he was oftener denominated Mr. Henry Coulter, and oftener still plain Harry, was a man some six-and-twenty years of age, under the middle size, of stout athletic make, but with a thin bag-gard face, sunken red eyes, and bitter sneering lip, a complexion naturally fair, but on which climate, dissipation, and, latterly, exposure, had done their work. A brace of pistols and a huge bowie knife were seen beneath an ample blue cloak, which covered habiliments much less elegant than his outward garb might have led an eye witness to expect. His trade, profession, mode of life, and character, are summed up in a word—he was a New Orleans gambler; one of that numerous class of individuals whose baggage consists of a shirt, a pack of cards, and a bowie knife. For some reason which he did not choose to explain he had taken it into his head to visit Texas, and had fallen in accidentally with the celebrated Colonel David Crockett, who had himself travelled from New York, chiefly on foot, though sometimes a wagoner would induce him, by dint of great persuasion, to take a lift.

"Going—going," said the gambler; "it's a tall tree that, and casts a glare that might lead an Indian war party further than would be pleasant."

"If there were any Injine varmint in these parts," replied the other, without pausing in his meal, "I reckon you would'n't find David Crockett out lying even sich a night as this, with a fire by his side enough to roast an ox; he'd burrow in a hollow tree man, and never mind the cold. But see, Cap'n Harry, that old pine is raaly going."

Of a truth, the sturdy old tree had seen its last days. The fire had eaten half through its expansive trunk, had then mounted aloft, caught the dry boughs, and was blazing in the keen blast like some

huge beacon in time of war. Every now and then the flame heightened afresh, and sent forth myriads of sparks amid the darkness around. Presently a loud crash was heard, the tree bent slowly, and then fell heavily to the ground; the flames being extinguished by the violence of the concussion.

"Bravely," cried Crockett, laughing, "that was smartly done, cap'n; that ere log, if pulled up in its proper place, will make a rare good back to our fire for the night, and will burn a first-rate time."

"It's broken in two, by G—; snapped like a bow of pine wood," responded Coulter, "and here's boughs enough to last a week. Bear a hand here, colonel; and we'll settle the matter in less time than one 'ud take to drink a quart of whiskey."

"And that's two 'coon skins," said the colonel, rising and assisting his companion to place the log in the desired position, after which he once more seated himself before the fire, and surveyed the handiwork of his friend and companion with evident satisfaction.

"Talking of 'coon skins," observed the captain, "I've heard you did wonders with them in electioneering?"

"Sartinly. It stands to reason," replied Crockett, "when I went on thim expeditions, I always went fixed for the purpose. I put on a suit of deer skin, with two mighty big pockets. In one I puts a bottle of Manogahela, in t'other a fifty cent plug of rale Virginny, none of your Oronooko stuff, and started right away, slick as leather. Whin I comes across a friend I hauls out my switchee flip and gives him a taste; he'd be mighty apt you know afore he'd swizzle, to throw away his old soldier, and whin I seed a man do that, why I out with my plug and gives him a chaw, and did'n't mind if he cut off a piece and put it in his shot pouch, so, do ye see, I never left a man worse off than I found him. If he got a drink and lost his tobacco, he would'n't have made much, but I gave him tobacco and liquor both, and was mighty apt, do ye see, to get his vote. Whin my bottle was out I walks into a store, gits a quart fresh and a plug, claps down my four 'coonskins, and I was all right agin."

"But how, in the name of Martin Van Buren, Gen'l Jackson, and all the presidents of our blessed republic, did you find 'coon skins enough, colonel?"

The hunter smiled sarcastically.

"Do you see old Bet there?" pointing to his long rifle, "she rarely missed, and then my boys at home would go their death to hunt during an election, and when alone I always carried hare skins to pay for half pints."

"Right," replied the gambler; "but

were you never a care, hard up in a clinch, and no knife to cut the seasonings?"

"Once I reckon I was, cap'n. I fell upon a grog-shop where there wur a woundy lot of boys. Well, do you see, I was a case, flat, without a dollar—had but one 'coon skin about me. But never mind, I slapped it down like a man on the counter, and ordered a pint. The man measured the liquor and threw the skin into a loft. Well, the logs above were mighty open, and I felt woundily vexed at being hard up; so, do you see, I hooked my screw onto my ramrod, poked it up when the man turned his back, twisted down the 'coon skin and pocketed it. When the liquor was out I slapped down the 'coon skin upon the counter and called for another pint. I wish I may be shot if in this rale smart way we did'n't drink all the evening."

"What's that?" cried the captain, starting to his feet, as a loud and heavy crash was heard on their right, at the same time seizing a rifle which lay beneath the tent, and rushing out of the hollow in the direction of the sound.

The colonel followed slowly, and when about half way his companion shouted to him to return and bring a torch. Crockett wheeled round, and once more approaching the fire, selected from the heap of wood at its side a pine knot, which soon ignited in the flames, and then was borne aloft, serving excellently well the purpose of a torch. With this in one hand and old Bet in the other, the great bear hunter hastened forward in the direction to which his friend's voice carried him. Captain Harry Coulter, on leaving the cover, had observed a dark mass at two hundred yards distant. Close to the grove above alluded to was a narrow gut, leading into one of the lagoons, which communicated with the Sabine lake. On the edge of this bay lay a large two-masted schooner, with her mainmast and foresail set, her bow embedded in the bank, her larboard gunwale under water, her starboard side high above. The gambler advanced to the water's edge, wrapping his cloak closely about him, and concealing his rifle beneath, for when out of the shelter of the trees he found the wind furious and cutting in the extreme. Two minutes brought him close upon the devoted craft, over which the mad waves broke furiously. By the dim light which prevailed he saw something lying, as it were, in a heap upon the deck, which he judged rightly to be a human being; laying his rifle a short distance from the beach he clambered upon the planks, and raising up young Blake supported him in a sitting posture until Crockett stood over them both, and threw the glare of his torch on the pallid but gory features of the young sailor. Both

the hunter and his companion looked on for a few minutes, curiously and in silence.

"A smart youth, as sure as ever I slayed a 'possum or a bear," remarked Crockett. "But how came he here? I wish I may be shot if I can tell."

"Nor I; one thing's sure—he's a British-er. This here jacket is that of a midshipman in the English navy," remarked Coulter, examining the article of dress with attention.

"Well, I conclude you're right, since you say so, cap'n, but I can't say myself, seeing that sarvice is a trifle beyant me. The youth's but stunned and will soon revive, I reckon. But it's a huckleberry above my persimmon to cipher out how he got here alone."

"Look in the cabin," said the New Orleans black-leg hastily, as if a sudden thought had struck him; and fastening the look of a basilisk on the breast of Edward Blake. Crockett assented, and turning round moved towards the place pointed out, with some anxiety, as if expecting that the interior would explain the secret of the vessel's presence on that barren strand. Quick as thought Coulter leaned the young man against the inclined plane formed by the deck, drew forth his bowie knife, seized upon something which encircled the youth's waist next his skin, cut it in twain, and, thrusting it into his own breast, replaced the poniard in its usual position.

"Not so much as a rat to be nosed out hereabouts," exclaimed David, returning from his fruitless search. "This youngster is flower of the forest here. Does he revive?"

"He breathes audibly," replied Coulter, a little confusedly; "suppose you take hold of his legs, and we'll carry him to the camp. The fire 'ull warm his blood and pull him up smart."

"Nay, cap'n; I'll carry thy rifle, the torch, and my own Bet, a load I take it for one of my years. I reckon you'll carry the lad yourself."

"Humph!" replied Coulter, contemptuously, "I conclude he ai'nt an elephant, nor an ox, neither. Lead the way, I follow."

Crockett shouldered the two rifles, raised the torch, the blaze of which scarcely gave any light, so great was the fury with which it was blown about by the furious wind, and stepping on shore led the way towards the shelter of the welcome hollow. Coulter, tottering under his burden, followed, and a few minutes brought them once more back to their camp.

"I'll be catawampourly chawed up by a Florida alligator," observed the gambler, depositing his burden upon the ground, "but though he ai'nt so very big, he's heavy as lead."

"Why, you see a dead man and a stunned man is much of a muchness, awk'ard to carry, and still awk'arder to bring too; howsomever, we'll do our best, tho' he be a Britisher, and we raal true born Yankees."

Without noticing Coulter's sarcastic smile, Crockett proceeded to fulfil his humane intentions. Placing Blake in as easy a position as possible, the old hunter took down a gourd from the inside of the tent, and having first washed the bleeding temple of the young man with water, bound it up with some rags carried for patching rifle balls, and then poured down his throat a small quantity of brandy. Our young friend, who had been severely stunned and slightly wounded, opened his eyes feebly, stared at the fire, at his companions; consciousness gradually returning, he sat up and gazed for some minutes in silence on the scene around him. Mutual explanations ensued, and ere half an hour had elapsed, the excellent constitution of the young English sailor gained the ascendancy, and he sat before the fire eagerly devouring venison and sweet potatoes. Exhaustion from want of food had, more than anything else, retarded his recovery.

"By the way," observed he, suddenly, "there is in a small locker of the cabin a liquor case, in which are sundry bottles of excellent Irish whiskey, which, being my private property, I freely offer you, my kind and hospitable friends."

"Irish whiskey!" replied Coulter, with a bright flash of the eye, and, as a nicely critical ear might have it, the smallest trifle of a true Hibernian accent. "Irish whiskey is first rate, and by your good leave, Mr. Blake, I will conclude to light the pine torch, and make a v'ge to the schooner."

"Darn my grandmother, but it's a smart youth," said Crockett, approvingly.

"Thanks, my good sir," continued Blake, addressing Coulter, "and perhaps while you are about it, you will just put your hand into the lower locker and fist the bread bag?"

"Consarn your young skin," again cried Crockett, "but you're rale juicy. Bread's a rarity in these parts, and I reckon I could scarily another pound of deer's meat if I had a biscuit or so to crackle with it."

Coulter hurried to execute a right welcome commission, and soon returned with three or four bottles of whiskey, a bag of bread, two or three lemons, and a canister of lump sugar, not forgetting three tin mugs.

"Cap'n Harry arn't lived in New Orleans not to larn something," said Crockett, chuckling, "he knows a hare skin from a 'coon skin, and whiskey punch from the raw extract."

"I reckon so, Colonel Crockett. Your late friend, Cap'n Grignon, Mr. Blake, knew what living was, I can see."

"Colonel Crockett!" exclaimed Blake, not noticing the levity of Coulter's remark in his surprise, "you don't mean to say I am in company with that famous hunter and politician, whose name is as well known in England as the king's?"

"As to that I can't say, Master Edward," replied the gratified hunter; "but Colonel David Crockett I am, and that's the short and long of it."

Edward Blake did not reply, but gazed silently and with undisguised interest upon the man who, above all American celebrities, he had been desirous of knowing, that is to say historical celebrities, since, while the English language endures, Cooper's fictitious Hawkeye must ever remain the most deeply imprinted continental portrait ever presented to the imagination. Coulter meanwhile was engaged in the manufacturing of punch, in which occupation he showed himself no mean adept, and proved himself quite ingenious in the way in which he overcame the obstacles presented to him. Taking down his own gourd from the inside of the tent, and emptying its contents into a tin can, he placed this over some hot embers which he raked from the fire and drew around the substitute for a kettle. Having done this, and filled Crockett's gourd from the spring that had induced them to camp near this spot, and which was close at hand, he poured about a pint of the generous liquid into the natural punch-bowl, squeezed a lemon upon it, melted the sugar and infused it likewise, then taking the water, now boiling, and adding it to the Hibernian spirit, a supply of hot punch was ready for imbibing.

"Rale spicy," cried Coulter, with an American oath, with which he continually interlarded his discourse, but which elegant universal expletive we spare our readers, since none can say swearing is now an English gentleman's accomplishment. "Rale spicy. I'm bound to be drunk to-night."

Blake looked up startled at the blasphemous expressions of the reckless gambler; he was yet to learn that cursing and swearing, of a nature too horrible to be described, are the necessary accompaniments of the discourse of a "southerner," of whom it has been said, "a more humane, generous, and highminded class of men does not exist!" Crockett, however, laid a veto upon drinking as yet.

"Jist take a squint at thim horses, and shift their larietts to new ground. I'll lay they've chawed up all the grass within reach. Business afore pleasure, and as you conclude to be drunk, it's a caution if I arn' ditto, when the horses 'ud be a case."

CHAPTER III.

EDWARD BLAKE BEGINS TO SMELL POWDER.

At the expiration of a twelvemonth after the occurrences of the events narrated in our previous chapters, which must be considered introductory, night fell upon the skirts of a long strip of forest, as two travellers cantered up and halted upon its extreme edge. The one, in dress and appearance, was clearly a white man; the other was no less certainly an Indian. Both were clothed with extreme plainness. The aboriginal wore a red hunting shirt and leggings of mountain goat-skin, with buck mocassins, while a rifle and small axe were his only arms. The tinge of his countenance, and his peculiar features, alone gave token of his being a native of the wilds, which his accoutrements in no wise demonstrated to be the case.

The garb of the white man was similar, while his naturally fair skin, tanned by constant exposure, was not much lighter than that of his companion. In the stout bearded hunter, of marked features and sturdy frame, few would have recognised the stripling who, under the name of Edward Blake, has already been introduced to our readers. Disappointed in his expectations of a commission—the navy not being as yet formed—he had started to pass the time on a long journey into the interior, during the course of which we take up our narrative.

Both seemed truly weary from the effects of their day's journey across the wilderness, and drew rein with every appearance of extreme satisfaction, such as is seldom more warmly experienced than when, after hard riding for some ten hours, one prepares to stretch the weary limbs, and, in the very changing action of walking, to find repose.

Behind them was a vast prairie—a very ocean of high grass—one of those picturesque and deep-clad rolling meadows of Upper Texas, stretching away as far as the eye could reach, and over which they had travelled since the morning. Before them lay a narrow opening in the belt of trees, a slight gap or break leading to some forest path or woodland glade. At no great distance, on their right, and somewhat in their rear, an island of timber contributed to the scenic effect of the whole.

"Well, red skin," exclaimed our hero, "I really cannot advance any further, I am dead beat, thoroughly worn out, and must rest."

"Good!" replied the Indian; "here camp."

"I am glad of it," continued Blake; "and if you would only converse a little more, friend Chinchin, we might pass another very tolerable evening in the woods.

Tobacco is plenty, venison in abundance, and I have no doubt you will find water. Three things which, however incongruous to other minds, to one who has seen the elephant of very serious moment."

The Indian did not reply, which, seeing that he scarcely comprehended what was said, was less to be wondered at, but leading the way, and entering within the arches of the forest, they soon found themselves in the centre of a green glade, surrounded on all sides by the dense mass of wood. Not more than a dozen yards across, with tall trees, pea vines and thick undergrowth compassing it about, with a huge half-burnt log as a foundation for a fire, with a very mountain of dry wood piled up in one corner (it being a favourite hunting camp of the Waccos), it wanted but the presence of a rippling stream to render it the very beau ideal of a forest encampment.

"Good camp," said the Indian, with that sententious gravity for which his race are famed, leaping from his steed at the same time, an act in which he was speedily imitated by Blake; "white man light fire—Indian stake mustangs."

"Agreed," replied the young man, speedily disburdening his wearied animal of all trappings save his lariatte; and drawing forth a flint, steel, and a supply of spunk, a species of fungus which admirably serves the purpose of tinder (so provident is nature for those whose necessities call for aid), proceeded to light a fire.

It is in the wilderness, in those vast and desolate regions which seem the abiding place of divinity, that at every step one sees the mercy and goodness of Providence. Each hour, some one of its goodly provisions are discovered, for the health, comfort, and subsistence of man. In towns, in congregated multitudes, we see and feel more the effect of human art and human contrivances—we fall back upon the vast body of those who surround us; but in the wilds, where man is not, and where we have leisure to contemplate the deeds of Providence, one is apt to feel how much is due to a superintending power, and how little to our own unaided intelligence.

Blake in another moment was alone in the dark solitude of that gloomy little forest cove, on the very verge of the wild Indian country, with nought to depend on for liberty or life save the sagacity and honour of his Indian guide. Such, however, is the constant position of those who venture into the interior wilds of Texas, and other parts of America; the very doubts, dangers, and difficulty, constituting a great portion of the pleasure of such journeys.

Disappointed in his hopes of obtaining an immediate berth in the Texan navy,

Blake, ever venturesome and fond of excitement, had started on an expedition to visit the tribe of aborigines to which his companion belonged. A year's residence in the young republic had familiarised him, as it will all, with every hardship, and with difficulty experience had ensued. To use the expressive language of the backwoods, he had seen the elephant, and no longer felt any emotion of surprise at occurrences however remarkable—a happy state of mind, which many may envy him. Indeed, though *nil admirari* be good philosophy, to be surprised at nothing is even more practically useful. Blake was now a tolerable backwoodsman; the more that, sanguine and enthusiastic, he entered into every feature of his new life with a spirit and animation that betokened the zest with which he enjoyed it.

Anyone who had seen him in his rude leatherstocking garb, lifting the logs from their pile, bearing them to the spot selected for a camp, and placing them with artistic skill so as to form sides to the camp fire, and thus by confining the heat to make it more intense, would have scarcely supposed him fit, as he really was, both in manners and accomplishments, to adorn a drawing-room, or any other fashionable locality. Those men, however, who can accommodate themselves to every circumstance, are ever the most valuable members of the community.

The ready acuteness, the aptitude to catch the tone and manners of the position one is placed in, with the power to cast it off again, with also a willingness to bear with much that is rough, and not to find fault with trifles, are essential requisites for your true travellers. Of these Blake was one.

From the huge trunk of an aged sycamore near at hand, whose boughs spread in leafy grandeur far and wide, he speedily drew a handful of dry Spanish moss, which, with dead grass and leaves, formed the foundation of his fire. Twigs, thin boughs, small bits of stray sticks which cumbered the turf all around, served for the second layer, over which logs were heaped. A spark waved backwards and forwards in the air, within a handful of the first-mentioned article, soon produced a cheerful and welcome blaze. This placed below the pile, and gently fanned, speedily kindled the whole mass.

Blake was too intent upon his occupation, so necessary to the comfort of an open air encampment, to notice the return of Chinchea, who glided to his side with a number of slight poles cut from the neighbouring forest, and which he stuck in the ground all round the fire, hanging thereon, so as to screen the blaze from without, their blankets, sheepskin saddle-cloths, and every

other spare article of furniture usually serving the purpose of a bed. Above, drawing the tops of the supple boughs together, a narrow aperture allowed the smoke to escape.

"But, Indian," said Blake, somewhat indignantly, as soon as he discovered the intentions of his companion, "pray what am I to cover myself with this cold night? you are making pretty free with the clothes."

"Bad place," replied Chinchea; "Comanche got sharp eyes—so Blackfeet—white man make big fire—red man hide it."

"I never knew you fail in a reason yet, Chinchea, no matter how absurd your acts," said Blake; "and as our scalps seem to be in danger, I can have no possible objection to your proceedings."

The Wacco Indian did not reply; but drawing forth several slices of venison, the whole stock of provisions they now owned, proceeded to broil them over the smoaky fire. Blake, seated on part of the log against which the fire rested, looked on admiringly. His journey had been long, and without rest or refreshment the whole of that day, which made him regard the Indian's proceedings with a complacency which would have surprised our young Englishman at no very distant period of past time. As, therefore, the viands were turned and turned, emitting savoury odour, he congratulated himself on the acquisition of an appetite which made him so little nice, and left so little desire for more luxurious food.

While, however, his eyes were thus pleasingly occupied, his active mind dwelt upon the singular features of his position.

The warm blazing fire, that crackled and rose in curling flames, emitting volumes of white smoke, cast all without into dismal shadow, save the sky, which, cloudless and spangled with myriads of stars, was a glad sight to look upon. There was no wind; all was still, silent, breathless. The very trees, usually rustling and sighing in the breeze, were motionless, their tall tops silvered by the reflexion of the fire. The distant gobbling of the wild turkey, as it flew to roost, the hooting, screeching owl, the croaking of the sand-hill crane, were the only sounds which broke the monotony of the dead night-air.

Suddenly a cry so unearthly and horrible as to make Blake start with horror to his feet, came full upon their ears. It was a long howl, a screeching, horrid sound, that made the blood curdle in the veins as it yelled and yelled in the distance.

"What infernal whoop is that? is the forest alive with devils?" cried Blake.

"White wolf," said Chinchea, calmly, turning the unbroiled side of his venison

to the fire, and examining it with an appearance of much gusto.

The restless neighing of the affrighted horses prevented the immediate reply of Edward Blake, who stood still, bewildered by the sudden nature of the surprise which he had suffered. Nothing can be conceived more wildly lugubrious, more unearthly, or more horrible, than the howl of the prairie wolf at eventide. It booms across the plains, first in a low howl! how! how! and gradually rising, becomes at length fearfully horrible.

"You are right, friend Chinchea," said the young man, after a pause; "but they do howl most frightfully. If the Comanche war-whoop be more horrible than that, I am in no hurry to hear it."

Chinchea replied not, though a grim smile played round his mouth; and handing the meat to Blake to finish, took up a large pumpkin gourd, and left the circle drawn by the blankets around the fire.

During his absence, Blake, speculating on the relative horrors of an Indian war-whoop and the howling of prairie wolves—very similar in nature to the jackal—finished the cooking of their meal, having during his wanderings become a perfect wild Soyer.

Chinchea returned in less time than Blake had expected, but he brought no water; and as he glided noiselessly and cautiously within the shelter which they had erected, laid his finger in a warning manner upon his lips. Blake instantly knew that something was in the forest of more than common interest, to disturb thus the calm serenity of the Indian.

"Come," said Chinchea, pointing to his arms; "bad man in forest, close by."

With these words he beckoned Blake to follow him, and silently led the way to the wood pile, whence he, and in imitation of him our hero, took an armful of heavy logs and bushes, which they hastened to heap upon the fire, in such a manner as for the time completely to deaden its brightness. Over this they cast leaves and earth, which done, loading themselves with every article of their baggage, not forgetting the venison, they crept with noiseless footsteps towards the horses. Not a word passed; the white man knew too well the exigencies of the case to waste time in idle questions.

Breathless with excitement, his blood tingling with delight at the novelty of danger, Blake followed the movement of the Indian with his eyes, rapidly imitating him in his every act; Chinchea, as soon as they had laden their horses, again dived within the forest, passing the fire, and entering on what, to the young man's surprise, presented all the features of a beaten bridle-path. Neither mounted; but, with their

hands grasping their rifles, led their horses by the extremity of the lariatte. The growth of the boughs overhead at once explained to Blake the reason of Chinchea's not having attempted mounting.

"Look!" said the Indian, in a breathless whisper, as, after ascending the side of a somewhat steep acclivity, they suddenly halted. As he spoke these words, Chinchea caught the young Englishman's arm in his grasp, and holding it with great firmness, pointed through the trees. Blake followed the direction of his hand with his eye, and at once understood the reason of their change of camp.

A small fire in the depth of a hollow revealed a party of no less than thirty men, some Indians, some whites, sleeping or watching. In every variety of costume, scarcely any two Indians were of the same tribe. While some were rolled in blankets, others less fortunate lay on the bare ground uncovered; a few stood leaning against the trunks of trees, while one who, by his costume, somewhat more military than that of any of the others, appeared the chief, was supporting himself with his arms crossed on the muzzle of his rifle. The lucid glare of the fire in that dark and gloomy dell, fell upon the bronzed countenances of the men with singular effect. It was a scene worthy of Salvator Rosa, which the wild costume of the prairie robbers, the piles of arms, and their variety, in no slight degree tended to heighten.

Their position was well chosen. In the very bottom of a hollow, surrounded by tall trees, their small fire was but little likely to be observed.

The presence of white men, the variety of tribes visible in the Indians, were indications which left no doubt of their identity; it was, therefore, with little surprise that Blake heard from Chinchea that they were a dreaded gang, commanded by a white man, who roamed about Texas, pillaging, and enacting scenes more bloody, ruthless, and horrible, than any of which the Indians were ever guilty. Indeed, bloody and ruthless as the red skins, writhing under consciousness of oppression and wrong, have become, they are infinitely surpassed in cruelty by the desperate gangs of whites who, under the name of "Regulators," haunted the borders of Texas.

"Blackhawk," said Chinchea, gravely pointing to the figure we have mentioned as leaning on the muzzle of his gun.

Blake made no reply, save by a slight nod; he was busily engaged in scanning the features of this very man. They were familiar to him, or, at all events, lived in his remembrance; that he had seen him before he felt certain, but at so distant a period it seemed to have been, as to leave the impression of its having occurred previous to

his departure from England. Events, however, had crowded upon him so thick and fast during the last twelve months of his life, as to leave but a feeble recollection of his earlier existence.

"Hist!" whispered Chinchea, drawing the attention of Blake to other matters.

At the moment that the Waco spoke, the blaze of the fire they had left burst forth at the termination of a low and dark vista of the forest, discovering itself, however, not to them alone. It was no faint mass of flames—they rose manfully and merrily, the more from having been previously pent up.

"A camp!" cried one, who stood on the outskirts of the party overlooked by Edward and his Indian guide.

"I see," exclaimed the chief, raising his head calmly, and then gloomily relapsing as soon as he had spoken, into his thoughtful mood; "slip through the trees, and bring word who and what they are."

"It is time to be moving," whispered Blake, his blood leaping and coursing through his veins with the utmost rapidity, turning towards the place where the Indian had stood, but which was now occupied by his horse only. In the close observation of the movements of the knot below, Edward had not noticed his departure.

Blake, however, was surprised, but not alarmed or distrustful of his guide; and satisfied that his absence was connected with some matter necessary to their safety, turned his eyes again upon those who had caused so serious a change in their movements.

For some brief space of time, no alteration was manifest in the disposition of the extraordinary gang—their camp remained in its pristine quiet—those who slept were still recumbent, those who had been standing were yet in the same position. Suddenly a rush, a sound like the heavy but disorderly charge of cavalry, was heard, and every man started to his feet. The tramp was at that moment plainly upon the eastern side of their camp.

"The horses are loose!" cried the chief, with a fearful imprecation.

"Indians!" exclaimed another.

"A stampede!" put in a third.

A rush then took place towards the coral which contained the horses, some few remaining on the outskirts of the camp, taking good care, however, to keep at some distance from the fire, which might have too conspicuously betrayed them to the mark of the enemy, whom they supposed had surprised their secret place, and whom they knew, if in force, could be no other than the bold, daring, and warlike Comanches, that picturesque tribe of warriors who wander, like the Arabs of the desert, in search of plunder and spoil.

In a few minutes after carrying out this daring manoeuvre, Chinchea returned, and taking the halter of his steed in hand, fell into a cautious trot, in which he was imitated by Blake, who had the good sense in all similar contingencies to be guided by one whom he knew to be more experienced than himself. In about ten minutes they once more emerged upon the prairie.

"Well, Chinchea," said Edward Blake, mounting his wearied steed, "you have, it is plain, stampeded these rascals' nags, and how much further do you intend going?"

The moon had risen now for some time, its pure effulgence illuminating the whole landscape which lay before them. A prairie stretched out for some distance, and then again the forest was plainly visible. To this the Indian pointed.

"Camp in wood," said he, "Blackhawk no follow—too busy find horses."

"The sooner the better," exclaimed Blake, "for that disappointment about the venison was a serious thing to a hungry man. Proceed—I follow."

The night was now lovely in the extreme. They were advancing over an interior prairie of some extent, entirely surrounded by the forest, and covered by a low grass, the result of a burn, which materially assisted the rapidity of their movements. Here and there certain bushes, in knots and clumps, rose in their way, and hence as they rode up, startled deer flew from their lairs, and hastened to find another shelter for the night. The air was cool and chilly, a slight wind having risen which blew keenly in their faces. Edward Blake listened with intense anxiety for the sound of pursuit, and watched with scarcely less eagerness for the shortening of the distance, which was to be the termination of their journey.

At length the skirts of the much sought wood were reached, and pushing away through the bushes and trees for some two hundred yards, another open space presented itself, and before the two men, at the distance of about a quarter of a mile, rose the clear outline of a hill stretching to the right and to the left as far as the eye could reach, rising gradually in height both on its right and left wings. A small spur appeared to advance towards them, jutting out like some buttress from a huge wall, and reaching in its gradual slope to the very spot occupied by the travellers. Jagged, with here a gap, there a pointed summit, with groves of trees dotting its sides, and afar off the sound of water rushing and falling, this line of hill was a novelty in Texan scenic features.

Edward Blake felt surprised, and his astonishment was in no degree lessened when, advancing up this acclivity, the Indian guided him towards the very summit of the

height. He followed, however, in silence, until at length Chinchea halted on the verge of a deep chasm, of, however, very moderate width, not perhaps more than eight or nine feet; of its depth it was impossible to judge by the deceitful glimmer of the moon.

The wind swept by cold and chilling at that height above the plain, growling and moaning as it flew to bury itself in the deep gloom of the forest; and Edward was about to ask an explanation of his guide's choosing this inclement spot for a camp, when the voice of the Indian made itself heard, in a series of cries, or rather howls, of a most peculiar and startling description.

"Why, Chinchea——"

The young man's speech was cut short by an event which added not a little to his astonishment. Chinchea's cries at first brought no answer, but after a few moments were successful.

"Who calls at this hour?" exclaimed a voice on the other side of the chasm, in good and plain English, spoken with a purity which surprised the young sailor.

"Chinchea," replied the Indian, "and Blackhawk in the woods."

"Heaven defend you then," replied the voice; "I will lower the bridge, and then pass you quickly."

A creaking noise like the turning of a wheel followed, and a huge black mass that had before all the appearance of a portion of the face of the rock, came slowly down, and in a few moments offered a passage to the fugitives.

Edward Blake, between astonishment and weariness, was totally unable to speak; and following Chinchea across the draw-bridge which had so unexpectedly presented itself, and passing, in imitation of his guide, two figures whom he met, quite silently, was in a few minutes dazzled and confounded before a huge blazing fire.

The log-house into which they had entered was of tolerably large dimensions, and composed apparently of one room.

To the right of the door was the fireplace, a deep hollow, piled up with heavy hissing logs of wood, which emitted a heat most welcome to the wearied Englishman, creating a grateful glow in most pleasant contrast to the cold he had so recently experienced, while the fragrant odour of the wood was most agreeable to the senses. In front, occupying a large portion of one side of the room, was what in familiar parlance would be called a dresser, garnished with a goodly array of pewter dishes and plates, horn mugs, gourd bowls, common crockery ware coffee cups, surmounted by a row of saucepans. To the left swung a grass hammock, beneath which was a rude bedstead—that is, a layer of shingle nailed

over certain solid supporters, and covered by various articles of bedding. Near this were several barrels, which were not for one instant to be mistaken for anything but flour, while sacks of Indian corn were no less clearly apparent to the eye. Near the fire-place hung several sides of bacon, while a kind of cupboard near at hand appeared—at all events to the senses of a hungry man—to be no less abundantly furnished.

Chinchea had led away the horses, and ushered Edward Blake alone into this welcome shelter.

"Hush!" said the Indian, gliding in next moment loaded with the bedding, "master house—good man—but no talk of great country over water—bad done him there he never forgive."

Chinchea then slipped away, without giving time for any questions, leaving our young adventurer still more puzzled than ever.

"My position is certainly a very odd one," thought he; but the buoyant nature of youth came next moment to his rescue; "I have, however, a warm fire, a roof over my head, a supper in prospect; let chance provide the rest."

Two individuals at this moment entered the room, whom we must pause to describe, though Blake did not discover all the minute features we have recorded until the morrow.

The one of middle height, stout, and of singularly muscular frame, at once attracted our hero's attention. He was a man of about forty-five years of age, in the full enjoyment of the muscular vigour which was incident to his time of life. His face was thin and long, not even the intervention of a moustache serving to break the very glaring character of this defect. His eyes were small, grey, and suspicious in their glances; his nose slightly aquiline, his mouth wearing, on almost all occasions, a bitter and saturnine expression; while the chin, somewhat full and round, gave a look of sensuality to a countenance which, in its main characteristics, was intellectual. His forehead was the most remarkable feature about him, being so high as fairly to occupy much more than a third of the whole length of his face. This gave him an imposing and majestic air, despite the rudeness of his garments. His hair was thin and grey, a circumstance which Edward Blake noted with much curiosity.

A green hunting frock of coarse materials, a common cotton handkerchief round the throat, pantaloons of deer-skin, with moccasins, and a wampam belt, were his attire. A brace of huge pistols, a short cutlass, and a heavy double-barrelled rifle, were his visible arms.

Behind this remarkable figure, and reach-

ing no higher than his waist, stood a man of some fifty years of age, whose appearance was startling in the extreme. Without any deformity of shape, his extreme littleness was in itself a defect. But four feet ten in height, with sandy whiskers and moustaches, as well as hair, with little hands and feet like those of a woman, his costume was exactly similar to that of his companion; his rifle, however, being of slight and elegant workmanship, and single-barrelled. The expression of his countenance was far from agreeable, his eye appearing to penetrate your inmost thoughts.

"You have been in danger in the woods, stranger," said the master of the house, somewhat gruffly, laying by his arms, and advancing towards our hero, who was seated by the fire.

"There you go, Philip," said the little man, in a shrill voice; "always the same. You never saw this man in your life before—I beg the stranger's pardon—but caution is the first requisite in life—and you lay by your arms, while he's studded like an Italian with pistols, knives, and guns."

Edward rose, his eyes glancing fiercely at the dwarf, while at the same time he disburdened himself of his defensive weapons, which from habit he had retained.

"Jones, you are mad," said the man addressed as Philip, turning round with a glance no less fierce than that of our young Englishman; "you seem to take every man for a cut-throat."

"I do, until I know the contrary," said Jones, calmly.

"Sir, you are welcome," said Philip, turning contemptuously from the dwarf; "I trust you will excuse the eccentricities of my friend Mr. Jones."

"Yes, sir, his friend," repeated the dwarf, somewhat testily; "and the first duty of friendship is caution for those we feel an affection for."

"Sir," replied our hero, with a smile, "I am a stranger, in peril of my life; and, as the Scripture hath it, you have taken me in; I know too well the gratitude due to your hospitality, to feel for one moment hurt at the jokes of your companion. In fact, I am rather partial to humour and eccentricity, and am persuaded I and Mr. Jones will ere long be very good friends."

"I never joke," said the dwarf, laying aside his arms as soon as he saw that Blake had left himself without a weapon, "never." There was an ugly grimness about his tone which very strongly supported his statement.

"I rather differ from you there, Mr. Jones, and must say I think you excessively facetious. The idea now of taking me for an Italian bandit was rather comic—I, a true-born Englishman."

"There! there!" muttered Jones, with a

look of strange meaning, intended for Mr. Philip; "you hear what he says—a true-born Englishman. Well, I never! who would have thought any of the real islanders would have ventured up here?"

"I was but following a very worthy example," said Edward Blake, with a smile.

"How?" said Philip, speaking somewhat sternly.

"There! there!" muttered the dwarf.

"Why," continued Blake, carelessly, "where two of my countrymen were so snugly located, a third should scarcely have any fear to venture."

"Humph!" said Philip, interrupting the dwarf somewhat fiercely; "how learned you we were Englishmen?"

"The fact is—excuse my ignorance," replied Edward, bowing, "I never heard of you at all until about twenty minutes since. From Chinchea, however, I gathered that you were countrymen."

"Our renown is not very extensive," remarked him called Philip, quietly; "few white men penetrate so far as the Eagle's Nest, save trappers and hunters, whom we always welcome. But come, here is Chinchea, and I suppose supper will be no unwelcome break in the conversation."

Edward Blake owned that he was somewhat famished, and the dwarf proceeded to lay the meal, glancing suspiciously all the while at the young man—never in fact taking his eye off him for one moment, and seeking to penetrate every article of dress which could conceal a weapon.

Coffee, sweetened with molasses, without milk, hot bread from a portable oven before the fire, a stew composed of various game, with mush, formed the staple commodities of a meal which proved most welcome to the travellers, who knew too well the value of such luxuries in the backwoods, not to feel grateful for the hospitality of him who provided them.

This concluded, Blake entered fully into every detail in connexion with Blackhawk, the position he occupied, and the number and nature of his forces; while Chinchea also added to the stock of information, addressing the master of the house in his own Wacco dialect, which the other appeared to speak fluently.

"His design is certainly upon this place," said Philip, after he had heard both stories, "there being no other location within fifty miles. However, he shall meet a warm reception; we are two dead shots—Chinchea is another; while you, sir," addressing Edward, "will, I suppose, lend the aid of your arms?"

"With pleasure," replied the young man, who now began to believe himself in reality in the thick of an adventure. "do not boast much of my shooting acquire-

ments, but a year's experience in Texas will always go for something."

"It is everything, sir—a country like this opens a man's eyes to their full width. More is to be learned in this land in a month, than elsewhere in a year."

"You are right," said Edward; "I for one have learned more in that time than during my whole previous life."

"You may chance before sundown to-morrow to gather further experience," replied the other; "a skirmish like this we have before us, is no trifle in a man's existence."

"You have been in many?" inquired Edward, curiously.

"I have," continued the master of the house, quickly, "in many."

"Well," observed Blake, "I must say I am naturally pugnacious, but still I shall always feel qualms ere I shed a man's blood."

"Blood!" said Philip, with a stern and even savage look, while Jones muttered, "There! there!"—"who spoke of shedding blood? It is here life for life—theirs or ours. One would think you were about to slay—to kill—to destroy a fellow-creature in cold blood."

Philip spoke with some difficulty—he seemed indignant at the way in which Blake had stated the question.

"It is life for life, certainly," replied Edward, "but though it be so, still I would, while calmly thinking on the subject, ever feel a repugnance even to taking life—"

"Tush, man," said Philip, stooping and fastening his moccasin, "let us drop the subject; we shall have enough to achieve to-morrow, without dwelling on the horrors of it to-night. I shall summon you before dawn, and would therefore advise your taking rest. Yonder hammock will, with the aid of your blankets, be very comfortable."

"Many thanks," replied Blake, "but do I deprive you of—"

"By no means," said the other. "I and Jones never sleep in this house. We live here and give accommodation to strangers at times. On the morrow, however, you will find this but a small part of our residence."

With these words the two men took their arms and went out, Jones still showing his extreme caution, leaving Edward Blake and the Indian alone.

The latter was already fast asleep before the fire, and Edward, though little inclined for slumber, climbed into the hammock, wrapping his blankets round him, and with the universal accompaniment of every Texan traveller in his mouth—a pipe of real Virginia—passed in review the events of one of the most remarkable days of his existence.

This rencontre with Blackhawk, his flight and escape, his arrival in the mysterious Eagle's Nest, the strange character of its inmates, were all matters which crowded at once upon his brain. The manner of the two men most of all puzzled him. He could comprehend neither. It was clear they were anxious not to be too extensively known, above all to Englishmen. Their object it was not so easy to define. Doubts, even fears, crossed the mind of our young hero—but the reflection that he had nothing with him to lose, calmed all suspicion with regard to himself. Still surmises of the most varied and strange nature entered his head, to be chased away and followed by others only new, strange, and even absurd.

In the midst of all he fell asleep, and his heated imagination once set to work, with the face of Blackhawk (so familiar to him) and those of Philip and Jones, he dreamed a dream. The dream was—but it being a record of a passed event, which the reader must not learn at present, we are compelled to omit it. Suffice it to remark, that though it gave no body and shape to his surmises, it served to add very much to his doubts.

(To be continued.)

LINES TO A LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DARNETON."

How shall we part?
As friends do, expecting to meet on the morrow,
Say adieu without feeling and part without sorrow;
As blithely and gaily they part, as when
The morrow returning, they meet again;
Though the heart is as cold as an icicle, yet
As they never remember they cannot forget.

Distant and cold shall we say farewell?
But in faltering accents that tell too well
Though still is the surface as falling snow,
The full tide of anguish flows darkly below.
That mountain, how silent! how peaceful its brow!
You saw not the lava that desolates now.

Shall we fly from the sorrow and danger, and then
Just sorrow in the hope that we meet again;
I would rather contend with my deadliest foe
Than, shunning to meet thee, relinquish thee so;
Oh! we may part with anguish, or even with tears,
But these will not reproach me thro' endless years.

Shall we part without word, or sigh, or tear,
(One speaking glance, oh, then, how dear)
One lingering kiss the only token
Of ties so sweet thus rudely broken:
There's a language of love in the tell-tale eyes,
Confessing far more than words or sighs,
And if this be allowed to us still, why then
'Twould be hard to forbid ourselves speaking again.

With words not many, but, oh! how true,
Sadly and trustfully say we adieu!
And e'en when departing return we again,
How faint our resolves, all our firmness how vain!
Yet one ray of sunshine will gleam o'er us then,
For hope still will whisper, we meet again!

Walter Savage Landor.*

Thousands are acquainted with the name of Mr. Walter Savage Landor, who never perhaps, read a page of his works, which have hitherto been scattered in expensive volumes, inaccessible for that reason to the majority. The present edition is at once handsome and cheap. It has likewise been most carefully got up, the proofs having been read, we believe, twice, or oftener, by the author himself.

And what are these works? They are so many and so various that it would be difficult, and within our limits impossible to characterise them all. No English writer has gone over so large a field as Mr. Landor, though excursiveness in his case is by no means connected with superficialness. With all the allurements of fortune and a high position, able to command the greatest admiration in society by his wit and personal accomplishments, he has chosen during a great part of his life to live like a literary anchorite, in order that he might amuse and instruct his species, and pass down with honour to posterity. He never was one of those authors who discharge a pop gun, and then rush out into the world to listen to its echoes; but, having studied with manly assiduity and mastered as far as possible, by observation and meditation, the science of human nature, he has written calmly and deliberately, and put faith in the offspring of his own genius, to bring him in due time the celebrity he sought. And now in the fullness of his age, he is enjoying it. The ablest men in the country have long done him justice, and the public will now probably follow their example. Few authors have written so much in whose works there is so little to be objected to. He has no doubt his faults, and has produced several short passages and used several expressions which we are far from approving; but these like spots on a broad and fair surface are lost at a little distance, and scarcely if at all change the aspect of the whole.

It is not necessary while recommending an author to the public to be able to subscribe to all his opinions, otherwise, there are very few authors indeed whom we could recommend. It is enough that the general tendency of his works is good, and that he appears conscientiously to labour to propagate sound views and promote the cause of humanity. He may sometimes take the wrong steps, or strike beside the mark; but if we think his intention was to hit it, we should give him credit for his motives, and hold as we go along an amicable controversy with him on what we consider his errors. To Mr. Landor this

forbearance is especially due, because he is a man most liberal of praise, who never suffers differences of opinion to betray him into the condemnation of a writer. Nor does he, like many distinguished men, reserve his praises for the dead, but scatters them with a lavish hand among his contemporaries. He has a good word for most men. Johnson said of Milton falsely that he knew of no man who had written so much and praised so little. We are sorry the extent of Mr. Landor's works will not allow us to indulge in an antithesis and say that we know of no man who had written so little and praised so much. But this we, at all events, may affirm that we know of very few writers, and among contemporaries none, perhaps, whose style so abounds in eulogy. This bespeaks a kindly and generous nature, such as we believe Mr. Landor to possess.

There are few questions connected with our present condition as a people which are not touched upon with more or less felicity in these volumes, some being discussed at length, while others equally important perhaps are necessarily dismissed with a slight examination. The author is often exceedingly happy on mere literary topics. Does any one admire French poetry? Let him if he do look into the Dialogue between M. Delille and Walter Landor, and see with what skill and boldness it is tossed about, and ultimately dissipated into thin air. Boileau was never before treated as he deserves. The French classicists are mad about him, and when the fit is on them, have the silliness to compare him with Horace, though upon the same principle we suppose that a parallel might be drawn between Alexander the Great and Alexander the coppersmith. But Mr. Landor seizes upon Boileau, and shakes him altogether out of his pretensions, after which he stands shivering before us a misshapen, attenuated mortal, grinning and swelling with effort and vanity.

Nor does Voltaire fare much better. Every body knows that he was an idol in his day, though about the worst and least reputable ever set up by the stupidity of mankind. He had only two qualifications for the post he held—audacious impudence and a sparkling style; and by the help of these he managed to dazzle his contemporaries, beginning with kings and courtiers, and going up to even authors themselves. Mr. Landor strips the peacock's feathers from the jay, and then turning him round and round before the audience, shows what a pitiful animal he is. We mean of course in comparison with what he was thought by his contemporaries. Regarded without reference to that, he is an able writer, though he never was, or would be

* "The Works of Walter Savage Landor." In 2 vols. Moxon, London.
No. 1326.

at the pains to understand any subject thoroughly before he treated of it. He constituted the very beau ideal of a popular writer, of a man who seizes upon ideas wherever he can find them, puts them together neatly and smartly, and passes them off for his own. The mischief was, that he would be a philosopher; that he would teach before he had learned; that he would criticise before he knew the language in which the authors he was treating of wrote; that he would write about politics without having made himself master of a single principle; that he would dabble in law, physic, legislation, geometry, and metaphysics, while he had scarcely acquired the elements of any of them. This was the misfortune of Voltaire, which has exposed him to the attacks of Mr. Landor, and to the inevitable neglect of posterity.

In two separate works Mr. Landor has discussed the merits of the great Italian writers, and of Shakespeare. In the "Pentameron," we mean, and the "Examination in Charleotte Hall." Were we required to point out the most complete and perfect of his writings, it is to the latter, perhaps, we should direct the finger. But is it a grave or comic production? It is neither. Like Shakespeare's own works, it is sportive at times and serious at times, though the former chiefly. Mr. Landor loves to laugh, and make his readers laugh with him. Nevertheless, perhaps, because not comically inclined ourselves, we prefer him, upon the whole, when he lays altogether aside his cap and bells, and indulges in a burst of serious eloquence. We then, in our opinion, feel the full force of his genius.

Still the mixture there can be no doubt of the grave and gay is preferable to a continued indulgence in either; for we are soon wearied by monotony, whereas by the skilful interchanging of laughter with sobriety, our attention is kept awake.

Others, we believe, have observed that, in the "Examination of William Shakespeare," several curious characters are sketched with a masterly hand. First, of course, is Shakespeare himself, who, by a sort of daring prolepsis, is urged in the capacity of a deer stealer, while defending himself for his life, to draw, as it were, upon his future greatness, and to open up glimpses into that world of thought, and wit, and passionate beauty, which he had not yet created. We now look back through the greater sphere upon the lesser. But in the examination, his contemporaries are made to look forward through the lesser to the greater, a considerably more difficult process.

In the Shakespeare, however, of Charleotte, we discover the Shakespeare of the "Merry Wives of Windsor" and "Mac-

beth;" the man who could toy leisurely with a jest or a pun till he made his own and other people's sides ache; or soar into the metaphysics of character, and range along the summit of ethical philosophy. All who love the great dramatic poet should read this work, which, brief and sportive as it is, contains innumerable germs of reflection. Nowhere is Mr. Landor so successful in his wit, so felicitous in his eloquence. He touches upon many great topics and embellishes them all. The characters contrast admirably with each other, and the glimpses of external nature which we obtain ever and anon between them, refreshes like the sight of green lanes and forest glades beheld through long double lines of quaint brick houses.

But though this be one of the most purely English, as it is, perhaps, the best and most successful of Mr. Landor's performances, the reader must not infer from what we have said that he will not elsewhere in the volumes meet with a high order of excellence. All we mean is, that the examination may be regarded as the most complete and polished of these collected works, which all belong obviously to the same hand, though some are more skilfully and ably moulded than others. Our extracts will exhibit specimens of the author's style and sentiments.

The following, in which Petrarca (Ser Francesco) plays the prominent part, is delightful.

SUNDAY IN ITALY.

"It being now the Lord's day, Messer Francesco thought it meet that he should rise early in the morning, and bestir himself to hear mass in the parish church at Certaldo. Whereupon he went on tiptoe, if so weighty a man could indeed go in such a fashion, and lifted softly the latch of Ser Giovanni's chamber door that he might salute him ere he departed, and occasion no wonder at the step he was about to take. He found Ser Giovanni fast asleep, with the nissal wide open across his nose, and a genial smile on his joyous mouth. Sir Francesco leaned over the couch, closed his hands together, and looking with even more than his usual benignity, said, in a low voice, 'God bless thee, gentle soul! the mother of purity and innocence protect thee!' He then went into the kitchen, where he found the girl Asunta, and mentioned his resolution. She informed him that the horse had eaten his two beans,* and was as strong as a lion, and as ready as a lover. Ser Francesco patted her on the cheek, and called her 'semplicetta!' She was overjoyed at this honour from so great a man, the bosom friend of her good master, whom she had always thought the greatest man in the world, not excepting Monsignore, until he told her he was only a dog confronted with Ser Francesco. She tripped alertly across the paved court into the stable, and took down the saddle and bridle from the further end of the rack. But Ser Francesco, with his natural politeness, would not allow her to equip his palfrey. 'This is not the work for maidens,' said he; 'return to the house, good girl!' She lingered a moment, then went away, but, mistrusting the dexterity of Ser Francesco, she stopped and turned back again, and peeped through the half closed door, and heard sundry snorts and wheezes about

* Literally, 'due fave,' the expression on such occasions to signify a small quantity.

the girth. Ser Francesco's wind ill seconded his intentions, and, although he had thrown the saddle valiantly and stoutly in its station, yet the girths brought him into extremity. She entered again, and, dissembling the reason, asked him whether he would not take a small beaker of the sweet white wine before he set out, and offered to girdle the horse while his reverence bitted and bridled him. Before any answer could be returned, she had begun. And now, having satisfactorily executed her undertaking, she felt irrepressible delight and glee at being able to do what Ser Francesco had failed in. He was scarcely more successful with his allotment of the labour, found unlooked for intricacies and complications in the machinery, wondered that human wit could not simplify it, and declared that the animal had never exhibited such a restiveness before. In fact, he never had experienced the same grooming. At this conjuncture a green cap made its appearance, bound with straw coloured ribbons and surmounted with two bushy sprigs of hawthorn, of which the globular buds were swelling, and some bursting, but fewer yet open. It was young Simplicio Nardi, who sometimes came on the Sunday morning to sweep the courtyard for Asunta. 'Oh! this time you are come just when you were wanted,' said the girl. 'Bridle directly Ser Francesco's horse, and then go away about your business.' The youth blushed, and kissed Ser Francesco's hand, begging his permission. It was soon done. He then held the stirrup, and Ser Francesco, with scarcely three efforts, was seated and erect on the saddle. The horse, however, had somewhat more inclination for the stable than for the expedition, and as Asunta was handing to the rider his long ebony staff, bearing an ivory Caduceus, the quadruped turned suddenly round. Simplicio called him 'bestiaccia!' and then, softening it, 'poco garbato!' and proposed to Ser Francesco that he should leave the 'bastone' behind, and take the crab switch he presented to him, giving at the same time a sample of its efficacy, which covered the long grizzle hair of the worthy quadruped with a profusion of pink blossoms like embroidery. The offer was declined, but Asunta told Simplicio to carry it himself, and to walk by the side of Ser Canondico quite up to the church porch, having seen what a sad dangerous beast his reverence had under him. With perfect good will, partly in the pride of obedience to Asunta, and partly to enjoy the renown of accompanying a canon of holy church, Simplicio did as she enjoined. And now the sound of village bells in many hamlets, and convents, and churches, out of sight, was indistinctly heard and lost again; and at last the five of Certaldo seemed to drown the faintness of them all. The freshness of the morning was enough of itself to excite the spirits of youth, a portion of which never fails to descend on years that are far removed from it, if the mind has partaken in innocent mirth while it was its season and its duty to enjoy it. Parties of young and old passed the canonico and his attendant with mute respect, bowing and bareheaded; for that ebony staff threw its spell over the tongue which the frank and hearty salutation of the bearer was inadequate to break. Simplicio once or twice attempted to call back an intimate of the same age with himself, but the utmost he could obtain was a 'riveritisimo!' and a genuflection to the rider. It is reported that a heart burning rose up from it in the breast of a cousin, some days afterwards, so distinctly apparent in the long drawn appellation of Gnor* Simplicio. 'Ser Francesco moved gradually forward, his steed picking his way across the lane, and looking fixedly on the stones with all the sobriety of a mineralogist. He himself was well satisfied with the pace, and told Simplicio to be sparing of the switch, unless in case of a hornet or gadfly. Simplicio smiled toward the hedge, at the condescension of so great a theologian and astrologer in joking with him about the gadfly and hornet in the beginning of April. 'Ah!' thought he, 'there are men in the world who can make wit out of anything.' As they approached the wall of the town, the whole country was pervaded by

a stirring and diversified air of gladness. Laughter and songs, and flute and viola inviting voices, and complying responses, mingled with merry bells along the woodland paths and yellow meadows. It was really the Lord's day, for He made his creatures happy in it, and their hearts were thankful. Even the cruel had ceased from cruelty, and the rich man alone exacted from the animal his daily labour. Ser Francesco made this remark, and told his youthful guide that he never before had been where he could not walk to church on a Sunday; and that nothing should persuade him to urge the speed of his beast on the seventh day beyond his natural and willing foot pace. He reached the gate of Certaldo more than half an hour before the time of service, and he found laurels suspended over them, and being suspended; and many pleasant and beautiful faces were protruded between the ranks of gentry and clergy who awaited him. Little did he expect such an attendance; but Fra Briagio, of San Vivaldo, who himself had offered no obsequiousness or respect, had scattered the secret of his visit throughout the whole country. A young poet, the most celebrated in the town, approached the canonico with a long scroll of verses, which fell below, beginning, 'How shall we welcome our illustrious guest?' To which Ser Francesco immediately replied, 'Take your favourite maiden, lead the dance with her, and bid all your friends follow. You have a good half hour for it.' Universal applauses succeeded; the music struck up, couples were instantly formed. The gentry on this occasion led out the 'Sittadinanza,' as they usually do in the 'villeggiatura,' rarely in the carnival, and never at other times. The elder of the priests stood round in their sacred vestments, and looked with cordiality and approbation on the youths, whose hands and arms could indeed do much, and did it, but whose active eyes could rarely move upward the modesty of their partners. While the elder of the clergy were thus gathering the fruits of their liberal cares and paternal exhortations, some of the younger looked on with a tenderer sentiment, not unmingled with regret. Suddenly the bells ceased, the figure of the dance was broken, all hastened into church; and many hands that joined on the green mat together at the font, and touched the brow reciprocally with its lustral water, in soul devotion.

The following three are from the "Examination of Shakespeare":—

I.
"Where dost thou lodge, young man?" 'At the public,' said I, 'where my father customarily lodgeth. There too is a Mitre of the old fashion swinging on a sign post in the middle of the street.' 'Respectable tavern enough!' quoth the reverend doctor, 'and worthy men do turn in there, even quality—Master Davenant, Master Fowl, Master Whorwood, aged and grave men. But taverns are Satan's chapels, and are always well attended on the Lord's day, to twit him. Hast thou no friend in such a city as Oxford?' 'Only the landlady of the Mitre,' said I. 'A comely woman,' quoth he, 'but too young for business by half. Stay thou with me to day, and fare frugally but safely. What may thy name be, and where is thy abode?' 'William Shakespeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon, at your service, sir.' 'And welcome,' said he, 'thy father are now hath bought our college wool. A truly good man we ever found him; and I doubt not he hath educated his son to follow him in his paths. There is in the blood of man, as in the blood of animals, that which giveth the temper and disposition. These require nurture and culture. But what nurture will turn flint stones into garden mould? or what culture rear cabbages in the quarries of Hedington Hill? To be well born is the greatest of all God's primary blessings, young man, and there are many well born among the poor and needy. Thou art not of the indigent and destitute, who have great temptations; thou art not of the wealthy and affluent, who have greater still. God hath placed thee, William Shakespeare, in that pleasant island, on one side whereof are the syrens, on the other the harpies, but inhabiting the coasts on the wider conti-

* Contraction of Signor, customary in Tuscany.

ment, and unable to make their talons felt or their voices heard by thee. Unite with me in prayer and thanksgiving for the blessings thus vouchsafed. We must not close the heart when the finger of God would touch it. Enough, if thou sayest only—"My soul, praise thou the Lord!"

II.

"In the earlier ages of mankind, your Greek and Latin authors inform you there went forth sundry worthies, men of might, to deliver, not wandering damsels, albeit for those likewise they had stowage, but low conditioned men who fell under the displeasure of the higher, and groaned in thralldom and captivity. And these mighty ones were believed to have done such services to poor humanity that their memory grew greater than they, as shadows do their substances at dayfall. And the sons and grandsons of the delivered did laud and magnify those glorious names; and some in gratitude, and some in tribulation, did ascend the hills, which appeared unto them as altars bestrown with flowers and herbage for heaven's acceptance. And many did go far into the quiet groves, under lofty trees, looking for whatever was mightiest and most protecting. And in such places they did cry aloud unto the mighty, who had left them, 'Return! return! help us! help us! be blessed! for ever blessed!' Vain men! but had they stayed there, not evil, but of gratitude, purest gratitude, rose idolatry. For the devil sees the fairest, and soils it. In these our days, methinks whatever other sins we may fall into, such idolatry is the least dangerous. For neither on the one hand is there much disposition to gratitude, nor on the other much zeal to deliver the innocent and oppressed. Even this deliverance, although a merit, and a high one, is not the highest. Forgiveness is beyond it. Forgive, ye shall not be forgiven. This ye may do every day; for if ye find not offences, ye feign them, and surely ye may remove your own work, if ye may remove another's. To rescue requires more thought and wariness; learn then the easier lesson first. Afterward, when ye rescue any from another's violence, or from his own (which oftentimes is more dangerous as the enemies are within not only the portals of his house, but of his heart), bind up his wounds before ye send him on his way. Should ye at any time overtake the erring, and resolve to deliver him up, I will tell you whither to conduct him. Conduct him to his Lord and Master whose household he hath left. It is better to consign him to Christ his Saviour than to man his murderer; it is better to bid him live than bid him die. The one word our teacher and preserver said, and the other our enemy and destroyer. Bring him back again, the stray, the lost one! bring him back, not with clubs and cudgels, not with halberts and halters, but generously and gently, and with the linking of the arm. In this posture shall God above smile upon ye! In this posture of your's he shall recognise again his beloved son upon earth. Do ye likewise, and depart in peace."

III.

"'Many,' said he, 'Shakespeare, are ingenious, many are devout, some timidly, some strenuously, but nearly all flinch, and rear, and kick, at the slightest touch, or least inquisitive suspicion of an unsound part in their doctrine. And yet, my brethren, we ought rather to flinch and feel sore at our own searching touch, our own serious inquisition into ourselves. Let us preachers, who are sufficiently liberal in bestowing our advice upon others, inquire of ourselves whether the exercise of spiritual authority may not be sometimes too pleasant, tickling our breasts with a plume from Satan's wing, and turning our heads with that inebriating poison which he hath been seen to instil into the very chalice of our salvation. Let us ask ourselves in the closet, whether, after we have humbled ourselves before God in our prayers, we never rise beyond the due standard in the pulpit, whether our zeal for the truth be never overheated by internal fires less holy; whether we never grow stiffly and sternly pertinacious at the very time when we are reproving the obstinacy of others; and whether we have not frequently so

acted as if we believed that opposition were to be relaxed and borne away by self sufficiency and intolerance. Believe me, the wisest of us have our catechism to learn; and these, my dear friends, are not the only questions contained in it. No Christian can hate; no Christian can malign; nevertheless, do we not often hate and malign those unhappy men who are insensible to God's mercies. And I fear this unchristian spirit swells darkly, with all its venom, in the marble of our hearts, not because our brother is insensible to these mercies, but because he is insensible to our faculty of persuasion, turning a deaf ear unto our claim upon his obedience, or a blind or sleepy eye upon the fountain of light, whereof we deem ourselves the sacred reservoirs. There is one more question at which ye will tremble when ye ask it in the recesses of your souls: I do tremble at it, yet must utter it. Whether we do not more warmly and erectly stand up for God's word because it comes from our mouths, than because it came from his? Learned and ingenious men may, indeed, find a solution and excuse for all these propositions, but the wise unto salvation will cry, 'Forgive me, oh, my God, if called by thee to walk in thy way, I have not swept the dust from thy sanctuary!'

The Man in Green.

BY D. M. M.

The following adventure is taken from the "Memoirs of a Musician." The details are so simple and touching that we have preserved them for the pleasure of those, old and young, who love music—a passion at once fascinating and innocent.

I was but a boy (it is a German musician who is speaking), a boy of sixteen, and I thought myself a master in my art. I was so young; and because I could already succeed in drawing bewitching tones from my violin, I fancied there was nothing more to be done. Happy presumption of youth! My violin was my very life, and I abandoned myself so entirely to this musical ardour, that I—poor simple novice as I was—thought each day that I had almost attained perfection.

However I was not alone in my music madness. Many young men in our little German town abandoned themselves to the same frenzy, for so indeed it was. We soon arranged a quartet—that first dream of a novice in music. All the street came twice a week to my father's to listen to our quartet. We gave our neighbours as much harmony as they could bear in one evening, sometimes more. They listened, praised, wondered—and we were satisfied.

One evening in autumn, the sky was calm, the air pure, and even our violins seemed to have the benefit of the peaceful time, when suddenly a strange-looking man entered the concert-room. His doublet was of old worn-out violet velvet of an antique cut, his blue woollen stockings were of a diamond pattern, his shoes were clasped with a silver buckle. The strangeness of this costume was increased by an outer coat of bright green, set off by large shining steel buttons. He wore an im-

mense black cravat, and above the cravat was a head, melancholy in its expression, and adorned with thick curly hair. There was no smile on his face, but his eyes were wonderfully brilliant. He entered my father's house unannounced, then, seeing in the corner of the room a vacant seat next to my pretty cousin Annie, he sat down there, and attentively listened to the quartet.

But the presence of the stranger threw an indescribable trepidation over us all. Scarcely was he seated than our four violins got out of tune. In vain did my father come to our assistance, and he was an able musician; nothing was done. Then the stranger rose, came towards me, and said, in a severe tone, "Young man, your ardour carries you too far; your bow does not suit you. The violin is an instrument that a man should not touch carelessly, for fear of burning his fingers."

The Green Man picked up my bow, which I had let fall, took my violin from my hands, and began to play. Then I felt more humiliated than ever. What fire, what genius, what heavenly notes, what melodious complaints did the stranger draw from my violin! One would have said that an invisible spirit, hidden in the sonorous wood, had been suddenly awakened. When the stranger laid down his instrument, all listened still. My father was the first who took his hand, and respectfully welcomed him. The Green Man, however, shrunk back into his former shyness, and blushed deeply at the homage he received. The crowd departed, and we were left alone, my father, the stranger, and I.

We knew that in our town, this same month of September, there was to be a meeting of celebrated German masters, who formed a sort of musical congress; we naturally supposed that the Man in Green was one of them, just arrived for the assembly, and my father hastened to offer him the hospitality of his house. The stranger accepted it cordially. He was soon established as our guest, seated at our table and hearth, as if he had been my father's own brother. Simple, and good, and learned he was, God knows! His grand and inexhaustible subject of conversation was the making of instruments and the best combinations to employ so as to arrive at incredible and novel results; once on this subject, he never grew weary.

Such was the life that we had for fifteen days, surrounding our worthy guest with the attentive cares which he merited, listening to his lessons, and inter-nally blessing him, particularly when he said, "My young friends, love music; it is the bread of the soul; music shows us immortality on earth." Such was his mysterious language. But if any stranger happened to visit us, our guest immediately

took refuge in the garden. He loved solitude, or else to be alone with us. One day, however, there came to the house, a friend of my father's named Kurz, a rich timber merchant of the neighbourhood. Truth to tell, this master Kurz was not to my taste. He was rich, generous, knew nothing, but to sell dear and to buy cheap; in short, he was a man like most others. To me, the son of a musician, and loving none but musicians, he seemed less than nothing. At sight of the timber-merchant, the Green Man hastily departed; but Kurz had already seen and recognised him. Following the stranger with his eyes, he said to my father, "What sort of a man have you got in your house? You have a queer guest, upon my word! Faith, I would have laid a wager that he was at the bottom of the river, instead of in your house."

"You know him, then," cried my father, with ill-disguised curiosity.

"Know him," said M. Kurz. "To be sure I do. He lived a long time in our village: his name is Beze; he was a carpenter, but was a strange, fantastic man, who never thought of things of this world. The organ of our little church having long since lost its tone, it was resolved to have a new one. Immediately Beze, the carpenter, offered his services. He offered to build the organ, alone, at his own expense, only demanding the materials. His manner was quite free from doubt, and besides his offer was so acceptable that it was agreed to. He set to work, arranged, altered, gave himself soul and body to his occupation, passed days and nights careless of eating and drinking. At last the organ was finished, placed in the church, and never did anything look more beautiful; people came from all parts to admire it. I and others from the village went to see it. Beze explained to us the mechanism of his instrument, entering into the minutest details. Immediately the old organist of the parish came forward, anxious to show us his talent in using this noble and beautiful instrument. Alas! the organ was insensible to all his melody; it produced no sound. Then all sorts of reproach and ridicule were lavished on the unlucky workman. With one voice his organ was declared detestable. There was a great tumult in the church. However, Beze was not intimidated; he departed, casting on us an ironical look, as if he had made an unknown *chef-d'œuvre*. This, my dear friend, is the illustrious guest that you have received in your house."

I know not what M. Kurz said afterwards; I could no longer bear to hear my friend thus spoken of. I went to join him in the garden. He was in his usual place, lying on the grass, at the foot of the great apple tree, his face turned towards the

setting sun. When he perceived me, he made a sign for me to come near.

"See," said he, in a voice full of emotion; "see how the sun is setting there in its splendour; but the least cloud can obscure its brightness. Such is the history of a man of genius; the opposition of the ignorant dims it for a season, but the momentary cloud is soon chased away."

I was deeply moved by these sad words; I wished to re-assure my friend.

"Oh," said he, "I fear nothing; my soul is not troubled by the contempt of the vulgar. I know well that improvement is not an easy thing, and that patient waiting is needful in this world. Our father's example has been useless to us; all perfection is certain to be repulsed at first by mankind. But, after God, time does everything. This beautiful organ that I have built, this great work of my hands, possesses a soul, but a man is wanting who can awake his sleeping soul. It is like the horse of Alexander, which none but Alexander could mount." He was silent. When night was come, he said, "Come, my son, let us go and play on the violin."

By degrees our town became thronged. The time of the musical meeting had arrived, and the masters came from all parts. Throughout the town there was a rivalry as to who should show the warmest hospitality to these great men. Music is the pride, the happiness, of our beloved Germany!—Each musician as he arrived was received like a king; his entry was a triumph; we hung on his steps, to see him and applaud him. By turns we saw arrive all these renowned masters; Grawn, that inexhaustible genius, who drew all his inspiration from his heart; Fursch and Hass, his two faithful companions; the great Féleman; the young Gasmann, whose future glory all Germany prophesied. At last there came a letter from Gluck himself, who was unavoidably absent at this grand festival, and expressed to his pupils how much he regretted his absence. His letter terminated with the sincerest wishes for the progress of music in Germany.

These great geniuses* were the simplest and best of men. Their conferences took place in public, in the largest hall of the best inn of the town, where every one might see and hear them at their will. I, timid as I was, never failed to be present. I glided between the tables, hid myself in a corner, and there, for entire hours, I listened to this wonderful discourse, and contemplated these noble countenances. From time to time they offered one another glasses of wine to make their hearts merry.

* We need scarcely say that we do not coincide with the high-sounding phrases of our author. Music is very well in its way, and very fit for Germans to make the business of existence. We should be sorry to see any such feeling in this country.—ED.

One evening when they were all met together, and I was at my post as usual, the conversation turned on the Man in Green. Each repeated what he had heard of the mysterious musician who hid himself from every one. "By heaven," said Grawn, "it shall never be said that we did not make acquaintance with a man of genius. Let us send for him to talk and drink with us, and partake our conversation and pleasures."

Then I humbly advanced in the centre of the room. "My masters," said I, timidly, "the man of whom you speak is, in truth, a great musician, a hidden genius, but it is useless to invite him—he will not come."

All amazed, they repeated, "What! not come?" And they pressed me with a thousand questions. I told them the history of the village organ; how no one could play upon it, and how this was a subject of reproach and a great source of chagrin to my poor friend. When the masters had heard this, they were all ardent.

"My friends," said Grawn, "to-morrow is Sunday; early in the morning we will go and see this dumb organ. By king David, it will be strange if an instrument resists so many masters united!"

Hans and Fursch applauded these words. Féleman added, that it would be a good plan to bring to his organ the mysterious workman.

Young Gasmann cried, with a sigh, "Ah, my dear friends, there is a man in the world who would draw music from stones. But where art thou, our divine master, Emanuel Bach?"

They all agreed on a rendezvous next morning beside the organ.

Next day, the most brilliant sun-rise imaginable shone upon the little church, where was the organ built by the carpenter. Two men on foot entered by a small door. One was in the prime of life; his clear, broad forehead was full of intellect, and his large blue eyes shown with a soft and calm light. His companion was a lively young man of a fresh open countenance.

"Master," said he to the elder traveller, "why do you thus stop on the way? The meeting of the musicians will be over ere you arrive."

"My son," answered the other, "a secret voice urges me to enter this church. Hast thou not heard yesterday what a traveller told us of a mysterious organ which no one hitherto can touch? The traveller called it the work of a madman. Heaven sends me hither to know if it is not that of a genius. Let us enter then, my son; and pray below, whilst I accompany thy morning orisons on this organ."

They entered: the master sat down before the organ, the entrance to which was

locked by his pupil. The church soon filled with worshippers; and soon the musicians, faithful to the rendezvous, entered the church, and knelt down to pray, and the priest was at the altar. Suddenly a sound as if from heaven, rung through the little church; the most melodious and divine music breathed from the organ, hitherto mute. The worshippers remained stupified as if they had heard an angel; the musicians looked up to see which among themselves was at the organ, but were terrified at finding all kneeling in their places; the priest himself was seized with a secret fear. However, the organ was touched by an inspired genius; became by turns grave, sublime, melancholy, passionate, plaintive. Sometimes breathing like a flute, at other times like thunder, praising God, striking terror over men. All listened, admired, and remained wonder-stricken.

In this crowd only one man raised his head; it was the Man in Green! He stood near the altar, leaning against a pillar, looking at his organ—his animated work—as if he were looking to heaven. At last, his dream was made manifest to men! At last, his revelation was complete! He praised not—he shed no tears—he could scarcely listen; he almost believed himself mocked by a vision. He was the happiest of the happy multitude; who, softened, impassioned, turned their eyes upon him with pride and joy. He could bear no longer. He left the church with rapid though noiseless steps, and the service continued.

When the grand mass was concluded, the masters pressed round the organ door to know what angel-like hand had touched it. The door opened; they all cried out—“Emanuel Bach! Emanuel Bach!”

It was Emanuel Bach himself. “Good day, my friends,” said he; “I am arrived, you see; but where is the man of genius who has made this organ? Where is he that I may embrace him, or rather that I may throw myself at his feet?”

Emanuel received answer that the man was no where to be seen. The musicians invited Bach to return with them to the inn, and all departed together.

Evening came; Emanuel Bach and Grawn were walking up and down my father's garden. They sought my friend the Green Man. At last they found him under his favourite tree, but in what a state; his head leaning against the trunk of the tree; his eyes still open, seemed vaguely watching the last rays of the sun; his hands were spread on his knees, and a slight beating at his heart announced that he still lived. I leaped towards him; Emanuel Bach did the same, Grawn held the head of my poor friend; we called him; he opened his eyes, stretched out his fingers as if about to play on the organ, and

then, perceiving strangers, “Ah,” said he, “You here, Emanuel Bach—you! oh my God! This morning, forgive me for not receiving you with proper respect. I can no more—I am sinking under my happiness—I am shattered by the sound of my beautiful organ—I am dying.”

The two musicians came beside the poor carpenter.

“Yes,” said he, “I can now die. Grawn at my left, Emanuel Bach at my right.” Then turning to me, he stretched out his hand, “Adieu, my son! and you, my masters, bless me!”

The last ray of the sun carried away the soul of my friend to heaven with it. The gray twilight fell on his pale and noble face. Peacefully and happily had departed the last sigh of the Man in Green—the carpenter—musician.

ODE.

BY W. B. A.

When rambling forth in morning clear,
The lark's blithe carol charms mine ear,
As rising from the soil
He soars with dewy, buoyant wing,
High at the gate of heaven to sing
His praises unto God.

* * In thy old forest shades
And winding paths thro' sunlit glades
I wandered in when young,
Full oft my memory can trace,
Midst care, thy ever verdant face,
Where I so blithely sung.

Thy village church whose Sabbath bell
With cadence soft its deep tones swell,
Borne by the breeze along;
Where rippling brooks, where lowing herds,
Where choir with praise the tuneful birds
In one unceasing song.

'Twas in this stream, a wanton boy,
When life to me seem'd endless joy,
With soul devoid of care,
I stood with angle on its side,
My heart with rapture bounding wide,
As some frail tenant of its tide
Unwary took the snare.

Still there the same old sturdy tree,
Beneath whose leafy canopy
At noontide stretched I lay
Musing, wondering if the man
Knows the same feelings boyhood can,
The hours pass'd swift away.

The sun with faint expressing ray
Darkens the gleam of closing day
In yonder western sphere:
The mavis woos her mate to rest,
Homeward he slowly hies to nest,
And I alone am here.

The silence overawes, Thy pow'r
Is seen, great Being best at hour
When nature, hushed and still,
Enthroned with the robe of night
Reveals the wondrous orbs to sight,
Submissive to thy will.

Earth may decay, time cease to roll,
And thunder trembling pole to pole
While all immortal Thou
Shalt see the last weak throbs of life
Depart, and end all human strife,
And reign as even now.

Piquillo Alliaga ;
 OR, THE
MOORS IN THE TIME OF PHILIP III
 AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.
 [FROM THE FRENCH OF M. EUGENE SCRIBE.]

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BOOK I.—CHAPTER I.
 THE FUEROS.

It was market-day in Pampeluna, and the attention of the crowd which was proceeding towards the place was drawn to a placard attached to the entrance of the Gefatura, or house of the corregidor. The people at once putting down their baskets of vegetables and fruits, or the barrels of oil and butter which they bore upon their shoulders, contemplated this document so long that they seemed to be spelling it over three or four times, had there been any reason to suspect these Navarrese of the power of reading. One staring individual will attract a crowd, so will one gaping crowd be rapidly reinforced by other flocks of curious idlers. And such was the case with the assemblage in the market-place. The flux was so great, that in a little time the multitude occupied every corner of the square, and even reaching up to the windows of Gongarello, the barber, who was shaving a customer, and whose operations were so much impeded by the sudden eclipse, that he was obliged to suspend them until daylight should again show itself.

Aben-Abou, known in the quarter as Gongarello, was a little brown man, of cheerful spirit, as garrulous as barbers in general, and not less intelligent and industrious than his nation in general. He was of Moorish origin, and his activity contrasted singularly with the apathy of his grave neighbours, pure Spanish blood, christians, and descendants of Pelagus. He drove a thriving trade, to the great jealousy of his competitors, who regularly denounced him to the Inquisition once a month, either for sedition, impiety, or sorcery.

Gongarello, leaving his customer half shaven, made his way through the throng in the vicinity of his house, and without waiting to be asked, began reading aloud the red and black placard as follows:—

“Faithful burgesses of Pampeluna! our well-beloved lord and master Philip III, king of Spain and the Indies, intending on the occasion of ascending the throne, to visit the Baeque provinces and his good towns of Saragossa and Pampeluna, he will make his entry into this town by torch-light. All corregidores, alguazils, and familiars of the holy office are therefore ordered to make proper arrangements in

their respective divisions of the town for the proper reception of the royal cortège.
 (Signed) “The Governor,

“COUNT DE LEMOS.”
 Lower down—“The carriage of his majesty, and that of his excellency the Count de Lerma, and the officers of the court, preceded by the regiment of the Infanta, and followed by the regiment of guards, will enter by the gate of Charles V, and will follow Taconnera-street, as far as the vice-roy’s palace, where his majesty will alight. On the line of procession all windows must be illuminated, or ornamented with flowers, or the arms of Spain and of the Count de Lerma, the prime minister. It is unnecessary to invoke the enthusiasm of the faithful and loyal population of Pampeluna; it will readily give expression to its devoted attachment to our well-beloved sovereign. Those who may disobey this order will be reported at the Office of the Holy Inquisition by me,—JOSUE CALZEDO DE LOS TALBOS (Corregidor).”

Scarcely had Gongarello finished his reading, than the corregidor appeared for a moment on the balcony of his house, and raising his hat, adorned with a large black feather, shouted “Long live Philip III! long live Count de Lerma, his glorious minister!” The multitude echoed—a few opposition murmurs, however, proceeding from a group beneath the balcony. A burly man, whose black moustaches spoke the soldier of the old Spanish infantry, but who was no other than Gines Peres de Hila, the landlord of the Golden Sun, began to cough with an air of authority, indicative of a shade of discontent.

“Let us,” said he, “by all means receive our new king, the court, and above all the Count de Lerma, whose suite, they say, is greater than that of his majesty. The count don’t mind expense; his people like good attendance, and will come and regale themselves at the Golden Sun.”

“Aye, and they will give orders for splendid gala dresses,” added Truxillo, the rich tailor, who had just come and mingled in the crowd.

“But,” continued Gines Peres, “of what use are those two regiments they speak of—the guards and the regiments of the Infanta?”

“Of the Infanta?” said Truxillo, turning pale.

“Just so,” said the barber, “the very corps that was here last year, and by the same token, one of the brigadiers lodged at your house, Master Truxillo. I remember him; Fidalgo d’Estremos was his name, and I often met him with your wife under his arm.”

“All that he may have told you,” said the tailor, evidently annoyed, “is untrue.”

"He never told me anything," replied Gongarello, quietly.

"It's nevertheless very true what they say," resumed the landlord, raising his voice. "A thousand annoyances result from the march of troops through a great town, to say nothing of our having to support all who are billeted upon us."

"You must admit, however," said the barber, "you must admit that our king must have soldiers for his protection."

"No, he should not!" cried an individual with broad shoulders, thick red beard, and a savage eye. "No," said he, leaping on to a post by way of rostrum, and addressing the populace from his elevation. "No! it's against the law and our rights."

"He is right," exclaimed the landlord. Silence spread throughout the multitude, to the stoppage of twenty or thirty little conversations that were going on in different groups. Attention was directed to the new orator.

"When the late king, Philip II, under pretence of pursuing Antonio Perez, destroyed by force of arms the Fueros of Aragon, his only regret was that he had not done the same by those of Navarre. What he dared not to do, however, his son and successor would now attempt—but you will not suffer it, if you are Navarrese."

"We are, all."

"What say your fueros? That the town shall be governed and protected by its own inhabitants, and that no armed stranger shall enter within its walls. That's the text."

"True," said the landlord, who had never read it.

"So it is," repeated the tailor.

"But," suggested Gongarello, the barber, "the king's soldiers are not strangers."

"They are Castilians," scornfully replied the orator; "and what is there in common between the kingdom of Castile and that of Navarre? We are not like the rest of Spain;—we have never been conquered;—we gave in our adhesion, conditionally that Navarre should preserve the old fueros which she then possessed."

"That's true," cried the hearers.

"And stronger and more skilful than the Aragonese, our neighbours, we will say, 'The king shall enter this town with no other guard than the citizens of Pampeluna; if not—not—'"

"Long live Captain Juan Baptista Balsero!" shouted a number of men, who appeared to know him, and who now mingled with the crowd, augmenting the confusion and tumult.

The noise in the street drew the corregidor, Josué Calzado, a second time to the balcony, less alarmed at the disturbance than pleased that an apparent revolt gave him an opportunity of displaying his

zeal and eloquence, for, to say the truth, the honourable corregidor was very fond of hearing himself speak. In the Basque provinces, where he was born, he had been chosen a member of the Cortes, and had so large a faculty for talking, that he was materially instrumental in prolonging the session. Established at present at Pampeluna, devoted to the king and the minister, he patiently awaited a superior appointment, of which the Count de Lerma had held out expectations, but which the minister had too much sagacity to bestow upon a fidelity already assured, reserving his favours for doubtful partisans who were yet to be won over. But if the Cortes orator loved to hear himself, he was cruelly disappointed in the present instance, for he had scarcely brought his lungs into play with the exordium—"Faithful Navarrese!" than he was stunned with shouts of "Down with the corregidor!"

"Long live the king and his glorious minister!" continued he, trying an appeal that he thought irresistible.

"Down with Count Lerma—down with the minister!"

"Just what I was going to say, dear fellow citizens. Listen to me—my sentiment is, 'God save our glorious monarch!'"

"Down with the king if he assails our liberties!"

"Exactly so, dear friends, if you will only here me. Our liberty for ever!"

But again the tumultuous assembly interrupted him; every one apostrophised or reproached him, and the people, excited by Gines and Truxillo, had already torn down the proclamation, and trampled it under foot. But the war, once begun, did not terminate there. The corregidor, placed in the balcony, occupied a strong position, which rendered him invulnerable to the enemy's army; but unhappily the proximity of the vegetable market furnished the assailants with materials of warfare more injurious and effective than mere words, and they began vigorously to shower a large collection upon the head of the loyal officer. He looked about for the means of honourable retreat, when it was suddenly closed against him. Captain Juan Baptista, who had all the agility and look of a sailor, climbed to the balcony by means of the pillars which supported it, and getting behind the corregidor at the very moment when that functionary had determined to quit the field of battle, seized and lifted him over the balcony, with the view of throwing him into the street. The mob, who did not expect this *coup de théâtre*, suddenly ceased their noise. The corregidor took advantage of the silence to call out—"Hear me, I beg! I am on your side! Inhabitants of Pampeluna, I think with you! The fueros for ever!"

"Long live the corregidor!" cried the people, with one voice.

"Yes, yes—he will die for our fueros," added the captain; and under the pretext of exhibiting him to the multitude, he raised the corregidor, and squeezed him so hard, that Josué Calzado threw up his arms in the attitude of a man taking a solemn vow.

The people cried with admiration, "Long live our worthy magistrate!"

"He will lead us himself to the governor," continued the captain. "He will speak for us. He proposes it himself."

Hearing these words, the popular enthusiasm knew no bounds. The corregidor, carried into the street by the captain, was received with redoubled shouts by the delicious multitude. Before he could open his mouth, he was surrounded, seized by a thousand arms, and carried off in triumph. A crown of oak leaves was placed upon his brow, which still bore marks of dirt from the vegetable matter with which he had been previously saluted; and the popular cortege, led by Gines Pires, of the Golden Sun, and Master Truxillo, the tailor, proceeded to march towards the governor's palace, across the promenade of Tacconera, already decorated with flowers, and foliage, and flags, bearing the arms of Spain, in honour of the entry of Philip III.

As for Captain Juan Baptista, he had disappeared; and the barber, Gongarello, prudently returned to his shop, saying, in a low voice, to such of his countrymen as interrogated him about the event, "Whether the king or the people carry the day is all the same to us Moors: forcibly baptised as we have been, we shall gain nothing by the victory, and may, perhaps, have to pay all the expenses of the war—so, take my advice, be quiet, and don't interfere."

And Aben Abou, called Gongarello, resumed his razor, and commenced shaving two customers, a Jew and a Christian, who had been waiting in his shop.

While these events were passing in the centre of the town, a poor boy about ten or twelve years of age was wandering through the street of Saint Pacomo, a little narrow winding alley. His pale and attenuated form bore traces of fever, and his ragged clothes announced his extreme misery. A kind and gentle expression pervaded his features, and a ray of intelligence occasionally shot from a dim but jet black eye. He was walking or rather dragging himself along, faint from hunger. He had passed through two or three streets, which, to his great astonishment, he had found deserted; for the whole population, on the first intimation of the tumult in the market-place, had betaken itself thither—some to share in the disturbance, others merely to look on.

The poor child saw a member of the Castilian council coming rapidly towards him; he did not dare to solicit charity, but he held out his hand.

The counsellor looked not at him, and passed on.

A few minutes afterwards an hidalgo appeared, walking slowly, enveloped in his cloak. The poor child timidly took off his hat and saluted him; the hidalgo stopped, and returned his salute.

The poor beggar, incapable any longer of bearing up, fell against a door, and heard a woman's voice calling upon her child to come to its meal. "Pablo," said she, "your soup awaits you." He knocked at the door, fancying for the moment that he had been invited, but his knock was useless, the mother was too much engaged with her own offspring to attend to him. "Alas!" said he to himself, "I have no mother to call me to a repast." He rose and wandered on to the banks of the Arga, hoping nothing more from man, for his eyes were raised to heaven for relief. At that moment the sun, bursting from behind a cloud, cast its refulgence against a wall. The boy went to bask in the rays of the great luminary, and while his cold stiff limbs felt the influence of their genial warmth, an expression of melancholy joy escaped from his discoloured lips. He smiled to the sun—the only friend that had deigned to smile on him. Then, as his eyes withdrew from the glare which he began to feel insupportable, he cast them on the ground, and seeing near a *borne* several pieces of melon rind, he crawled towards them, grasped them with an avidity urged by intense hunger, and was about to eat, when he saw a boy about his own age, as ragged as himself, singing as he advanced.

"You are happy to be merry," said he.

"Carrajo! I sing because I am hungry and have nothing to eat."

Immediately, without saying another word, and prompted by the generosity of his nature, he offered his new companion the slices of melon he had just picked up.

The gipsy looked at him with astonishment and gratitude.

"What," said he, "you have no other dinner than that?"

"No, happy enough to have found even so much. Share with me."

And the two friends began their frugal repast by the *borne*.

The dining hall was vast and spacious. It was a street, at that moment solitary; and unlike the other streets in Pampeluna, it was clean—thanks to a fountain, the waters of which flowed near them, and offered them a fresh and limpid drink.

Thus they waited for nothing. Opposite was a splendid mansion, over the door of

which were inscribed these words.—“Truxillo, master tailor.” Their backs rested against the walls of a splendid hotel, and that hotel was the Golden Sun.

At table an acquaintanceship is soon struck up, so the gipsy said at once to his amphytrion, “What’s your name?”

“Piquillo,” answered the boy, “so I was called by the monks where I was brought up. And you?”

“Pedralvi. Your parents?”

“I have none.”

“Nor I. Did you know your father?”

“Never.”

“Just my case. And your mother?”

“Mother,” said Piquillo, endeavouring to recollect, “my mother must have been a great lady. Noblemen used to visit her, who wore rich doublets and feathers. She had a beautiful room covered with tapestry; and, I remember, there was a looking glass all gilded, with a drawer beneath filled with sugar plums, with which I used to regale myself. That’s all I can remember of the care and tenderness of my mother. And I awoke one morning at the door of a great building called a convent. They kept me there—I don’t know how long—and then sent me away, saying, ‘Seek your livelihood, you idle fellow.’ I was hungry—I begged—and then I was taken ill and every body avoided me; I had a fever.”

Pedralvi held out his hand to him, which Piquillo grasped gratefully.

“At last,” continued he, “I am reduced to utter want; that is my history.”

“As for me,” said Pedralvi, “I remember my mother—I see her still, a tall strong woman, who bore me on her back. One day we were coming from Grenada, down a mountain called the Alpujarras. I do not know how it was, but some men in black suddenly seized on me, in spite of my mother’s cries and mine. They threw cold water on my head, muttering some barbarous words which I didn’t understand, my mother cried out, ‘He is not a christian, he never shall be one, nor will I;’ and she tried, by wiping my forehead, to efface what she regarded as a stain, a taint—and they killed her!”

“Killed her?” cried Piquillo, frightened.

“Yes, and called her a heretic.”

“Heretic?” repeated the child, “what is that?”

“I don’t know; but her blood flowed—I saw it—she showed it to me, saying, ‘Pedralvi, my son, remember.’ Then she became very pale, her lips stiffened, and she ceased to speak. What followed I cannot remember. I only know that I met some gypsies in a wood, who took me with them. One day they were attacked by more men in black, called *alguasils*. Each mother fled, bearing away her child. I,

who had no mother, remained on the high road. From that time to this I have walked right before me, singing and begging. That’s my history.”

The two orphans—the two friends—renewed the mutual grasp, and the words, “My brother!” escaped their lips. And in truth there was, in their dark complexions, the cast of their features, and their black and expressive eyes, a family likeness, or strong evidence that they belonged to the same race or tribe.

“And now,” said Piquillo, looking at the last slice of melon rind, “our dinner is over.”

“Over!” cried the gipsy, “and I am hungry.”

“So am I!”

“More so than I was before,” said Pedralvi, “and no hope of a second course.”

“Perhaps,” said a soft voice from above; and saying this, Juanita, a pretty Moorish servant girl, at the hotel, who had just opened the window over their heads, threw them down a large slice of bread, and the residue of the breakfast which two students from Saragossa, come on purpose to see the royal entry, had just finished.

Never did royal banquet, or ministerial dinner, witness guests more jolly, more delighted. Stimulated by the reinforcement of good things, their appetite, which had but slumbered, awoke young and splendid; all their misfortunes were forgotten, and neither of them would at this moment have changed places with the king of Spain. But the gratitude of the stomach did not exclude gratitude from the heart; and ever and anon, the lads stopped eating to look and express, by a smile, or a tender glance, their thanks towards the little servant, who was leaning out of the window enjoying her own good work, and their appetites. This pleasing picture, which Pantoja de la Cruz, the first painter to Philip III, would not have thought unworthy of his pencil, was suddenly disturbed by a cry from Juanita, which Piquillo echoed by a second, on finding himself violently pulled by the ear. It was Gines Peres de Hila, the landlord of the Golden Sun, whom Juanita had first seen from her height, but not in time to warn the youthful epicures, whose attention was too much engrossed to attend to anything.

“Ah! ha! this is the way I’m robbed,” cried mine host, in a terrible voice, casting towards Juanita a threatening look, the effect of which was entirely lost, for the girl had closed the window. The furious innkeeper, holding Piquillo’s ear with one hand, tried with the other to pick up the remains of the feast; but the little gipsy, nimbler than he, scrambled for the remaining provisions, thrust them into a wallet

which was not usually so well filled—whispering in the ear of his companion, "To night, behind the church of Saint Pacomo," and disappearing like lightning.

Piquillo would gladly have followed him, but one of his ears was a hostage in the hands of the *favouche* landlord; and besides, an instinctive sentiment of generosity and justice suggested that it would more become him to remain and defend his benefactress. "Beat me, if you like," said he, resolutely, to his adversary, for the meal had restored his energy and strength—"beat me if you like, but do not scold the girl."

"Juanita," cried the innkeeper, "is a little mischievous *fripoune*, whom I shall send back to her uncle, Gongarelllo, the barber—I had agreed to take her for nothing, but I see that, even at that price, she will be dear! The whole of the Moorish race are not worth the rope we hang them with, or the wood we buy to burn them."

"Forgive her," rejoined the orphan, "and I will, in all things, obey and serve you—"

"Done," said the landlord, who had suddenly become possessed of an idea, so rare a thing with him, that it disposed him to clemency. "Done; I will forgive you and Juanita too, and will even give you a real."

"A real!" said Piquillo, astonished, and opening his eyes wide, "is it gold?"

"Very nearly; it is twenty maravedis."

"Twenty maravedis!" Piquillo had never possessed such a sum.

"What must I do to earn it?"

"Walk up and down the streets of Pampeluna until night, crying, 'The fueros for ever!'"

"Nothing else? Well, that's not difficult; and I shall have a real?"

"I will pay you here this evening."

"You swear it by Our Lady del Pilar?"

"I swear it," replied the hotel-keeper; opening his fingers, and letting go his captive.

Piquillo no sooner found his ears at liberty, than he ran in the streets merrily, and disappeared, crying, "Our fueros for ever!"

CHAPTER II.

THE TRIUMPH.

In an old and well-furnished mansion in Pampeluna, the principal windows of which overlooked the Tacconera, sat, in a gothic arm-chair, lost in deep reverie, an old soldier formerly in the service of Philip II. His cap, sword, and a parchment sealed with three seals were on the table. Before him stood a fine young officer, whom every mother coveted for a son-in-law, and every

pretty girl for a lover. The joyousness of youth sparkled in his eyes—his manners bore the stamp of Spanish gallantry, and his proud Castilian blood mantled on his brow. A smile of impatience played on his hairless lip, whilst he carelessly played with the scabbard of his sword. Perceiving that the old man maintained silence, he, at length, timidly hazarded the following sentence: "Am I then to accompany you to Ireland?"

"No," rejoined the old man.

"Why not?"

"You have not yet drawn a blade, Fernando. I would have you begin with a victory, and, in this instance, we shall be vanquished."

"What! when you are the commander, Juan d'Aguilar? When the king supplies you with six thousand of the flower of his army for the campaign in Ireland? When he desires to glorify the first year of his reign with a glorious enterprise?"

"I will go. I will go; but we shall certainly fail! Mad, impolitic, useless enterprise! Instead of boldly attacking Elizabeth and the English, suppressing crime and sedition, and subduing the refractory Irish! No such worthy deeds are to be achieved. Our counsels unheeded—we old soldiers who have served under John of Austria, and know what war is! Ah! Spain was a glorious country in those far off days."

"And so is she now," exclaimed the youth, in proud exultation; "she has not degenerated!"

"Aye," replied the old man, gazing at the boy with evident pride; "yes, she has stout hearts and sturdy limbs to fight her battles yet; but, nevertheless, her decline has begun, and nothing can now arrest it."

"A new reign might revive her splendour."

"A new reign!" muttered the old soldier. Heaving a deep sigh, he continued, musingly, "I was at the death-bed of Philip II. He knew what men were made of. He, who won victories without a smile of triumph, and saw a whole fleet perish without a murmur; that prince did I see absolutely shed a tear—yes, shed a tear when he contemplated the future monarchy of Spain. 'Heaven,' said he to me, 'who has granted me vast domains, has left me no heir to maintain them.'"

"What does that signify," continued the youth, "if there be an able minister of state at the helm?—it is said that the Count de Lerma is a man of genius."

By the impatient gesture of his uncle, the young man perceived that he had ventured too far.

"The Count de Lerma an able statesman. Where, I should like to know, did Gomez de Sandoval y Royas, and, forsooth

Count de Lerma, learn—where should he have learned the science of government? Was it in the course of the adventures of his youth—in the tricks he played his creditors, and the skill with which he paid them without loosening his purse-strings?"

"But, my dear uncle, that is no despicable act; and if it were used towards the state's creditors, what a service it would be to the public exchequer!"

Don Juan, however, heeded him not, and pursued his own train of thought.

"Where did he learn politics? In the antechamber of the Infanta, where the late king placed him, under the charge of the Marchioness of Vaglis, in order to supplant the heir to the throne? In this alone consists the secret of his lauded merits. From the very day of the king's death, our influence was at an end, and the Count de Lerma became, not only prime minister, but absolute sovereign of Spain! Yes," he continued, "the new monarch, not content with heaping these dignities on his favourite, issues his first royal ordinance (a proclamation unexampled in the history of monarchies) proclaiming that the Count de Lerma's signature should be equally regarded with his own. He, a king! a descendant of Philip II and Charles V; and in the short space of a twelvemonth, this new made minister—a Sandoval, signs himself 'YEO EL REY!'"

"Calm yourself, uncle."

"A king of Spain, descended from royal parentage, abdicating the crown! It is a stigma on the country's nobility!"

"Nevertheless," interrupted the young man, pointing to the parchment on the table, "you perceive he appoints you commander of the Irish expedition?"

"Yes, yes; he would sooner have me in Ireland than in Pampeluna. Pampeluna is too close to Madrid and the court. He desires that I should never visit such scenes, and banishes me to a distant land."

"Do you intend declining this offer?"

"What! refuse when there is danger? No, no; I will go to the slaughter, but you must not accompany me; there is peril to meet but no glory in that quarter. Martin Padilla, who commands the fleet, is my mortal foe; Occampo, who is appointed my lieutenant, is also my enemy."

"Then I should be by your side."

"And who will protect my memory? who will support the honour of my house? who will protect my daughter, Carmen, whom I shall leave an orphan? In her helpless childhood she will have no protectress but her aunt, my sister, the Countess d'Altamira, in whom I place no confidence. You know, Fernando, my projects, with respect to her and yourself; pledge me your word that you will not betray them."

"I pledge myself, uncle," exclaimed the young man, extending his hand, which the old soldier eagerly grasped with grateful warmth.

"And in the course of time," continued he, brushing away a tear that trickled down his cheek, "in the course of time, you will enter the councils of the state (for you have a right to that distinction, being a grandee of Spain—the Baron d'Albayda, first baron of Valencia); remember then that which I have uttered to-day. Defend our weak monarch against the wiles of his parasites—against his own rash acts; but yet hold him in high respect; for the king, whatever he is or does, is our legitimate ruler—our father. Many enemies threaten to overwhelm our country—many are striving to hasten her ruin."

Whilst he was thus speaking, a loud uproar of the populace was heard in the streets.

"What is that?" said the old man.

"Nothing, uncle; it is simply the beginning of the rejoicings in honour of the entry into Pampeluna of the king and his minister."

The uproar increased, and presently cries of "Justice, justice!—to the scaffold with Lerma!" were distinctly heard, mingled with menaces.

"Already," observed the old man coldly. All he dreaded, however, was that the shouts of the crowd would disturb the slumbers of his darling Carmen.

Fernando was on the point of quitting the apartment in which the above colloquy was held, to ascertain the origin of all this noise, when a man entered, whose rich garments were soiled and in disorder. His disdainful look was tinged with fear and rage, and he strove to smile to disguise these emotions just as some folks sing to conceal their fright.

"The Count de Lemos!" exclaimed d'Aguilar.

"The governor of Pampeluna!" said the youth, respectfully.

The Count de Lemos was brother-in-law to the Count de Lerma, who had appointed him viceroy of Navarre, and governor of Pampeluna. D'Aguilar had much reason to feel surprised at his visit; for being no friend to the minister, he was not on over good terms with his family. Lemos and d'Aguilar rarely met each other.

"Yes!—it is me," said the count, trying to force a blustering laugh; "they met my carriage in the street, and they assailed it with stones. Up to the very door of your hotel have they followed me."

"Of whom do you speak, sir count," inquired d'Aguilar, calmly.

"You are ignorant, then, of what is passing in the streets?"

"Perfectly so."

"Nothing can possibly be more absurd—a madness—a delirium! From Josué Calzado, the corregidor, whom I took to be a sensible, discreet man, downwards, they have all lost their senses. Borne triumphantly on the shoulders of the rabble, the corregidor came riotously at their head, to my hotel, making a fearful disturbance. The countless will assuredly suffer sorely from fear, for they commenced operations by smashing the windows."

"But what did they want?" exclaimed d'Aguilar, impatiently.

"What did they want? Why they actually want to prevent the king from entering Pampeluna—yes, the king who is even now at the very gates of the city."

"Close the gates against the king of Spain?" said d'Aguilar, indignantly. "I trust, sir count, that you have adopted rigorous measures to prevent such an indignity."

"Certainly; at the very outset of the tumult I despatched a messenger, disguised, to my brother-in-law, the minister; the matter concerns him most, and he will know how to act under the emergency."

"But what have you done?"

"Me!—what would you have had me do?"

"Is there not a fortress in Pampeluna erected by Philip II?"

"It is unfinished; and there is not within its walls a single cannon, or one soldier!"

"In a frontier town!" exclaimed d'Aguilar, looking pointedly at Fernando. "What said I to you but now? Here is an instance of foresight on the part of those to whom the care of our country is confided—no garrison—no soldiers!"

"Why, that is just the very cause of the tumult. They will have it that the citizens alone should welcome their king, and not suffer him to be heralded by a military guard."

"And you yielded to them?"

"Not at all! Perceiving that it was idle to parley with them, I caused my horses to be harnessed to a coach without armorial bearings, and left my hotel by a back door. I was in hopes I should have been able to join the Count de Lerma, and the two regiments by which he is escorted; and then I should like to know what would have been the consequences!"

"You—the governor of the town," said d'Aguilar, with marked surprise, "and meditated leaving it in the hour of danger!"

"To return; but I could not effect that object; they recognised and pursued me, and here have I taken refuge; and, my dear d'Aguilar, I ask you a thousand pardons for coming thus unceremoniously and unattended."

At this crisis the disturbance without re-

doubled, and a servant entered the room in dismay, exclaiming that the infuriated mob angrily insisted on the delivery of the governor into their hands. The Count de Lemos turned pale, young Fernando approached to protect him; and Don Juan d'Aguilar, without vacating his arm chair, said, with a smile lurking on his lips—"Tell them I am too highly honoured by the visit of the governor to desire its being shortened. He shall remain here as long as he pleases; and then," added he, with the pride of a Castilian, "as for the rabble who are now at my gate, tell them they had better be off quietly."

Such was the respect in which Don Juan d'Aguilar was held, and the readiness with which he was wont to be obeyed, that the servant, without reflecting for a moment that he would run the risk of being torn to pieces by the mob, went to execute his orders; but that it was impossible, for the other inhabitants of the hotel, alarmed at the increase of the crowd, had barricaded the principal entrance, and although Don Juan d'Aguilar was universally beloved and honoured, these defensive preparations had irritated the multitude, who already evinced hostile intentions.

The unlucky corregidor, leader against his will, of a riot which he could not quiet, and of a force that terrified him out of his wits, vainly attempted to address them. In the midst of the uproar they heard not a word of his ejaculations, and conceiving from the movement of his lips, that he was encouraging them to the charge, they set up a shout of "Hurrah for the corregidor!—on to the assault!—long live the corregidor!"

Hearing this uproar, Fernando rushed to the room, the casements of which looked upon the street, and d'Aguilar rose to follow him, limping with the gout.

"What is to be done?" exclaimed the count.

"Arrest the corregidor and two or three of the principal mutineers," said d'Aguilar, "and the rest will disperse. Halloo," he exclaimed to his nephew, who was, undismayed, leaning out of the casement, and quietly watching the furious crowd that surrounded the gate of the hotel, "what think you of it?"

"I think," replied the youth, calmly, "we must secure some of them instantly, or there will be much mischief ere long."

Just then a shout of "Death to the governor," rung the air.

The Count de Lemos endeavoured, in vain, to conceal his terror, and despite the scornful smile that played on his lip, the perspiration poured down his face. The old soldier, looking him steadfastly in the face, said, "Fear nothing, there is time yet to repel the danger."

"How?"

"The time expended in burning the house over our heads will enable the Count de Lerma, with his regiments—acquainted as he is with your position—to hasten to your rescue."

"You think so?" said Lemos.

"It cannot be otherwise. Close the gates of the city to the king! After suffering such an affront, there will be nothing left which we must not yield to these rebels. It is in the beginning of a reign that firmness is indispensable."

"But supposing the rebellion continues?"

"What of that?"

"What is to become of us in the meantime?"

"We will bear the brunt of the assault here, in this house, against the whole population of Pampeluna, if necessary: shall we not, my nephew?"

"Certainly, uncle. This will be my first campaign, and I glory in the idea that it will be under your guidance."

A fresh uproar, louder and still more threatening than the preceding, now burst from the impatient crowd. Mingled with shouts of rage, the sound of pickaxes applied to the principal portal was distinctly heard. At the bare thought of repelling an attacking foe, the old Don became excited beyond measure. As the war-horse that neighs and proudly tosses his head at the sound of the trumpet, he advanced with a firm step to the immediate scene of the struggle, forgetting his gout, and regaining all the ardour of his youth.

"Now then," he said, addressing those around him, "arm yourselves as rapidly as possible, and with whatever falls in your way, and begin by demolishing that casement!"

"What do you meditate?" cried the Count de Lemos.

"Why, simply to cast upon the heads of the rioters the whole of the first floor of the hotel."

"Bravo!" exclaimed the youth, commencing operations lustily.

"Now, then, I will show you," said the excited soldier; "I will show you how to defend a fortress besieged by the enemy."

"What!" said the Count de Lemos, astounded at this display of generous feeling; "is it possible that you and yours expose your lives to secure the safety of one whose family is notably hostile to your own?"

"That is just the very reason for exertion," replied the old man; "I never yet deserted one in adversity seeking an asylum beneath my roof—it is a sacred duty; and then he added, 'take care, count; do not place yourself so close to that casement, the post of danger; but yonder ar-

tillery of stones shall soon be silenced. Hark you, my friends," and pondering awhile on what Charles XII had achieved under somewhat similar circumstances at Bender, the old general not only contemplated repelling the assault, but also attacking the enemy, aided by his nephew and servants. He hastily explained his tactics to his allies, and ordered the windows to be thrown open to reconnoitre the position and force of the foe; but to his great surprise a sudden calm succeeded the tumult, and all that could be seen in the now nearly deserted street were the remnants of the rebel band proceeding apparently to the gate through which the king purposed entering the town. The Count de Lemos was lost in conjecture, and d'Aguilar was puzzled to think what panic could have wrought this sudden change, what stratagem of the enemy was at the bottom of so singular a proceeding, or what marvellous event had robbed him of his laurels before the battle commenced.

Presently a horseman was seen galloping down the streets at a tremendous pace. He held in one hand a flag of truce and a letter bearing the state seal. He pulled up in front of the hotel, and demanded admittance in the king's name.

At this reverend sound, Don Juan immediately ordered the gate of his citadel to be opened, and the horseman, dismounting, entered. He was a brigadier in the regiment of the Infanta, Fidalgo d'Estremos by name.

"They tell me," said he, "that the governor of Pampeluna is to be found here."

"I am he," said the Count de Lemos, advancing.

"A letter from the king."

He snatched it eagerly from him, and breaking the seal, hurried through its contents. Meanwhile Don Juan inquired of the brigadier where he had left the regiment to which he belonged.

"At the gates of the city," said the brigadier.

"Did you accompany the king?"

"I did; as well as the Count de Lerma."

"And you do not, I hope, dream of shrinking from the assault of this band of townsmen?"

By way of answer, the brigadier placed his hand on the scabbard of his sword.

"That's right," exclaimed d'Aguilar.

"With brave fellows like yourself, I should like to see the force or the ramparts that could hold out against us. How now," he continued, addressing the Count de Lemos; "has your brother-in-law, the minister, made proper arrangements for the attack on Pampeluna?"

"No," replied the count, with some hesitation; "that is not necessary."

"Oh! I perceive," said d'Aguilar, "the enemy have already abandoned their project; I thought it would not last long."

"Yes," stammered the count, "all is tranquil now, I believe."

"Have they given any hostages?" asked d'Aguilar.

"Not one."

"Well, that matters little, so long as they ask for pardon. Of course they have expiated their resistance to the king?"

"No," replied Lemos, in an embarrassed manner.

"What is it, then?" asked Don Juan, impatiently. "What is the intelligence that has reached your excellency?"

In reply to these interrogations, the count handed to the old soldier the epistle, which was couched in the following terms:—

"The king having learned, with deep concern, that his approach has occasioned some slight disturbance in the city; and having deliberated with his council and ministers what course to pursue under the circumstances, has expressed his determination to employ no other escort, on his solemn entry into Pampeluna, but that formed by its citizens. His majesty, moreover, has decided that during his stay in their city, they alone shall have the honour of guarding the royal person."

This document bore the following signature:—"For the king—the Count de Lerma, prime minister."

It was manifest that this originated with the favourite. It was doubtful whether the king had been consulted on the occasion at all, and, indeed, the chronicles of that time assert that he never saw the document till the next day. Pale and trembling with indignation, Don Juan d'Aguilar twice read this remarkable production. Without uttering a syllable he returned it into the hands of the governor, who, anxious to carry its object into execution, hastily left the hospitable dwelling where he had found refuge and protection.

The old man, left alone with his nephew, gazed on him for a while musingly, and then exclaimed: "Said I not right? Had I not occasion to tremble for Spain and her king?"

Dreading a further betrayal of his overpowering feelings, he rushed to his daughter Carmen's apartment. The child, alarmed at his hasty approach, extended her arms towards him.

"I have been waiting for you, father!" she exclaimed, "and could not sleep till you came to kiss me."

D'Aguilar clasped his darling to his heart, and imprinting an earnest kiss on her forehead, forgot for the time all about the revolt, the fueros, and even the Count

de Lerma. When the child fell calmly to sleep he stole out of the room, and proceeded to the palace to await the king's arrival.

CHAPTER III.

INCONVENIENCES OF PATRIOTISM.

The news of these events spread in a moment through every part of the town. The citizens of Pampeluna who themselves had not taken a part in the affray, now filled the streets, walking about with an air of triumph and satisfaction. Every body was delighted; the coffee-houses and public places were crammed with visitors. The hotel of the Golden Sun could scarcely meet the demands of its numerous customers who arrived, the stomachs fasting; it was dinner hour—nothing increases the appetite so much as a victory. Peres Gines de Hila, who was no longer the same man, had exchanged his large beaver, his threatening tone, and seditious airs, for a white cap, an engaging smile, and affable words. The conspirators had made way for the landlord; he was of every body's opinion; repulsed no one; he crammed twenty or thirty guests in a hall which held but ten; he had even, in favour of circumstances, passed generously over the punishment of Juanita, whose services he now required. Already was he calculating the tax to be levied upon such a crowd of consumers; he had even established himself at the bar, to survey, with a master's eye, the supposed receipts, and to prevent the occurrence of any fraud, when the brave corregidor, Josué Calzado de las Talbas, appeared in the vestibule; he was followed by a dozen citizens, who, wearing baldric and halbert, had assumed a martial air, and were endeavouring to walk with military precision, always so difficult for a civic guard to assume.

"Honour to the conquerors!" exclaimed the landlord.

"Honour to you," answered the corregidor, "who first raised your voice in defence of our rights! Yes, signor caballeros," continued he, addressing the guests, "without him our liberties slept; no body thought of them; the king would have entered quietly into Pampeluna, escorted by the two regiments of Castilian cavalry, and general acclamations, if the worthy host had not reminded us, that to us alone belonged the right of escorting our monarch." All the guests rose, and drank to the health of Gines Peres de Hila, who took off his cotton cap, and bowed down to the very counter. "Also we, your fellow-citizens, owe you a reward, and we have unanimously elected you sergeant of halberdiers; we come to call you to your post."

"I!" said the landlord, turning pale.
"You, yourself; and there is no time to lose."

"But just at this moment my presence is necessary here in my house."

"It is more necessary in our ranks."

"But the interest of my business."

"But those of Pampeluna—a patriot like you."

"Certainly. But if any one could replace me."

"What! give up to another the honour of assuming your rights—rights which you have so eloquently spoken for?"

"I! no!" cried the host, cursing his eloquence and the *fueros* both. "I mean to say that I ask nothing better; that I shall be proud to command my fellow citizens, and to march at their head; but I was not prepared for so great an honour, and I shall want some days to think of my equipment."

"We have brought it. Here it is."

They now presented to the astonished host a large baldric, covered with gold, and a large halbert, ornamented with silver. In vain the new sergeant endeavoured to stammer forth some futile excuse.

"Let us go! let us go!" exclaimed the halberdiers.

"Go, master, go! I will take charge of everything," exclaimed the head waiter, Coello, an Asturian, whose morality was anything but doubtful.

Now, this waiter was what the unhappy host feared the most.

"I will return in an instant," he said.

"No," replied the *corregidor*; "your duty is to patrol this quarter; and now that tranquillity is established, to oppose yourself to everything which may trouble it; to put a stop to any insurrectionary cries whatever."

"Very well," said the host.

"You are to go with your company, and place yourself on the line of Taconnera, to present halberts to his majesty in passing."

"I!" said Gines.

"You will mount guard all night."

"I!" continued Gines.

"It is one of our privileges."

"Let us go."

Gines Peres, cursing his eloquence and the *fueros* also, put on a scarf, seized the proffered halbert, and issued forth to watch over the safety of the houses of Pampeluna, while he left his own to certain plunder.

In the mean time, faithful to the instructions which he had received, and anxious, like an honest lad, to earn the promised reward, Piquillo was parading the streets, crying out with all his might, "Our *fueros* for ever!" No one said no, as at that time it was not known what

turn affairs might take; but two or three boys who were wandering in the streets as amateurs, ready to follow the first drum or noise of any kind, joined him in his exclamations, and the procession increasing at every corner, the young general was soon at the head of a juvenile army, when, on turning into a new street, they fell in with another brigade of about the same numbers and age, but of a different opinion, their cry being "Down with the *fueros*!" War appeared inevitable between the two parties so opposed, when, to the surprise of the belligerents, the two generals advanced to embrace each other.

"Is it you, Piquillo?"

"You, Pedralvi! What do you here?"

"I shout."

"And I also," answered Pedralvi, "I am paid three reals by the followers of the Count de Lemos to cry 'Down with the *fueros*!'"

"And I am to have only one real," said Piquillo.

"The other party is the best," exclaimed the troop; and all to a boy went over to Pedralvi. And the two coalesced armies, now making only one, continued its march to the reiterated shout of "Down with the *fueros*!"

But suddenly they came upon a body of real halberdiers, with a real sergeant, and real halberts. It was, the reader will readily surmise, Gines Peres, who advanced with intrepidity towards them, without being alarmed at the numerical superiority of the enemy.

"Down with your arms!" called out the sergeant; "down with your arms; 'an order the less dishonourable, as the opposing force was not in possession of weapons of any kind; but what caused them some disquiet was, that the halberdiers presented arms, to avoid the effects of which manoeuvre, the two generals, thinking that they could best beat the real soldiers in racing, cried, 'Escape who can!' and took to their heels with all possible despatch. Unfortunately, in their haste, they turned into a blind alley—a street without a thoroughfare, in which they were soon captured by the civic guard. Peres' victory was complete, and he was moderate in his success, Piquillo and Pedralvi being detained as prisoners and hostages for the remainder. The intention of the sergeant had been to place the two chiefs of the insurrection himself in safe custody; but the day was drawing in, and drums and trumpets sounded. Peres being obliged, therefore, to proceed to his position, on the line of the escort, deputed two halberdiers to convey the prisoners to a cellar under the Golden Sun, which he specially pointed out, till he had time to see them to a place of security. As for our two

heroes, conquered, but not discouraged, they walked along in silence, exchanging now and then looks which said: "What are we to do? what will become of us? how are we to save ourselves?" And Piquillo, to do him justice, thought not of himself at this juncture; he dreamed but of the means of saving his companion. But though he wanted neither sagacity, nor wit, nor boldness, the attempt was almost useless; their captors had not seized them by their clothes, which, seeing the dilapidated state of their vestments, would have afforded little hold. Piquillo, however, profiting by a moment when his guard was looking another way, suddenly stooped, picked up a handful of dirt, and threw it into the eyes of the halberdier who walked by the side of Pedralvi, crying out, "Away, save yourself!" Nor did the latter wait to hear it a second time. This generous act procured a severe beating for poor weak Piquillo, after which he was conducted, without a chance of escape, into the cellar of the Golden Sun, the key of which was twice turned upon him.

The royal procession had, in the interval, entered the city of Pampeluna by the sound of bells, the shouts of the multitude, the light of torches, and the illuminations of the windows. Philip III answered the acclamations of the people by gracious salutations, but with an absent expression of countenance, as if he was a prey to some inward care, yet he had none. Philip was of short stature; well made; his face round and pleasing; he had the lips of his family. He had been taught to show a certain dignity of manner. He was at that time in his twenty-second year, but his physical powers had so slowly developed themselves that he knew neither the vivacity of youth, nor its hopes, nor its passions.

On descending from his carriage he leant upon the arm of Don Juan d'Aguilar, who awaited at the palace his sovereign's arrival. Don Juan having heard the king express his satisfaction to the Count de Lemos, wished to hazard a few respectful observations upon the actual condition of Pampeluna, but Philip listened to him with visible embarrassment, in which there was not so much displeasure manifested as fear at being obliged to maintain a serious conversation. He looked anxiously around, and perceiving the Count de Lerma, made signs to him to approach and take part in the conversation.

The king of all Spain and of India had gone to sleep. The minister alone was awake, studying the various reports which had been presented to him of the events of the day. First, the corregidor, Josué Calzado, was spoken of as the idol of the people—a person who had raised and appeased

the tumult by his own will in a few moments.

"This is a man who must be won over," said the minister to himself; "there is a vacancy at Toledo;" and he made a note in his memorandum-book.

All the reports agreed in tracing the revolt to the barber Aben-Abou, otherwise Gongarello, the Moor, who had first read aloud the proclamation, and accompanied the reading with seditious observations.

"Ah!" said the minister, with a look of proud satisfaction, "I have always said so. It is this Moorish population that foment disorder in the kingdom. They are our natural enemies, who possess our finest provinces, and so long as they shall not be driven out of them, there will be neither repose nor prosperity for Spain. That which no statesman has yet dared to attempt, I will; I, Don Sandoval y Rosas;" and he stooped, smiled proudly, and added, in a low voice, "I, king of Spain!" And he wrote in his memorandum-book, "To make the Moors of Navarre pay the expense of the insurrection—to have the barber Aben-Abou, called Gongarello, watched by the Inquisition, and, on the first possible occasion, expelled from Navarre. He has accomplices—the rapidity of the insurrection proves it." Then, in another report, he read that, during the ferment, an audacious attack had been made upon the house of the treasurer, Victoriano Caramba, and a man whose person resembled very much that of a certain suspicious Captain John Baptista Balseiro, had been seen issuing out of the garden, accompanied by another person, and carrying together the treasurer's strong box. "Lucky," said the minister, on reading this report, "that the evening before I had a hundred thousand ducats from the treasury for the expenses of my castle at Lerma. I have saved that money to the state." And thus applauding his political and financial abilities, the minister retired to rest.

All this time the worthy citizens of Pampeluna were walking to and fro before the doors of the palace, ashamed to own how much they would have preferred their beds. Master Truxillo appeared to bear the weight of his honours with the greatest impatience.

"What do you complain of?" said a well-known voice; "my honours were forced upon me, as well as you, and I submit without a murmur."

"Yes; but, Master Gongarello, you have not, like me, a wife, who awaits you at home; and consider the dangers that threaten my house."

"Oh! do not make yourself uneasy on that point—you have friends who will take care of it for you; the brigadier Fidalgo d'Estremos has gone to his old quarters."

Truxillo uttered a shriek of horror, and wished to rush out of the palace, but the gates were closed, and all his companions cried to him that one must not abandon his post when the fueros and his country's honour were in question. "Alas!" thought Truxillo, and he heaved a deep sigh.

CHAPTER IV. THE CAPTAIN.

Master Truxillo was not the only one who passed a bad night. Piquillo had for many hours been shut up in the underground sleeping room, provided for him at the Golden Sun hotel. The landlord detained at the palace in the exercise of his civic duties, greatly to his regret, had been unable to return to his house; and Coello, his major-domo, manager in his absence, felt bound to drink to the health of his patron on his new appointment. For this purpose he had invited all the servants of the hotel to partake of the remains of the day's provisions, to which he thought them fairly entitled. After having provided dinner for everybody, one has a right to think of oneself; but nobody bestowed a thought on poor Piquillo, who had been frequently pacing round and round the cell in which he was confined as prisoner of the state. There was no outlet from his dungeon, but through a door, which was both bolted and padlocked; no light, but what was admitted through a narrow vent-hole, secured by an iron bar; in short, the place was devoid of all furniture, if we excepted two old butts, once filled with tolerable Benicarlo wine, which had been sold by the landlord for pure Alcantara. After fruitless endeavours to break open the door, and having, in vain, cried out for assistance, Piquillo sat himself down—and must we confess it—his courage forsook him. Our hero began to cry; but what hero is without his weak moments; and then it must not be forgotten our hero had not supped, and his morning breakfast had long since passed from his recollection, thanks to the exercise he had taken, and the fatigue produced by the military manoeuvres of the day. He wept then—and, moreover, though not naturally timid, he could not repress the feeling of alarm which overcame him on finding himself in total darkness. All at once he heard loud cries, and thought his last hour was approaching; it was occasioned by the good cheer of the major-domo and servants of the hotel, who were intoxicated with the wine of their patron. Seated around a large table in the finest room in the hotel, they made Juanita, with whom we are already acquainted, wait upon them; this young girl, only twelve years old, lovely,

obliging, and devoid of all pride, was ordered about, and scolded by everybody, and was at this time the assistant of the servants.

"Bring from the kitchen," called out the major-domo, in an imperious tone, "the two whole partridges brought down from No. 9; the guests there must have been lovers, for they did not eat."

A triton among the minnows he appeared to his flatterers, and this sally of the major-domo was received with great applause. This was the noise which so frightened Piquillo, who sprang up, and listened attentively.

A sudden ray of moonlight came through the aperture overlooking the court-yard, and lighted up his cell; this, however, was momentarily intercepted by the body of some unknown person, who softly approached the aperture, remained but an instant, and then rapidly running away, let fall a roasted partridge at Piquillo's feet. Immediately afterwards the soft voice of a young girl was heard from the dining-room.

"I vow there was but one, major-domo."

"It is very astonishing," said Coello; "I put two on the table, unless these gentlemen —"

And he gave a searching glance around the table; but none of the waiters or attendants of the Golden Sun could reasonably be suspected of an act of such selfishness and indelicacy. Piquillo thus was indebted, for his supper, as he had been for his breakfast, to the attentions of Juanita, by whom he was quartered upon the enemy and at their expense; he would willingly, however, have dispensed with his lodging, and he set his wits to work to find out a means of escape. The aperture of the vent-hole was itself very narrow, and the bar of iron rendered it twice as small; but Piquillo was so thin that he thought he could, without much difficulty, although he had supped, contrive to pass through this narrow opening. The great difficulty was to reach it, but a good dinner and the love of liberty doubles one's energy; and the prisoner managed, by unheard of efforts, to pile the two empty butts one upon the other. He then attempted his ascent to scale the breach, which he did not accomplish without having hurt and disfigured himself a good deal. Having got his head between the bar and the wall, he soon introduced the rest of his body, and thus got into the court-yard. Piquillo, a beggar, and a vagrant, had no ideas of religion or morality, and only heard the name of the deity in the daily oaths which were uttered; and in spite of himself, he knew not why, an instinct, a motive of gratitude, made him fall on his knees, though his lips uttered not

a word—though his heartfelt gratitude showed no visible signs by which it could be recognised, yet there was in his heart a sincere and fervent prayer which reached to heaven. The prisoner, having left his cell, but not the hotel (and the court-yard being surrounded by high walls, whose summit he had scarcely any hope of attaining, and still less of being enabled to descend into the street on the other side) Piquillo, disconsolate and discouraged, had no idea how to extricate himself from his difficulties, and began to give way to despair, and to think that he had but changed one prison for another, where nobody would come to his assistance. His heart had made him think of providence; his generosity had provided a friend, and he who, in the morning, had nothing, found in one day, two treasures, two consolations—religion and friendship. Suddenly appeared a shadow at the top of the wall; then a beam of moonlight displayed to him a brown head, which cautiously appeared, looking down into the court-yard. How lucky! it was Pedralvi. Piquillo would have cried out, but a motion from his friend warned him to be silent, and a moment after the Bohemian was on the parapet of the wall, attempting to draw up with him a small, long, and light ladder, which had served to enable him to mount the wall. Being with difficulty drawn up, it was placed on the other side, and let down into the court. Piquillo having placed it properly, got to the top of the wall where Pedralvi awaited him; here, then, were these two friends, face to face, striding across the wall. They embraced, and began to question each other.

"Is it you, Pedralvi, who have come to help me?"

"Yes, forsooth; you gave me your assistance once, and I do the same for you."

"And suppose I had not luckily been in the court-yard?"

"I would have sought you elsewhere."

"But I was in the cellar."

"I should have descended into it. I knew you were a prisoner in the inn; that was enough for me; and no matter how, I should have effected your escape."

"And suppose you had been taken prisoner, or beaten?"

"That was my affair; I remained since dark outside in the street."

"What were you doing?"

"Prowling about on the look out."

"For what?"

"For the means of effecting your escape, which this ladder soon afforded."

"Where did you find it?"

"Opposite, at Truxillo's the tailor."

"Did you go there to get it?"

"No; it was let down from a window,

and immediately after I saw descend, wrapped up in a cloak——"

"A thief?"

"If so, a very juvenile one; and a soft voice cautioned him to be careful; but I then cried aloud—Saint Hermanded! the window was speedily closed, and the young man leaped to the ground, and ran away. I, then, in a moment, seized hold of the ladder, and here I am."

"Now, let us descend, for though we are well enough here, we can chat more comfortably when we have descended to the other side of the wall."

By their joint efforts, the two friends easily managed to raise the ladder, which was still resting against the wall of the court-yard of the Golden Sun, and they let it down into the street, and Pedralvi, insisting on ceding to Piquillo the honour of being the first to descend, the latter took the lead.

At this moment the moon was obscured by a dark cloud, which passed over it, and the inn, the walls, and the street were left in total darkness, and Pedralvi, no longer able to see his friend, said to him, in a subdued tone, "Descend cautiously, for the walls are at least twenty feet high. Have you descended safely? Speak."

"Yes; here I am."

But the moment Pedralvi was about to follow, a strong arm upset the ladder, and a loud voice called out, "How comes it, my funny little fellow, that we thus catch you on our own track?"

Thus spoke Captain Juan Baptista Bal-seiro, who, it will be recollected, had, in the morning meeting, held in the public square, pronounced so energetically in favour of the fueros.

"Sir knight," cried Piquillo, "you are mistaken; I am no thief!"

"How do I know that?"

"I swear to you I follow no such vile occupation."

Piquillo now felt his arm fixed as in a vice by the captain's grasp, and he roared out with pain, "Let me alone—let me alone, if you belong to the corps of Saint Hermanded, or the halberdiers of the town."

"To neither; but as you come from this house you can give us some intelligence we want."

"I have none to give."

"No matter; follow us."

"I can't; let me go. I have a friend waiting for me."

"Where?"

"At the top of the wall."

Pedralvi thereupon called out, "Yes, sir knight, do not injure him, and replace the ladder to enable me to get down, or I shall call out for assistance."

One of the captain's followers laid hold of the handle of a pistol, which was in his

girdle; but Juan Baptista arrested his purpose, by exclaiming, "Think what you are about; to create such a disturbance, and at this hour of the night, and to what end; one of these two night birds will be sufficient for me to capture, and him I will bring away with me."

"Help here," cried Piquillo.

"Help," chorussed Pedralvi, whose elevated situation made him more easily heard.

"Help," repeated the major-domo.

The servants and waiters of the Golden Sun, who, having passed the night in carousing, either appeared at the windows or in the court-yard, hearing the noise; the captain and his attendants ran away, carrying their captive with them. Juan Baptista Balseiro, who, in his lifetime, had borne many other names, was as undistinguished by his deeds as he was obscure by origin. Some said he was a Moor; others a Neapolitan; he cared as little for his family as they did for him; it mattered not to him to what country he belonged, he had no preference for any one in particular, having travelled into almost every quarter of the globe, and for reasons best known to himself, never found any country in which he was suffered long to remain. For a considerable period he had confined his exploits to Spain, and it was not without reason that he, who had seen and observed so much, considered Spain of all European governments the most desirable and safest for people of his profession to live in; they were not much troubled by the police. Disorder was everywhere rife, and the authorities never interfered; and Juan Baptista, after leading a riotous and erratic life, had at last fixed upon this country, which, to speak the truth, was almost his own, for in reality the captain was of Portuguese descent. He was yet only a few years old when Portugal was united to Spain, in the reign of the late king Philip II, by the grace of God, the constitution of the kingdom, and an army of 30,000 men, commanded by the Duke d'Alba. Don Henry, of the noble Portuguese family of Villafior, secretly bribed by Philip II, had powerfully contributed to this conquest, and as a reward for these anti-national services, had created him Count Santarem. Whilst he was hunting over the mountains of Dorso, the finest of the Alentejo, his party had to seek shelter from a storm in a little inn, the only one at hand. Geronima, the wife of a smuggler, then absent, did the honours of the house; she was young, coquettish; not over handsome, and even red haired; but when taking shelter from the rain, one is not difficult to please. The Portuguese nobleman filled up his leisure hours by paying gallant attentions to the lady; in less than a year from this time he was at

a country seat, on the banks of the Tagus, when he was told that a woman, from the hill country of Alentejo, wanted to speak to him, and he then saw the smuggler's wife carrying a fat, bouncing little boy, who was crying and biting his mother. This was the captain, whose biography we trace, named Juan Baptista by his mother, that saint's day being the day of his birth.

It was in his hands that poor Piquillo had fallen. The captain had a deal of forethought; he had often thought that an intelligent lad, whose youth anticipated mistrust, might render great service to the troop which he had the honour to command, and Piquillo was just what he wanted. Piquillo's greatest regret was for his companion. What would become of poor Pedralvi, who had exposed himself on his account? But he was obliged soon to think of himself. Juan Baptista and his friends left town before daybreak. Horses were awaiting for them without the walls, as also two loaded mules, besides one that carried nothing, which the captain eyed with a grim expression.

"That rascally treasurer of Pampeluna certainly forestalled us," remarked the captain.

"Why, captain," observed a man of short stature, but strong and well-knit frame (it was Martin de Barallo, generally called Caralo, the confidant and friend of the captain), you know that the Count de Lerma never leaves anything in the public chests."

"True; he is a great financial minister; luckily, we shall have to do with him yet upon other grounds; but come, let us be off; and mount the urchin upon the spare mule. He is not what ought to have been there; but no matter, we must teach him to be useful."

The cavalcade started at a trot, continued its way all night, traversed, in the middle of the day, a beautiful river, the name of which Piquillo only learnt afterwards—it was the Ebro; and some hours afterwards they began to ascend the mountains and penetrate into the forests.

When Piquillo arrived at the *posado de buca Scorro*, "the inn of Good Rest," he could not imagine what sort of customers frequented such a spot. He thought of the hotel of the Golden Sun, where it rained roasted partridges, as something magical in comparison, and he almost wished himself back again in the cellar. The memory of Juanita, so kind and so pretty, and of his friend Pedralvi, so devoted and so gay, rendered the terrible society in which he was now thrown still more repulsive; not that anything was wanting—the captain's table was well served, the wine was good, and there was abundance of *aqua ardiente*,

but what he heard and saw confused his ideas, and troubled his young and inexperienced mind. The bacchanalian orgies finished most frequently in quarrels. "You cannot agree, my children," the captain would say, in a paternal tone, "fight it out, and let it be over." Knives were drawn, blood flowed, and Piquillo retired into a corner, trembling and crying. To a poor child who had never seen nor heard of anything of the kind, this horrible tavern was like the antechamber of hell.

And yet Piquillo was forbidden to quit it: that was the captain's order, and woe to him who dared to disobey! Piquillo feared the captain far too much even to think of quitting the *posado*, but one day the weather was so fine, the sun shining so brightly, no one but himself at the hostelry; he could not resist the temptation of a walk in order to breathe a little fresh air. He had been out only a few minutes when he felt himself already refreshed, a feeling of gladness crept to his heart, and a smile played upon his lips, when suddenly his cheeks became pale and icy. He was even obliged to seek support from a tree! for he had, on turning round a corner in the wood, found himself face to face with the captain.

CHAPTER V.

THE HOTEL OF GOOD REST.

The captain and his lieutenant, Caralo, smoked away, spoke of the present posture of their affairs, and an intended expedition which had been projected. Juan Baptista gave Piquillo a fierce and significant glance, like the one he had bestowed on the wretched Bohemian, and, without uttering a single word, made a motion to his lieutenant, in whose gripe the trembling culprit soon found himself. In this manner he was led to the dining-room, in which many of his comrades had just entered: in an instant Piquillo was stripped naked, laid upon his stomach, and Caralo, taking down a leather strap which hung up against the wall, began to lash the sufferer with a hearty goodwill, which proved the satisfaction he experienced in executing the orders of the captain. The rest of the banditti began to discuss their morning repast without paying the slightest attention to the painful groans and cries of poor Piquillo. As to the captain, who had just made his appearance, he sat down, and began with the utmost gravity to count the number of lashes that were being administered.

"Ten—twelve—fifteen—not so quick, Caralo! Sixteen—seventeen. Ah! look, what has he there—that brand at the top of the right arm?"

"Nothing, captain," said Caralo, conti-

nuing his flogging; "pay no attention to it. Those are Arabic letters, superstitious or diabolic signs, which Moorish mothers mark their offspring with at their birth."

"That is a proof that this wretch is not even a christian—eighteen—nineteen—that he is a pagan, a reprobate."

"That it would be a sin to show any mercy to," continued Caralo, giving a still harder blow. "There are a whole lot of similar vagabonds who have not been baptised."

"Yes, but there are others who have been christened five or six times, which makes up for it—I, for instance," exclaimed the captain, with self-complacency. "Ah! bravo, Caralo, that was a capital stroke;" so good that it had torn away a large lump of flesh, and Piquillo, covered with blood, cried out once more, and then fainted away.

"Enough, enough," said Juan Baptista, "while we were chatting I had forgotten this boy; I had forgotten that he was not strong enough to bear so many blows. You yourself could bear them, I have no doubt."

"What, me, captain!" exclaimed Caralo, indignantly.

"Now, silence; and you there, and you there, come and help the lad; have a little compassion. Apply some vinegar to restore him—that's right. See, he recovers his senses," said he, on hearing the lad's renewed cries, for the compassionate lieutenant had just poured vinegar in copious streams over his fresh wounds. "Enough; take him away, and you, Piquillo, if you should ever again happen to disobey me, you will not be let off so easily. Look what Paco the Bohemian got from me."

From that day Piquillo had neither the inclination nor the courage to quit the inn. Whenever he went out he was either accompanied by the captain or by his direction, with orders which he implicitly obeyed; fear, and the habit of prompt obedience, in which he was brought up by the captain, had so completely extinguished his energies and blunted his natural capacities. He was sent out to a farm-house or to a gentleman's seat in the character of a wandering beggar-boy, imploring assistance from the hospitality of the inmates; when on his return he was closely questioned as to all he saw, the localities, the number of the inmates, masters, and servants.

Piquillo related everything; this was all that was required. His happiest days were those on which he performed these journeys, for he had spent them away from his den. Oftentimes he wished to say to those whom he visited, "Engage me in your service, I pray you," but would they have consented? and then the vengeance of the captain would have been now to have sought him out, and recalled vividly to his recol-

lection the fright he had experienced when one day, influenced by the kind reception he had met with, he was about to implore the protection of the proprietor of the house, when he saw at the window which looked into the park a figure which chilled him with fright—it was Juan Baptista, on horseback, superbly dressed, who came to treat for the purchase of the fine estate, which the proprietor wished to dispose of. Being thus persuaded that this man was his evil genius, who seemed to his imagination to appear everywhere and to know everything, Piquillo silently gave himself up to a tyrannical dominion against which he had neither the fortitude nor the means to struggle. There was something, in fact, so puzzling in the conduct of his chief and his followers, that all his efforts to unravel the mystery were fruitless. In the first place, the inn, in an isolated position, and at some distance from the road, was never shut at night; then on the royal road, which the Count de Lerma was at great expense to maintain, was a dilapidated place, a sort of precipice, which was never repaired, but was only covered over with leaves, and whenever a post-chaise broke down on this detestable road, there always appeared on the skirts of the wood a wood-cutter and his son, who pointed out to the travellers an excellent inn in the neighbourhood, where they would get the best accommodation. The son even volunteered to serve as a guide; this son was Piquillo, who, much to his dislike, found the friends of the captain act alternately the part of father to him. None were conducted to the welcome asylum but those manifestly well to do in the world. For such no luxury was spared—not even the Jamaica rum, on which the captain prided himself. After partaking of a magnificent entertainment, they were conducted to a splendid apartment, which Piquillo was not suffered to enter, but the splendour of which he once saw through the half closed door. It contained two beds, with rich canopies over them, and gorgeous furniture to match. It was the only room in the inn that could boast of such magnificence.

One circumstance connected with these chance travellers struck Piquillo as strange. They were all early risers; indeed, he had never seen them leave the inn, and occasionally so careless were they, that they left behind them their conveyances and their horses in the stable, to be sent for, doubtless, on some future occasion.

Upwards of two years passed away in this dismal slavery, which exercised over the mind of Piquillo a startling—an almost unaccountable influence.

When we first enter a pestilential prison-house, after breathing the pure air of heaven, our first impression is, that the

change must needs be utterly intolerable for even so brief a period. Yet are we apt to linger in such localities till habit renders them a "second nature." Habitual contact with vice produces the like effect. Our early disgust melts away, and we catch, at length, the fatal infection in its most formidable form. The loveliest flower will decay by contamination, and perish on its stem.

Piquillo, surrounded by bad example, and a spectator daily of the most criminal course of life, began to picture to himself that all the world was equally debased, and that Juanita and Pedralvi were simply exceptions to the general rule, the parallels of which he should never more behold. Young as he was, he was getting indifferent to all around him. He could barely discern good from evil; but at intervals the cheering hopes of bygone days, the glimpse of the past, would gush to his heart: the tree was not altogether blasted, but its richest verdure had begun to fade.

Baneful instincts were springing up in his bosom—intense hatred among the rest. Ill-treatment, neglect, blows, engendered in his heart passions to which it was not prone. They crept in insensibly, and gained ground with rapidity, especially when the lieutenant got intoxicated (which was often), and then the poor little fellow became the special object of his anger.

One day, drinking over his dice, he ordered Piquillo to bring him his pipe. Piquillo, on the point of presenting it to him with his usual readiness, received, by way of thanks, a box on the ears. Forgetting himself for the moment, he dashed the pipe to pieces on the floor, and stamped on it. The lieutenant was particularly fond of his pipe.

"Bravo!" exclaimed the captain.

"Yes! bravo!" reiterated the lieutenant, sarcastically. "Look you," added he, addressing the boy, "count the fragments of that pipe (it was shattered to atoms). You shall have, mind you, as many lashes from yon instrument."

He went to the wall where it hung, and at the same instant Piquillo rushed to the table and seized a knife. The rest of the bandits immediately rose from the table in utter astonishment.

"Don't approach me," said Piquillo, his voice gaining strength by his rage; "I appeal to the captain—to you all. I have been struck a blow I merited not, and I have heard you, sir, say before now, that a blow demands blood; and if you advance one step, I'll draw some of yours, depend upon it."

"Bravo!" cried the captain, rubbing his hands with delight.

The lieutenant forthwith commenced imitating the manœuvres employed at a

bull-fight, when the object of the "torridor" is to urge the excited animal to the conflict. He waved a red handkerchief he held in his left hand, and with the right he brandished the "cat" over his head. The spectators shouted outright at this novel idea of the lieutenant's who, encouraged by the "bravos" of his companions, struck the boy with the thong.

Piquillo rushed at him, and plunged the knife a little below his breast.

The lieutenant fell to the ground, shrieking with rage. The bandits ran to the assistance of their comrade, and then seizing Piquillo and throwing him down, drew their daggers to despatch him.

"Hold!" exclaimed the captain. "By all the saints of Spain the combat was a fair one, and the blow right vigorously planted."

"Too vigorously," added the lieutenant, with a groan.

"Bravo, Piquillo, bravo!" continued the captain, without paying any attention to his fallen lieutenant; "and as for you, my friends, hark ye, harm not a hair of that youngster's head at your peril; now that the young tiger has tasted blood, I tell you he is one of us. Come hither, Piquillo, and you, sirs, take the man away and staunch his wound."

"Be it so," rejoined the lieutenant; "but I tell you candidly at once, he shall taste the blade of my dagger ere long."

"That is a private affair of your own," rejoined the captain; and whilst they were bearing the lieutenant away, "See here," said he, addressing Piquillo, in a friendly and patronising tone, as though he were instructing a promising pupil; "you struck too low—that blow should have been a thought higher!"

From that day, Juan Baptista completely altered his treatment of Piquillo. He had despaired of making anything of him, but the event above recorded entirely changed the aspect of things, and the captain now entertained hopes of turning his young apprentice to some useful account. Selfish motives alone prompted the captain to act thus, for there was no honourable feeling in the breast of Juan Baptista Balseiro, who, indeed, was the only being in the world for whom that bold bandit entertained the remotest genuine affection.

Piquillo, despite his extreme youth, became conscious of the crimes and vices of his vile companions, and sought to shun them. The tares had not quite choked the grain; and the sound principles which nature had planted in his heart, sprung up despite the corruption around it. Meanwhile, having become a favourite of the captain's, he was treated with more confidence, and although all "the secrets of the prison-house" were not revealed to him,

he was suffered to mingle with his comrades more socially. Sometimes, on the arrival of travellers, he was permitted to prepare the mysterious chamber for their reception. This apartment had always excited great curiosity in his mind, especially after seeing, as he imagined on one occasion, some of the splendid furniture with which the room was supplied, stained with blood. One of the duties he had to perform, was to rise betimes, and keep watch from the garret of the inn for passers. It often struck him during these vigils as somewhat inexplicable that he never saw the guests that came overnight leave in the morning, especially if they chanced to possess valuable property. One incident was further remarkable. The landlord of the inn invariably attended his guests at supper, and when that meal was ended, and the travellers had retired to their room, the captain sat up drinking, and after the lapse of an hour or two, instead of going to-bed, he always went down into the cellar, without, however, bringing up any wine.

Piquillo had often watched the captain at the head of the stairs leading to the cellar. He had seen him open the door with a key hanging by his side, and leave the bunch when he descended; but there his discoveries ended. At length, wearied out with impatience and curiosity, he resolved on following the captain on one of his visits to the mystic cellar. He was on the point of doing this one day, but his heart failing him at the sound, seemingly, of some disturbance down below, he hurried back to the garret in terrible trepidation. He never again ventured to repeat the experiment, and the great secret promised to remain a secret as far as he was concerned, for the captain determined on leaving the inn shortly, as its reputation (a ticklish one at all times) began to spread throughout the country rather unpleasantly.

Whilst, with his comrades, he planned fresh campaigns, the lieutenant lay confined to his room. Although convalescent he preferred remaining there, simply requesting his companions to supply him with abundance of wine, and promising, like a discreet invalid, to partake of it sparingly. The juice of the grape sparkled bright and profuse enough in his glass; but with all its genial qualities he that quaffed it looked gloomy and pensive, as though he meditated carrying into effect some long pent up act of vengeance.

In another apartment, the rest of the bandits were carousing merrily over their wine and a savoury *olla podrida*, the delicious aroma of which reached Piquillo temptingly enough, who, as was his duty, stood in attendance upon the band. Thus were they rioting over their banquet, when

a loud knocking was heard at the gate of the *posada*.

"Can these be travellers?" inquiringly exclaimed the captain; "I heard no wheels."

"Can it be the alguazils?" rejoined his comrades, painfully bearing in mind the awkward fame of the inn.

"By the saints above," replied the captain, "it behoves us to reconnoitre before we open the gate. Go you, Carnego, cautiously, whilst Piquillo pours me out a bumper."

Carnego immediately obeyed the order, and returning shortly, brought with him a little man, with a round, good-natured face, holding in one hand a humble portmanteau, and conducting with the other a smart-looking little damsel, of about fourteen years of age, who bashfully hung back at the sight of so large an assemblage of men.

"Gentlemen," said the stranger, "I am a poor traveller who has met with an accident, and entreat shelter at your hands for myself and my niece here. Why don't you pay your respects to the company, Juanita?" added he, addressing his niece.

Juanita curtsied modestly, and Piquillo shrunk behind the captain's chair, to avoid recognition. He was overwhelmed by her sudden apparition. His remembrance of her was too deeply engraven on his heart to be readily effaced. Notwithstanding the change that a lapse of two years had wrought on so young a girl as Juanita, he recognised her instantly. His first impulse was to rush to her side, and load her with inquiries; but an undefinable dread of danger, coupled with a modesty he could not dispel, checked him, and he remained, as we have said, partly hid behind the captain's chair, and keeping his eyes fixed on the fair Juanita—for, mark you, the pretty little lass was worth the looking at with all the ardour of youth. As for her, poor thing, she recognised no one, and timidly clung to the side of her uncle.

"Seat yourself, sir," said the captain, "and you, too, *senorita*, by the side of yonder gentlemen, who, like yourselves, have done me the honour to patronise my inn, and meditate sleeping here. May I take the liberty of asking," he added, "who it is I have the honour of entertaining?"

"Sir," said the little man, "perchance you have not heard of my fame. Among the knights of the soap and razor, I hold a high reputation, and am, gentlemen, *Aben-Abou Gongarelllo*, the illustrious barber of Pampeluna."

The captain and his comrades bowed respectfully at his grandiloquent announcement, and Gongarelllo, proud of the effect he imagined he had produced, poured out a cup of wine, and continued his harangue.

"Look you, gentlemen, about two years ago there was a disturbance in Pampeluna in favour of the *fueros*. Gines Peres, the innkeeper, one of the most active supporters of these privileges, enlisted in the cause as a sergeant of halberdiers. They have nearly worked him off his legs already, what with patrolling round the city and keeping guard at the palace day and night. Truxillo, the tailor, is just in the same predicament; but it was all their own fault, for it was at their own desire. As for myself, who only wished to lead a quiet life, and not to interfere with these confounded brawls; on me, gentlemen, would you credit it, has the whole onus of the revolt fallen! The Cortes—composed, be it said, entirely of Spaniards—have imposed a new tax, and have, forsooth, in their wisdom, decreed that on the Moors alone shall this tax be imposed—on the ground, logically, that they are, *par excellence*, the most industrious and skilful of the citizens. Merit, gentlemen, costs a man a heavy price in these times!"

"On that score, sir," replied the captain, bowing to the barber, "the impost should certainly fall heavily on you."

"Ay, that may be the case; nevertheless, it is ruination to a man. I have been, gentlemen, for a long time, the butt of all manner of persecution. The Inquisition left me no rest whatever. In the midst of business, often I have been hurried off to answer all sorts of foul accusations of conspiracy, heresy, and heaven knows what. At length, exhausted by these acts of injustice, I determined on quitting Pampeluna. I have a relation at Madrid, perfumer to the court, *Andrea Cazoleta* by name. Having removed my niece from her service at the Golden Sun to accompany me, I am now on my way to Madrid to establish myself in business there with my relation. In order to accomplish this I have disposed of my valuable property in Pampeluna, and have brought with me the proceeds there in my portmanteau, amounting to two hundred ducats."

Piquillo, startled at the dangerous turn the conversation had taken, glided suddenly, bottle in hand, behind the barber, and, nudging him with it, said, "Rash man, be silent!"

"But, my friend, there is no occasion for you to dig that bottle of yours into my side," rejoined Gongarelllo, addressing himself to Piquillo. And then, resuming his bouncing order of conversation, he added, "Yes, gentlemen, they are there, two hundred ducats and all in gold."

CHAPTER VI.

THE BANDITS' INN.

"And so," said the captain, who with his comrades had paid earnest attention to the gossiping story of the barber's; "and so, sir, you mean to establish yourself at Madrid with the capital mentioned. Permit me to drink a bumper to your success. Your health, sir, and that of your niece."

"My niece," replied the barber, "don't drink wine, but that matters little, for I can drink for two. Fill your glasses to the brim, gentlemen," continued the little man, gaily; "here's to your health, landlord, and to yours also, gentlemen." The barber then tossed off his tumbler, and smacking his lips, exclaimed, "This is nectar indeed! I, who prided myself on knowing the qualities of every wine, must confess that I am puzzled in this instance. Is it from the vineyards of Spain?"

"No," replied the captain, "you are out in your sorcery this time, that wine is the vintage of France."

"Indeed!" stammered the barber, with evident vexation at the want of judgment he had betrayed. "Well, that is strange, I who seldom err in the opinions I express."

"Is it so, really?" chimed in the captain and his comrades.

"I assure you," continued the barber, elated with the wine, and speaking like an oracle, "I assure you, there is scarcely a single thing that I have foretold, which has not come to pass in the end. I predicted that evil would befall my neighbour Truxillo, when he got married to a pretty woman—and I was right, sure enough! One morning I predicted that the corregidor Calzado would receive some personal injury, and in the evening they brought him home with a broken arm."

"That's very true, uncle," timidly interrupted the little Juanita, "but you omit to mention that you saw him in the morning pass your door mounted on a vicious mule."

"What matters that?" rejoined the barber; "are there not multitudes of vicious mules in the world? Isn't the mule that we ourselves drove, a vicious mule? and yet my arm is not broken! And again, look you," continued the little man, merrily filling his glass; but here the captain interrupted him, by exclaiming—

"By St. James I will put your skill to the test! Tell me my fortune!"

"With pleasure," responded the barber; "give me your hand."

"Here you have it."

After examining it very attentively, the prophet of Pampeluna exclaimed—"Confound it! that French wine of yours has certainly obscured my organs of vision."

Either I am wrong in my science, else do I read on that hand of yours something so preposterously strange and contradictory, that I barely like revealing what I read."

"Never mind, let's have it, whatever it is," said the captain.

"It won't frighten you?" asked the barber.

"Nothing on earth can frighten me," replied the bandit.

"Well, then," continued the barber, in a hesitating tone, "one line on your hand clearly proclaims that you will be burnt to death, and again another unequivocally shows that you will be hanged! However, as one line manifestly contradicts the other, you needn't be alarmed for the result. It is obvious that you can't die two deaths, and, therefore, my prediction is at fault." And here the barber laughed outright at his own wit. But the barber was the only one who laughed, the captain's comrades knowing full well that one portion of the prophecy was extremely likely to be fulfilled. The captain was the only one unmoved by this hap-hazard augury of the barber's, and filling a fresh glass, asked him if, in his prophetic wisdom, he could not foretell his own destiny.

"As for that," said the philosophic barber, "the contemplation of the future has never disturbed my slumbers. I can tell you now, gentlemen, without the aid of sorcery, what will befall me to-night and to-morrow!"

Piquillo trembled, and the captain turned pale, but, collecting himself almost immediately, solicited Gongarello to proceed with his prediction.

"Where," said he, "is it that you read your own destiny for to-night and the morrow?"

"By Jupiter!" answered the philosopher, "I read it, sir landlord, in that physiognomy of yours. I perceive there that, in highly exemplary company, I have made an excellent dinner, and have swallowed choice wine pretty profusely. In these 'great facts,' however, there is nothing particularly uncomfortable; but I look to the sequel, sir—yes, it is the sequel that makes me feel monstrous uneasy."

The captain's hot blood got chilled by this remark.

"Yes," continued the barber, "it is the expression of your face that disturbs my equanimity. I can read there as plain as a pikestaff, that you are a merry and yet a calculating man. You reckon on making me pay heavily for my whistle to-night for this splendid entertainment. But look you, Mr. Landlord, I tell you candidly beforehand, I am not to be hounded." And here again the barber laughed at his own sagacity, whilst the captain, for the first time in his life, turned pale, and the

cold sweat absolutely trickled down his brow. "Ah, sir," added the barber, "that face of yours betrays care and fatigue. Doubtless we have kept you up too late to-night, and we should be all the better for a little repose. Let us go to bed."

"Well, to be candid with you, sir," said the captain, "I am quite of your opinion;" and then, turning to poor Piquillo, who stood behind him in agonised suspense, he added—"Piquillo, go and prepare for this gentleman and his niece the damask chamber, and hasten back to conduct them thither."

Piquillo took the captain's dark lantern, and went on his errand. But scarcely had he left the room before he stopped in utter despair, hesitating what course to pursue in this sad emergency. At the risk of his life he determined, if possible, to save Juanita from the fate that awaited her. But how was he to accomplish it? To what source could he fly for succour? The young girl and her uncle, unconscious of their imminent danger, had no other defender, no other guardian but a boy! Alone, too, against a host of bandits, and with only a few fleeting moments to arrange his thoughts and plans. Gathering up his energies he ascended the steps leading to the fatal room. It was on the first flight, and the door faced a long and narrow passage. In arranging the chamber for the reception of the guests, he sought, but unsuccessfully, for some clue to the danger with which he felt convinced it was fraught. In his agitation he upset the light, which, without getting extinguished, rolled on the floor. On stooping to pick it up, and blundering about, partly in the dark, he thought he felt a sort of groove in the planks surrounding the bed. He applied the lantern to it, and there sure enough he beheld a kind of trap-door encircling each of the beds in the room. Nor was the groove skilfully dove-tailed, for a current of air came cutting through the orifice. Here, thought he, lies somehow the hidden secret. He felt assured that if Juanita and her uncle once entered that fatal chamber, they would never leave it alive. And that which added not a little to his misery, was the reflection that he was the chosen guide to lead them to this horrible destruction.

"Never, never," he mentally exclaimed, as the terrible idea crossed his fevered brain. He rushed from the room, frantic with these reflections, and passed into the narrow passage with despair. But what was his dismay, when by the glimmering light of the lantern he discovered at the farther end of the passage, the lieutenant Caralo, who, coming from the upper story of the inn, with a poniard in his hand, closed the door of the passage, thus cut-

ting off all hope of retreat. The lieutenant had seen him enter the passage, and poor Piquillo had no weapon whatever to defend himself withal, not even the handy knife which had proved so serviceable to him on a former occasion. He felt his hair stand on end, and, in the full bitterness of his anguish, he bore in mind that his own death would inevitably involve the destruction of Juanita, his early benefactress. Moreover, he knew right well that he had no quarter to expect at the hands of his savage adversary; nor, indeed, did it ever occur to him to beseech his pity. Instinctively, however, he closed the lantern, and instantly all was in utter darkness. Caralo advanced towards him, and Piquillo, shrinking close against the wall, calculated by the noise occasioned by his footsteps, the proximity of his opponent. He fancied he almost felt the cold blade of the dagger. The lieutenant all but touched him, and Piquillo trembled at the very sound of his voice.

"That little rascal Piquillo," he muttered, "was here, I am certain. But he wasn't alone, I think. There were two. Yes, certainly, there were two. I, who thought I should have only one to despatch—but never mind, the more the merrier."

The bold lieutenant, be it said, *en passant*, was in that amiable condition in which folks see double. He could scarcely speak, and lurched like a ship, knocking himself against the sides of the passage. It was evident that the convalescent had quite forgotten his homily, touching the virtues of moderation in wine. At length stumbling against Piquillo, he seized him by the shoulder, and his affrighted victim gave himself up for lost. At this ticklish crisis he heard the dagger drop, which the lieutenant had held loosely in his hand. Piquillo picked it up, but not with the intention of using it murderously. After a brief pause, the lieutenant halloed out, in a maudlin voice—"Halloo, there! is Piquillo down below?"

"He is," replied Piquillo, in a feigned tone.

"Well, then, hark you, comrade, be so good as to send him up to me in my room."

"Yes," answered Piquillo; "but you are not in your room."

"Egad," added Caralo, pottering about in the dark, "I believe you are right. In that case, my friend, just show me the way to it, like a good chap; for hang me if these walls here don't seem to me to be perpetually turning round and round, with my room into the bargain."

"See, here is your room," said Piquillo, shoving the lieutenant into the door hard by, which led to the fatal chamber. Caralo, stumbling in the dark, rolled up against

the bed and threw himself on it, mumbling, "Confound the thing—it is very strange. My bed used to be on the other side of the room, but hang me if everything don't seem to have turned topsy-turvy to-day."

Piquillo listened attentively till the lieutenant fell asleep. Now, thought he, this is my only chance of serving them. Having locked the lieutenant in, he went boldly back to the dining-hall, where the captain awaited his return impatiently.

"Well, sir?" said the captain, inquiringly.

"Sir," rejoined Piquillo, "the room is prepared for the guests, and I am ready to conduct them to it."

"That's all right," exclaimed the barber; "we are quite at your service."

And forthwith he took possession of his chest, and Piquillo, pale and immovable, betrayed the anxiety he felt. The captain perceived his consternation and approached him. Piquillo thought his last hope had vanished; but instead of the brutal manner in which he was usually accosted, the captain addressed him mildly, and in an under tone.

"Oh, oh! you see through it, at last, then? That is right; but on the next occasion it would be as well for you to pluck up more courage. However, for the first attempt it is not so bad after all."

"We are ready to go, my young friend," said the barber. "Good night, gentlemen. We will settle the account to-morrow, landlord."

"To-morrow," replied the captain, gravely, "all accounts will be settled. Your room is ready—good night. For my own part I must sit up yet awhile to attend upon these gentlemen over their wine." He shook hands with his guests, and then said to Piquillo, "Show them their room, and go to bed—I will attend to the rest."

Piquillo guided them up to the steps, but was ascending so fast that the barber called out to him not to be in a hurry.

"What's the matter?" cried the captain, opening the door of the dining-room.

On hearing his voice, Piquillo paused and answered, explaining the cause of the barber's exclamation.

"Is that all?" rejoined the captain, once more closing the door.

Piquillo breathed once more on hearing the door shut, but on reaching the room in which he had deposited the drunken lieutenant, he could not help pausing to take breath.

"Is this the room?" said the barber.

"Oh, no!" replied Piquillo, endeavouring to hide his emotions, and ascending the second flight of steps.

The barber and his niece were somewhat startled by the strange conduct of their guide. At length they reached the

garret where Piquillo slept. He begged them to enter, and after shutting the door, he checked the barber, who was about to address him.

"Silence!" said he; "silence, or you are a lost man!"

On hearing this, the barber's gaiety instantly forsook him.

"Lost! lost!" he cried; nor could he utter a word beyond these distracting monosyllables.

"Juanita," exclaimed Piquillo, "do you not recollect me?"

"No," replied the girl, gazing attentively at him.

"Have you forgotten the two poor little beggars you saved from hunger about two years back?"

"What! Pedralvi's friend?" inquired the girl, blushing deeply.

"Yes. Pedralvi—my friend—my old companion. What has become of him?"

"Since the period at which you speak, he remained with us at the Golden Sun, and wept bitterly when I left, predicting—alas! too truly—that harm would befall us."

"No; never as long as I am by your side. Listen to me."

And forthwith he made them acquainted with the kind of inn they were inhabiting—what was the captain's calling, and their chances of escape.

"They are by this time all gone to bed," said he, "and will sleep for an hour or so. The captain will then, in all likelihood, descend into the cellar. Then will be the time for us, also, to quit this horrible dwelling. How we are to accomplish this, I must confess I don't exactly perceive at present, but be quiet here while I keep watch."

He then left the barber and his niece, more dead than alive, and descending a few steps, lay in a recumbent position, eagerly listening to ascertain the movements below. Some considerable time elapsed before he heard the bandits betake themselves severally to the rooms. He then descended to the ground-floor, and listened again. Presently he heard a door inside the dining hall opened. Entering the room stealthily, he saw the captain going down into the cave, and leaving the door of it wide open. Piquillo double-barred it, locking the captain in. Having sensed the bunch of keys that hung to the door, he hurried back to the garret where he had left his friends.

"Now," said he, "we have not a moment to lose—follow me. Doubtless among these keys we shall find one that will open the gate that leads into the wood. Failing that, it is all over with us."

"Saving," said Juanita, "to commit ourselves to Heaven."

As for the barber, he was speechless.

"What shall we do," cried the young girl, "about our cart and mule?"

"You must think no more of such things," rejoined Piquillo. "It will be as much as we can do to save ourselves. We shall have to wander about the wood all night; and, perhaps, in the morning, we may find some refuge and protection."

"Ah! you are our protector," exclaimed Juanita, throwing her arms round Piquillo's neck.

"This is not the time," added he, "for thanksgiving. As yet, I have done nothing for you; pray hasten, and follow me."

"Oh, yes," replied Juanita, "let us hurry away. Our time is short, indeed; and you, uncle, lie there, heedless of our impending fate."

Gongarello would willingly have acted promptly on this timely summons, but that was out of his power. He hung down his head and closed his eyes. Urged by fear, he would gladly have aroused himself; but his legs refused their office, and heavy sleep overcame him. At length, after struggling for a while against its influence, and exhausted with the effort, he fell flat upon the bundles of straw, and was instantly—to the horror and surprise of his companions—fast asleep! All their efforts were in vain to awake him from this strange slumber. He blubbered forth a few incomprehensible words—that was all.

"Ah!" said Piquillo, "it is that wine that has done it—that wine of French vintage, as it was called! In order to run no risk, to render their victim powerless, they have, no doubt, drugged it."

"I see—I see it now," exclaimed the frightened Juanita; "what will become of us?"

"Even if we tried," said Piquillo, "it would be impossible for both our united strength to lift that heavy weight of your uncle. All now left for me to do is to secure your safety—you, my dear benefactress. Haste—haste then, and follow me. Already have we lost too much of our too precious time!"

"No!" emphatically rejoined the maiden; "whatever may happen, I will never desert my uncle."

"And as for myself," replied Piquillo, "whatever peril befalls us, I will never desert you; we will die together."

And thereupon he seated himself by her side on the straw; and Juanita, crossing her arms over her breast, began muttering certain words, incomprehensible to her young companion.

"What are you saying?" asked Piquillo. "I am beseeching succour of the God of my Fathers—the God of Mahomet; for my uncle, myself, and Pedralvi, are descended from the Moors of Grenada."

"And I, also!" chimed in Piquillo, joyously. "The bandits told me so when

they discovered some Arabic hieroglyphics marked on my arm."

"It is well," earnestly added the girl; "child of the forsaken thou shalt die with thy brethren!"

"It is a better destiny," said he, "than to live alone, uncared for in this world!"

At this crisis a great uproar was heard in the house. Down in the cellar a desperate struggle had commenced between the captain and lieutenant; the latter, although in a state of inebriety, was aroused from his lethargy by the descent of his bed; and although he barely knew where he was going, he had an impression that he was being murdered. Immediately on alighting he leapt from his bed, and flew at the throat of his supposed assailant, who, anticipating no resistance whatever, was thrown by his adversary, and in the fall the light got extinguished. The two combatants rolled on the floor, and as their physical strength was pretty equal, the tussle for mastery was fierce in the extreme, the more so that Piquillo had robbed the lieutenant of his poniard, and the captain's pistol had fallen from his side in the commencement of the conflict. The terrible uproar below awoke the bandits above.

"Help! help!" exclaimed Carnego; "the alguazils have, no doubt, got into the house, and are attacking the captain. Burst open the door, my fine fellows!"

Some armed with pick-axes, and others with implements ready at hand, vigorously went to work, and the noise they thus created was that which reached the two captives in the garret; for, as for the third, he was incapable of hearing anything.

"We have no hope left," said Piquillo, leaning over the staircase; "all the brigands are up rioting about the house, and if they come in this direction we can have no escape."

He gazed at Juanita vacantly, and the poor girl, overcome with fear, exclaimed, appealing to Piquillo; "Oh, save me! save me!" and then looking to her uncle, she added, "Fool that I am to dream of it—I see it is impossible."

"No, no," cried Piquillo, struck with a sudden happy thought.

The garret in which they were ensconced had but one window looking upon the forest; Piquillo pushed open the shutter, and, by the rays of the sun, Juanita saw the tops of the trees waving in the wind.

"You perceive," said her young companion, "we have but one source of escape."

"I see," said the girl, approaching the window. "Thank Heaven the height is immense, and if they persecute us here, we have the alternative of throwing ourselves into the abyss below."

"No, no," replied Piquillo, "there is no

occasion for that, but we may escape by descending that same abyss."

"And what is to become of my uncle?" asked the girl.

"I will undertake also to save him," was the reply.

"But how?"

"See," said he, pointing to the rope and pulley with which the bandits were in the habit of hoisting the hay and straw into the garret. "If," added he, "you are not afraid to make the attempt, and will trust yourself to me—"

"I will—I will," boldly interrupted the girl.

Immediately on hearing this courageous remark he passed a slip-knot round her person, and commenced lowering her gently, previously cautioning her to shut her eyes, and on her safe arrival on *terra firma* to intimate to him the fact by jerking the rope. Presently she disappeared in the darkness, and then, after a while, the weight was released, and he pulled up the rope easily. Now was it the barber's turn to undergo the same operation. He was awakened with difficulty, but without intimating to him the perilous journey he had to perform, Piquillo launched him in the same way he had adopted with his niece, holding with difficulty the awkward weight he had now to manage. In due time he felt a heavy bump, assuring him of the safe descent of his charge, and the rope, released by Juanita, once more ascended. Piquillo securely fastened one end of it to a beam in the garret, and boldly ventured out, sliding down it.

"Are you there?" he asked, on his arrival, in a low voice.

"Yes, brave young man," said Gongarello, who spoke much more distinctly than Piquillo had reason to expect. But the fact was, a lucky incident had greatly revived the barber.

"I can never," said he, "forget the substantial services you have rendered me, my young friend."

"Silence," answered Piquillo, checking the exuberance of his gratitude, and reminding him that although they were out of the inn, they were still within reach of their relentless enemies. The day was about to dawn, and their wisest course would be to penetrate as deep as they could, during the darkness, into the heart of the forest. The barber readily acquiesced in all these prudent projects, and it was evident that with the return of his reasoning faculties, he was again paralysed with fear. A fearful altercation in the house added not a little to the apprehensions of the fugitives. Without the slightest knowledge of the locality, they entered the dense forest, and walked for a full hour straight before them. At the expi-

ration of that time the barber declared he could proceed no further. His legs gave way under him, and again he was overpowered by sleep.

"What! again?" exclaimed Piquillo, despairingly.

The barber made no answer, but prostrating himself on the moss, and closing his eyes, fell into a disturbed sleep. Piquillo in vain attempted to arouse him from this untimely fit of lethargy, and while he was so occupied, Juanita exclaimed, clasping Piquillo by the hand—

"Listen, listen—do you not hear that noise? It must be those dreadful people in pursuit of us!"

Piquillo listened attentively, and heard the clanging of horses' hoofs. "Yes," he added, "it is them, no doubt."

"And galloping this way too!" exclaimed the terrified girl.

CHAPTER VII. THE CAREFOUR.

Let us now return to the inn of Good Rest, where, after great labour, the banditti had succeeded in breaking open the door of the cellar. The band had precipitated themselves towards the spot whence the noise emanated, and by the light of torches a horrible spectacle was presented to them; it was the captain and his lieutenant, bloody and disfigured, who, worn out by the struggle which had taken place, had both reeled on the ground without loosening their hold. Instantly that the light of the torches was reflected by the sombre and dark walls of the cellar, a cry of surprise arose, and the combatants paused.

"Is it you?" said the captain, furiously; "you, Caralo, who have raised your hand against me?"

"You, captain!" said the lieutenant; "you, who allowed yourself to strangle and assassinate me? For whom did you take me?"

"For one of our guests," said the captain, good-naturedly; "but it was your fault."

"It was yours."

"Why were you not in your own bed?"

"Truly," said the lieutenant, "it is singular."

"Why were you sleeping in the grand chamber?"

Caralo could recollect nothing, and, of course, could explain nothing.

"And the barber and his niece?" said the captain.

The whole body rushed to the Red Chamber. Empty! They searched the other room. Empty!

"What means this?" said the captain.

"I knew," said Carnego, gravely, "that that accursed Moor was a heretic and a sorcerer."

"Nonsense," said the captain.

"Don't you recollect the face he made when he said, 'To-morrow we will settle.' He spoke truth; he has gone without paying."

"Gone! and how?"

"How can we tell? unless through the air on a broomstick."

Carnego believed what he said.

"It is he," he cried, "who has bewitched the house. It is he who made us fight one against the other. Heaven defend us!" and Carnego crossed himself.

The captain was confounded. Recollecting the ironical tone of the barber, he began to believe him a wizard.

"And Piquillo," he cried, suddenly recollecting himself; "it was he who took the Moor to the Red Chamber. Where is he?"

They hastened to the chamber of Piquillo. It was shut; they knocked, then burst open the door. Empty.

"What of that," said Carnego, "the wizard has carried him off too."

After an hour spent in fruitless poking into every hole in the house, they began to think that Carnego was not far wrong, and prepared to return to their beds. At this instant a loud knocking was heard at the principal entrance of the inn, there being heard at the same time the neighing of horses, with the sound of many voices.

"What is this!" exclaimed Baptista.

People of his profession were so seldom troubled under the Count de Lerma, that it was little to be wondered at that the good captain was surprised.

"Some other piece of the Moor's witchcraft," said Carnego.

"Impossible," said the chief; and poking his head out of the window, he cried, "Who goes there?"

"The queen's regiment."

"You are welcome, cavaliers. You travel betimes."

"Yes, and as we proceed we clear the highway of rogues, commencing with yourself, master landlord."

"I am known," said the captain, finding his incognito over. "Go below, Caralo; pack up our baggage, and be ready for a start by the little door. Let the rest do as they can."

He then endeavoured to gain time with the young officer.

"I think, good cavalier, you are mistaken. You will, I am sure, agree with me, after accepting my hospitality."

"It is too expensive," replied the young officer. "In the first place we have a few questions to put to you concerning the

barber Gongarello, your guest of last night. Where is he?"

"You see," muttered Carnego, "always that accursed Moor."

"I think you are right," replied the captain. "I was not aware the worthy barber was a friend of yours," he added, in a taunting voice, aloud.

"Enough, open and surrender."

"Yes, open," added a brigadier, "for though our commander Fernando d'Albayda officer of the queen's regiment, is not in the habit of thief taking, yet if you insult death to every one."

"The house is surrounded," whispered the lieutenant, coming up; "we have no choice; we must surrender."

"No!" said the captain, wildly, and then he added, "ten thousand excuses, Don Fernando d'Albayda, officer of the queen's regiment, for keeping you waiting. You request an answer, you have it."

He fired with the word. The ball grazed the feather of the cavalier's hat, and wounded Fidalgo d'Estremos, his friend, in the shoulder. Fernando, irritated, pointing to the bandits, cried, "Fire, and no quarter!"

A party immediately dismounted, and climbed over the wall of a small court. The assault commenced, and the inn of Good Rest, well defended, was attacked on every side.

Let us now explain how this assault occurred.

Piquillo and his fair companion had distinctly heard the sound of horses. They were on the skirt of a forest, in a carriage. They could have concealed themselves in the foliage, but they would not have, perhaps, found Gongarello again, and they could not abandon him. Juanita and Piquillo leaned one against the other, both trembling with fear, the former murmuring in a low tone, "Adieu, Pedralvil!" Fear, too, prevented them from observing that the troop was composed only of two cavaliers; but the moon bursting from behind a cloud, enabled them to distinguish them perfectly as they crossed the carriage. They had evidently journeyed far and fast, for they now walked their horses. One rode ahead, while the other, more aged, followed at a respectful distance. The first was evidently the master. He was a handsome young man, of melancholy but gracious aspect, wearing a costume somewhat at variance with that of the day. A Spanish sabre, suspended by a gold chain, hung by his side; his horse was a splendid Arabian, which he patted gently, as it champed the bit, and would have started off, saying, "No, no, Kaled! no, my good companion, let us rest. My father's house is yet a long way off."

"Fear nothing," said Juanita, in a low tone; "he is a Moor."

Piquillo instantly hastened forward, and threw himself on his knees before the horse, which reared on high.

"I understand," said the young man, speaking still in Arabic to his horse; "you like not a Spanish beggar." Then addressing Piquillo, in pure Castilian, "it is very late to beg," he said, coldly. "If your companions be concealed in the wood, tell them that in the morning I have gold for those who ask it. At this hour I have but iron." Then placing his hand on his sword, "Go," he said, while his old servant, advancing, took aim at Piquillo with a blunderbuss.

"Friend! friend!" cried Juanita, "and child of the same god!"

At these words the young man leaped from his horse, which he gave to his servant, ran to Piquillo still kneeling, held out his hand to him, and cried, "I am here, brother; what seek you?" and he embraced him.

Juanita now related what had happened in a few words. The young man listened, attentively examining the countenance of Piquillo.

"Good, my lad," he said; "continue, and you will be an honest man."

Piquillo trembled with delight. It was the first time he had heard such words of praise, and he gazed gratefully on the young man.

"Ah!" he cried, "if I had always been spoken to thus. But when you are gone what will become of the unfortunate beggar?"

"You will be a beggar no longer. It is Spaniards who beg. But you," he said, writing some words on a tablet, "come and find me, and you shall learn how to be an honest man. And here, brother, take this purse, it will enable you to perform the journey."

Piquillo, much moved, kissed his hand.

"As for you, my child, I must get you and your uncle out of this forest. An important affair requires my presence. I will, however, take you to the first inhabited spot. Can the good Gongarello stand on his legs? Yes, I fancy he rouses himself and understands us. Hassan," said he, addressing his servant, "you will take care of him. Place him on your horse. I will answer for Akbar carrying both, so quietly even, that Aben Abou, our brother, may continue his sleep if he thinks proper."

"Thank heaven," said the barber, "it is over. I thought I should have died of sleep two hours ago, which was very lucky for else I should have died of fright. But now, in such good company, I fear nothing, and by Mahomet"—the barber quite enjoyed the proscribed oath—"by Mahomet, I shall be as well off on your horse as on the palfrey of the prophet, for I am sure

he will not overthrow a countryman," he added in the Moorish language; and as the horse began to neigh, the barber was firmly convinced that he understood him.

"As for Juanita," said the young man, "she must allow me to mount her before me on my horse. I swear she has nothing to fear, and as she is so light, Kaled will not be aware of her presence. As for you," he said to Piquillo, "we cannot bear you away; but you can soon leave the wood. Remember, in eight days I shall expect you. Adieu, brother, adieu."

The young man then, loosening the reins of his horse, disappeared in an instant, followed by Hassan, with Aben-Abou mounted behind him. The barber spoke not a word; but whether from fear or gratitude we cannot say, pressed the arm of his companion very tightly.

Piquillo, who remained alone in the forest, still kept his eyes fixed on the spot where had disappeared the unknown, whose voice and words still wrung in his ears.

After an hour's march, Yezid, Juanita, and Gongarello reached, without accident, the village of Arnedo. Though it was still night, the young Moor, and his old servant Hassan, whom cares, more dear, called elsewhere, continued their route, and the barber and his niece, left by them at the gate of a *posada*, knocked loudly, in order to make themselves heard. Gongarello, who no longer slept, awoke everybody; while the landlord and his people placed themselves at the window, and while the barber, before entering, was recounting his adventures, and the perils from which he had escaped, a sound of armed men and horses was heard in the street. It was a company of the queen's regiment on their road to Madrid, travelling by night to avoid the heat of the day. A very brief explanation induced Fernando d'Albayda to go to the attack of the inn of Good Rest. Their arrival there we have seen, with the commencement of the siege.

While the combat was taking place, of the end of which we are yet ignorant, Piquillo was giving himself up to thoughts of ecstasy and delight. His terrible waking from this state of mind must be found in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VIII. THE FLAMES.

He pondered over his new friend, the young Moor, so elegant, so distinguished, who had said, "my brother," "it is good," &c., and these words acted upon him as an incentive to a virtuous course of life, very dissimilar to his recent career. Pedralvi

had been but as a companion, a friend, but the stranger had been to him, as it were, a superior being, a divinity. He could barely persuade himself that all was not a dream, and as he, almost unconsciously, pressed the tablet to his heart, he cherished the thought, so new to him, that there was one in the world interested in his future destiny. Suddenly the fact crossed his brain that he could not read. Of what service was the tablet to him in this predicament? He consoled himself, however, by the reflection, that he could get it read for him on the following day by some wayfarer. At length, overcome by the fatigues of the day, he chose a secluded nook in the forest, and firmly clasping the treasured tablet in his hand, he fell fast asleep on the grass, thinking of the unknown, lulled by the gentle waving of the foliage and the refreshing perfume of a summer's night.

The morning air was heavy and suffocating, indicative of a day of more intense heat even than the preceding. The clouds were charged with electricity, rendering respiration difficult. Piquillo, labouring under the influence of these oppressive sensations, awoke suddenly with a start. It was broad day. But what was his amazement on awaking to find himself in the presence of that arch-demon Juan Baptista Balseiro, who held him tight by the throat.

The captain was in a very sorry plight, covered with blood, blackened by powder, and his clothes in tatters. He held in his hand the tablet and the purse he had torn from Piquillo whilst he slept, and looking at them contentedly, and with a ferocious laugh—

"Ah! ah!" said he, "you thought to escape me! You thought me dead, perchance. You have commenced betimes, my fine fellow, to betray those who succoured you, and to denounce them as spies, like an alguazil."

"Me!" exclaimed Piquillo, trembling.

"Yes, you. Yonder soldiers that you sent us very nearly realised the prediction of your accomplice—that cursed heretic and sorcerer the Moor Gongarello, who shall yet pay the penalty."

"Sir captain, I am ignorant of what you are speaking."

"Well, well, there's no use prevaricating; we will settle our accounts now, as the barber observed. Sent by you, and guided by the instructions you doubtless gave them, they found the way to the inn of Good Rest, and as I declined surrendering, they set it on fire: yes, the royal soldiers set it on fire. That rascal Gongarello predicted that I should be burnt to death, and you two set your heads together to realise the augury."

"Listen," said Piquillo.

NO. 1328.

"Did they listen?" said the captain: "did they not fire upon us as we struggled to escape the flames? May hell exterminate them along with those who suffered themselves to be entrapped like foxes gone to earth. These royal soldiery calculated on securing me with the rest, but I gave them the slip. I expect I am the only one that did, out of the lot, in the midst of the heavy firing. And, mind you, I shall not yet be hanged, but live, Master Piquillo, to perform the hangman's office upon you!"

"I am not guilty, indeed I am not—I swear it to you," cried the terrified Piquillo. "Listen."

"Do you take me for a corregidor, or a counsel learned in the law?" rejoined the captain, coldly. "Think you that I am going to listen to your lies? No, no; I have fully resolved that you, that satanic barber that was with you, and especially that incendiary Don Fernando d'Albayda, shall die the death I have designed for them; and I mean to finish you to begin with!"

Holding Piquillo with one hand, he tore up some pliant osiers with the other, to make a rope with. Having collected some half dozen or so of the finest, he composedly amused himself by fastening them together, previously taking the precaution to throw Piquillo on the ground, and to sit upon him, so as to prevent all chance of escape. So situated, the poor captive ran a fair risk of suffocation, from the enormous weight he had to bear. The captain, paying no attention to his groans, and evidently gratified by this novel mode of torture, continued his labour of love quite contentedly, whistling a jocund Castilian air.

"Have mercy on me, have mercy on me, I do implore you!" bitterly exclaimed Piquillo, in a suffocating tone.

"Have mercy, quotha?" responded the monster. "By my mother Geronima! yes, yes, I'll have mercy on you! It is my firm resolve to confer on you an immense favour. I purpose giving you a very exalted position indeed, my pretty captive starling. But, hark you! I like to be generous. You shall have your choice on which of yonder oaks you will swing."

Piquillo made no reply to this brutal railleury, seeing it was all hopeless to try to mollify the heart of this insatiate tiger.

"Look you, Piquillo," continued the captain, after having completed his rope, "do you see, on the margin of that road in the distance, that magnificent oak towering to the skies? That tree, possessing all the requisite advantages, will serve to shade your delicate person from the scorching sun! what say you?"

Piquillo made no answer.

"Just at a convenient distance from the ground there's a branch, too, that will serve

VOL. XLVIII.

magnificently to bear your weight, and seems, indeed, to have been created expressly for the purpose; and besides, should your friend of the tablet chance to pass this way, he will enjoy the happiness of seeing you in a very comfortable position, and of learning, also, how Juan Baptista avenges a wrong. Yes, that will do very nicely indeed, and with heaven's assistance—"

Piquillo understood that he was about to die, and he gave his last thoughts to the unknown.

Here the captain was interrupted by the report of a gun in the forest. Although the sound was distant, it was more than probable that he who fired the gun would pass in the immediate vicinity of the spot above described. The captain accordingly jumped instinctively to reconnoitre. Not being far from the tree which the captain had so picturesquely portrayed, Piquillo, liberated of his burden, started off, and sprang up its branches like a cat, and in an incredibly short space of time found himself perched on a branch some twenty feet from the ground. Piquillo had recourse to this attempt at escape, feeling convinced that the captain, in consequence of his corpulence, could not follow him. He was not wrong in his calculations, for the bandit, furious with rage, halted at the root of the tree, whilst the fugitive, breathless, but in comparative safety, continued his ascent.

"Come down, you young scoundrel," shrieked the baffled bandit, drawing a long pistol from his side, the last weapon he had left; "come down, and I will pardon you, and if you refuse I will shoot you to a certainty."

Piquillo was perfectly conscious of the dangers of his novel position, but dreadful as they were, they were not so terrible as those he had just escaped. As for trusting to the clemency of the captain, that was the last thing he dreamt of, and so he determined to try if, by stratagem, he could possibly save his life. The captain, meanwhile, kept dodging round the trunk of the tree to get a fair aim at his target, whilst Piquillo, carefully watching the movements of his fearful adversary, concealed himself as well as he could behind the branches. At length the captain, seizing a favourable opportunity, fired, and a shriek of horror immediately succeeded the report of the pistol. Piquillo fell headlong, and Juan Baptista gave one joyous shout of savage triumph—as the hyena howls with delight when it has secured its prey. But the captain had not secured his prey. The ball had simply shattered the lofty branch on which Piquillo was placed, and down they came together; but, happily, in their descent, the branch and its weight were arrested by the huge limbs of the oak which

stretched out between the captain and the object of his aim. Piquillo responded, in a spirit of prophetic composure, to the triumphant exclamation that had escaped the bandit.

"Juan Baptista," said he, "you have been without pity for a helpless child, but rest assured that child will live to become a man, and, in his turn, will evince no mercy towards you. Remain as long as you please below; but the time will come when my cries from this asylum will attract some traveller to the spot, and then justice will have its course. You—an assassin—a bandit—an arrant coward—for you have assailed a defenceless child, who has defeated you."

"Ah! war! war!" rejoined the captain, with a roar of laughter which echoed through the forest; "he challenges me to the combat, and I am not loath to accept it. The cost of the campaign shall be defrayed by the enemy, for have I not in my possession this smart purse crammed with doubloons, and this elegant tablet with one solitary name thereon inscribed?—the name, doubtless, of one who offers you protection and wealth, for I know him to be one of the wealthiest men in Spain. I rejoice that he has dared to offer you an asylum, for that very offer has sealed his death-warrant."

At this idea Piquillo uttered a shriek of despair.

"And," continued the captain, "hope not to frustrate my plans of revenge; your hour is come. You have chosen that tree for a shelter; you refused to be hanged—the refuge you have chosen shall prove your funeral pyre."

Piquillo could not at first conceive what the bandit meant, but he was, alas! very soon let into the mystery.

"Ah! you proclaim war, do you? you shall have it to your heart's content," continued the captain, collecting round the tree all the dried wood and foliage with which the forest abounded. "War! war! you wished it; be satisfied;" and he laughed with his infernal laugh; "it will soon be lit." While Piquillo watched with uneasy and alarmed thoughts these preparations, the brigand proceeded; and having collected a large heap, he quietly took from his pocket a flint, and struck it sharply over the pile, smiling contentedly, and resuming his merry Castilian ditty. The mass got shortly ignited, and gradually the dense smoke ascended in spiral columns. For some time the green branches arrested the progress of the flames, but the fiend by their side fed them diligently, and a strong wind that unhappily rose at that critical moment, but too successfully aided the efforts of the demon. The tree became first covered with a black and viscid sweat, the froth oozed

forth soon to disappear, then the branches gave forth a crackling sound, some breaking and giving food to the flames; to heighten the scene of horror, dark clouds began to dim the light of day. He thought that the smoke alone would suffocate his victim. Presently Piquillo was completely hid from his enemy by the thick smoke that surrounded him. Not a sound, saving an occasional scream of dread and agony, and the crackling of the burning timber, disturbed the silence of this awful scene. The merciless Baptista still fed the flames incessantly. At last, tired of his task, and having taken it for granted that Piquillo lay smothered above, or even if he attempted to descend, he would be burnt alive, he left him to his fate, rejoicing at the success of his horrible project. Moreover, it was not improbable that the glaring beacon that occasionally burst forth, lighting up the dismal forest, would attract travellers, and lead to his discovery. He therefore thought it prudent to retire, and casting one more anxious look at the infernal pyramid he had erected, he soon disappeared in the tangled forest.

Piquillo, meanwhile, as the devouring flames gradually approached him, climbed higher and higher to avoid them. The tree was an immense one, its topmost branches towering to the skies; but still, as upwards he went, the destructive element gained fast upon him. The feathered denizens of the adjacent trees sought safety in flight; but alas! he could not follow them. Perched at the greatest height he could possibly attain, he tremblingly contemplated the fearful death he now saw no chance of averting. He had seen the captain disappear, but he had left his work too well accomplished to extend any hope of escape by descent. At one time, as a *dernier resort*, he thought of climbing to the extremity of one of the broadest branches, and dropping himself clear of the frightful furnace beneath him; but then, again, he remembered the tremendous height he had to fall. To complete the hopelessness of the position, the oak was too far apart from any other tree to permit of his leaping from one to the other. Thus debarred of all possible chance of escape, the poor little fellow's heart failed him outright, and he burst into tears. From whom now could he seek solace and soothing? He was alone in the world! alone!—and yet one ray of hope cheered his sinking heart. Juanita, when surrounded by danger and imminent death, had appealed for succour to the God of her fathers. Why should he not do the same? And, thereupon, whilst still the ruthless flames ascended, he cast his eyes to heaven, and in the full bitterness of his broken spirit, prayed aloud.

"Oh! my God! oh! my God!" he exclaimed, "to die so young, just when the joys of life were bursting upon me! When this very night such sweet dreams lulled my sleep. Oh, suffer me to live, that, by the virtuous future, I may blot out the crimes of the past. All is ended! I die!"

And still the flames ascended.

"Have I not, oh heaven! been bereft of all earthly bliss—a vagabond wanderer, with the street for my country, and the pavement for my home—without the love and tenderness of a mother; seeking my bread in sorrow, and taking it, by stern necessity, from the hands of a robber. If I have erred in society so contaminating—oh! suffer me yet to live that I may wash away the stain. Have pity on me, oh, my God."

And still the flames ascended.

"Oh! if I could but escape the terrific death that faces me—could but fly from the flames so fast surrounding me, and the merciless smoke suffocating me by degrees—if I could but escape these appalling terrors, the rest of my days should be devoted to thy service. I would employ them in no selfish pursuits, but for the benefit of my fellow-creatures. This do I pledge myself to fulfil faithfully. I would do for them what thou hast done for me. Listen then, my only protector, to these my earnest supplications, and suffer me yet to live. Oh! protect me in this hour of agony and peril."

And still the flames ascended.

CHAPTER IX.

DELIVERANCE.

Still the flames ascended! But higher still ascended the fervent prayer of the perishing child. God no doubt, had heard that prayer, and his mercy answered it; for a heavy storm which had been threatening all the morning, suddenly burst over the tree in which Piquillo had taken refuge, in one terrible clap of thunder, and torrents of rain fell, extinguishing the fire that had all but reached its victim. In the exuberance of his joy, with eyes uplifted to the source of this timely aid, he exclaimed, "Heaven has heard me, and wills that I should be an honest man."

The tempest continued to rage for a full hour, and right gratefully did Piquillo welcome the cataracts of rain that rescued him from his impending fate; with what joy—what gratitude—he contemplated this new deluge. The blazing branches were all successively extinguished, and presently a pool of water was formed at the base of the oak where but now a huge furnace existed. Piquillo commenced his descent when he perceived the flames had ceased

to blaze; but the descent was by no means an easy matter. The copious fall of rain had rendered the branches slippery, and others, by the action of the fire, had become brittle, and would break even under the slight weight of Piquillo. When he had got about half-way down, and was congratulating himself on his safe arrival on *terra firma*, he heard, amid the howling of the tempest, the trampling footsteps of a man advancing towards the spot. His progress was impeded by the mud, and he helped himself onwards by leaning on a double-barrelled carbine, which he held in his hand. Worn with fatigue, he halted immediately beneath the oak on which Piquillo was still a captive. Presently taking off his cap to wipe away the rain and the perspiration which poured down his brow, he gave utterance to a horrible imprecation; the voice, which Piquillo knew so well, was that of Caralo the bandit! The wretched captive who was dreaming of life and liberty on the oak, tried to conceal himself behind the little foliage the fire had left.

"Ah!" said he, "Heaven has not heard me yet, and I am still doomed to die."

The brigand remained motionless, leaning against the tree as if in the act of listening. Piquillo could not at first exactly comprehend the object of this deep silence and profound attention; which, however, saved him, as it prevented his looking upwards; but presently, in the distance, he perceived a carriage dragged by four stout mules approaching them down the road. The postilion had much tough work to get through, for the road was rendered extremely heavy by the storm. As the carriage neared the spot, Piquillo hesitated whether it would be good policy to cry aloud for help. He abstained from doing so, knowing that it would betray his whereabouts, and Caralo would most assuredly give him the benefit of one, if not of both of the barrels of his ugly carbine, and then, in all probability, escape unscathed into the heart of the forest.

He was disturbed in these reflections by a noise that made him tremble on the tree. Caralo, who was not by any means a man given to thinking on such occasions, prepared for action. When the carriage, which was a costly one, heavily laden with luggage, was within a few paces of the bandit, he saw, at a glance, that there were but three persons in it, an old man and two young girls. It being evident that the postilion, a stout young Galician, was the only one likely to offer any obstinate resistance, Caralo shot him dead on the spot, and levelling his second barrel at the window of the carriage, which was then immediately facing the tree, he called aloud to the old man—

"Your purse, and the ladies' jewelry!"

The door of the carriage was opened, and out came a grey-headed gentleman with a stern cast of features, and placing himself before the young ladies by way of rampart, drew a hunting knife from its scabbard.

"Down with your arms," exclaimed the bandit.

"Never!" rejoined the gentleman.

"Resistance is perfectly useless; your purse and down with your arms, or I'll shoot you."

"Fire away," replied the old man. "Don Juan d'Aguilar will never surrender to a rascally bandit like you."

"You shall have it, sir, since you wish it," replied Caralo, levelling his carbine slowly.

"My father!—my friend!" exclaimed the terrified young girls, trying to leap from the carriage.

"The children are right," said the bandit, coldly. "Why, old man, you are not worth the powder in this barrel. I don't exact at your hands homilies and morality; all I want is the gold and silver you have about you; as for that iron, which is useless for both—down with it; and make haste, for I am in a hurry."

By way of rejoinder to these remarks, the old gentleman made a thrust with his sabre at the bandit.

"Come!" exclaimed Caralo, "we must finish this." And, leaning against the tree, he took a deliberate aim, and was on the point of pulling the trigger, when Piquillo dropped himself heavily on the uplifted arm of the bandit, and thus turned away the shot in a contrary direction. Though astounded, at first, at this wholly unexpected attack from above, he speedily recovered himself, and, seizing his new opponent, cast him on the ground roughly, exclaiming, in utter amazement at the sight of Piquillo,—

"Tis him, indeed; this time at all events he shall not escape my vengeance."

And thereupon, with one foot on the trembling body of his feeble adversary, he was about to break his head with the butt end of his carbine, when a hand, vigorous in its old age, sent a sword, up to the hilt, into the body of the bandit. Caralo had got his quietus; for, with one howl of rage and agony, he rolled over—a corpse.

"Ah! ah! that word was of no use to either of us, but the wild beast is slain," exclaimed the old gentleman. "I have hunted them before now, but never such a dangerous one. But what's the matter with you, my child, my Carmen? Oh! she has fainted, poor thing. Aixa, you who have more presence of mind, bring her to her senses, while I go to the assistance of

our young defender yonder, the poor little tattered beggar, who has in him more courage than strength."

And the gouty old gentleman hobbled up towards Piquillo, who, though bruised, was not much hurt, and in rising offered his arm to Don Juan d'Aguilar.

"Why, I was coming to your assistance, my little fellow, and you come again to mine. Who are you?"

"Piquillo."

"Your business?"

"I have none."

"Who are your parents?"

"Alas! I have none."

"Where do you come from?"

"From the top of that tree."

"Do you dwell there?"

"I have since this morning."

Don Juan d'Aguilar looked at the oak, the trunk and branches of which were charred by the fire, and said, smilingly,

"Your dwelling is in a sadly dilapidated condition; and I offer you, if you will accept of it, a somewhat better one at my house in Pampeluna."

Joy and gratitude sparked in Piquillo's eyes, and so choked was he for utterance, that all he could do was to press his new master's hand to his lips. Meanwhile they had reached the carriage, and Carmen having recovered from her fainting fit, leaped from the carriage, and threw herself on her father's neck, who was so overwhelmed with the caresses of both the young ladies, that it would be difficult to decide which of the two was his daughter. Piquillo stood by the door, calmly contemplating a scene of tenderness so perfectly novel to him. He had never beheld such exquisite loveliness as that on which he now gazed. Juanita, who had hitherto been his paragon, sunk down to a very ordinary person indeed. One, to his thinking, was of earth; the other was heavenly. And when the young ladies fixed their radiant eyes upon him, sparkling with kindly feeling and gratitude, and thanked him for his opportune assistance, and complimented him on the courage he had displayed in their cause, he felt a sensation he had never before experienced, and could not possibly define. Understanding that he was parentless and desolate, without resources or home.

"Ah! how happy," exclaimed Carmen.

"He will owe everything to us," said Aixa.

"We will take him with us," added Don Juan d'Aguilar; "henceforth he shall be one of our household—he shall be my page. But in the interim," continued the old man, looking at the Galician, who lay grim and prostrate on the turf, "I wonder if our new page can perform the office of a postilion?"

"Most assuredly," exclaimed Piquillo, closing the door of the carriage, and jumping on one of the mules, which he encouraged with voice and gesture. Getting them into a gallop, he speedily cleared the forest, and on the following day, happier than the king of Spain, with a proud air, a glad heart and doublet in rags, he entered the city of Pampeluna.

"Where shall I drive to?" he asked of his new master.

"To the viceroy's palace," cried the two girls.

CHAPTER X.

THE CONSULTA.

During the two or three years of Piquillo's residence in the bandit's inn, passed in the instructive society of Ciralo and his worthy colleague Juan Baptista Balsiero, other events of somewhat greater importance had transpired in Spain, to which we now invite the attention of the reader. Phillip II had bequeathed to Philip III, his son, war against England; and the Count de Lerma, anxious to immortalise the early part of his administration by a brilliant achievement, equipped a fleet of fifty vessels to effect a descent on the British coast, under the command of Don Martin Padilla. The maritime expeditions of Spain, although undertaken with religious objects in view, and for the supremacy of the catholic faith against a heretic nation and king, never enjoyed a successful issue; and the Count de Lerma's fleet was not a jot more fortunate than its memorable predecessor—the Armada. Scarcely had the vessels put to sea than they were dispersed by a storm, and compelled to take refuge on the coasts of Spain without encountering the enemy. In order to solace himself for this unexpected calamity, the minister might—following the example of Philip II—have exclaimed, "I despatched my fleet to fight the enemy, and not to combat the elements!" But far from pursuing this philosophical course, he became obstinate, and determined on seizing the first opportunity of revenge that might offer, without wisely and maturely weighing the consequences.

Ireland had just rebelled against Elizabeth, and the new minister of Philip III, under the pretext of aiding the insurgents, had resolved to take possession of that island. Its vast extent, its extreme fertility, and the convenience of its harbours, which would ensure safe asylums to the Spanish fleet in case of reverses, and place Spain in a condition to dispute the empire of the seas with England and Holland, were the primary reasons for this bold attempt. The aged counsellors of Philip

II, many experienced generals (among them Don Juan d'Aguilar, who had been chosen to command the expedition), expressed an opinion, that it was a serious error to suppose that the Irish would so easily be seduced from their fealty to their legitimate sovereign, and yield to the dominion of Spain. That a trivial revolt was not a serious revolution—that it was madness to expect the ready assistance of the insurgents, and that a force of six thousand men was insufficient to compete with the combined forces of England. In reply the Count de Lerma asserted that the condition of the Spanish exchequer did not justify the equipment of a larger force—that valour was an admirable substitute for numbers, and that if Don Juan d'Aguilar was afraid to undertake the campaign, there were many others willing and able to defend the honour of the Spanish arms. This taunting defiance was too much for the Castilian blood of Don Juan d'Aguilar. Despite his conviction of the frantic character of the enterprise, he accepted the appointment and embarked. The only request he made was, that the fleet should not be commanded by Martin Padilla, his implacable enemy and the Count de Lerma's parasite; but he confided to Don Juan Guevara, a brave officer, under whom he had formerly served in Britany.

The passage was a prosperous one. The general in chief, with a force of four thousand men, landed in the harbour of Kinsale—took possession of the town, and fortified himself in it, calculating on its serving as a shelter in the event of a reverse. At the same time, his lieutenant Ocampo entered Baltimore with his army, and the united forces were about to march into the interior when they learnt that the rebels had been beaten and dispersed by the Irish viceroy;—that their leader, the Earl of Tyrone, had narrowly escaped with the fragments of his force (an ill-equipped band of four thousand peasants); and that the viceroy, who was in close pursuit, had a well-disciplined army of thirty thousand men.

"I foresaw all this," exclaimed d'Aguilar, calmly; "but never mind, let us hasten to their assistance."

And accordingly he proceeded.

Meanwhile the Count de Lerma, never for a moment questioning the success of an expedition devised by himself, looked upon Ireland as already annexed to the Spanish crown, and amused himself by selecting a governor. He hesitated between his uncle, Borja, and his brother-in-law, the Count de Lemos, whom he could not discreetly leave in the viceroyalty of Navarre, where he had already rendered himself obnoxious. The minister's system of government consisted in awarding to his

own relations the most lucrative and important offices of the state; for he regarded the Spanish monarchy in the light of a private household, of which he was the chief and his kindred the principal ramifications. It was in keeping with this convenient principle that he had appointed his brother, Bernard de Sandoval, to the double post of archbishop of Toledo and grand inquisitor—the one placing him at the head of the clerical community, and the other giving despotic sway over the rest of the population.

Bernard de Sandoval was even more dangerous at the head of a government than his brother. The Count de Lerma, indeed, had no character at all, being a reckless man, with the most pliant principles in the world, and ready at all times to change them according to circumstances. His brother, again, plumed himself on the possession of a character. He deluded himself with the idea that he was remarkable for his firmness, in fact, nothing more than downright obstinacy. He never abandoned a single idea that once chanced to enter his fertile brain, and these ideas were almost invariably of a baneful nature. "I break," he would say, "I never bend."

"And I," would say the Count de Lerma, "bend to avoid breaking."

It must be admitted, however, that they each possessed the virtues natural to their faults. The frivolity of the Count de Lerma was partly repaired by acts of generosity. He was considerate in the extreme in matters affecting the interests of his own kindred. He loaded them with gifts, and even lavished gold on some whom he had injured by his acts. As for his prodigality (so distasteful to the Spanish people, who had to pay for it), he never gave it a thought; for regarding the kingdom as though it were entirely his own, he took it for granted that he had a perfect right to dispose of his own property just as he pleased. Bernard de Sandoval, on the contrary, was harsh and stern, and as thrifty as his brother was profuse: never acknowledging a weakness; he loved nothing, gave away nothing, forgave nothing; and was thus admirably qualified for the post of grand inquisitor. He it was who, in the reign of Philip II, entertained the grand idea of the expulsion of the Moors, and communicated the notion to the Count de Lerma, who forthwith took the credit of it to himself, and cherished it, as well calculated to shed immortal lustre on his administration and to consolidate the catholic faith. The majority of the Moors continued, at heart, faithful to their Mahomedan creed. Externally alone they submitted to the usages of the christian religion. They attended mass, simply to avoid certain penalties

which their non-attendance would assuredly entail. They brought their children to the baptismal font, but immediately after the ceremony they washed them well with hot water. They would even submit to the ceremonial of marriage in church; but when they got home they closed their doors, and celebrated the event with songs, dancing, and hilarity, according to the custom of their own country. Never failing to harbour a hope of ultimate deliverance, they kept up a constant correspondence with the Turks and the Moors of Africa. When the Algerine pirates landed on the coast of Andalusia, the Moors, who dwell on its shores, never sounded the alarm-bell, or took up arms against them; and the Algerines, in return, never committed outrage in the villages inhabited by the Moors, while they made it an invariable rule to reduce every christian they caught to rigid bondage.

Philip II had recourse to very harsh and cruel measures to subdue the large Moorish population who had emigrated into his kingdom. He proscribed many of the customs of their native land, to which they had been wedded from their childhood. He went even the length of compelling their women to appear in public uncovered, and to open the doors of their domestic homes, which the custom of their country kept usually shut. These two regulations were unendurable to a nation jealous to preserve intact the usages of their ancestors. At the least offence, or show of opposition, a menace was held over their heads of tearing from them their children for education in Castile. The use of baths was interdicted to them, and such was the rigour of the dominion under which they dwelt, that music, songs, and fetes (their habitual mode of pastime), were rigidly prohibited.

The exasperated Moors at length took up arms in the mountains of Alpujarras, and defended themselves so vigorously that the picked troops of Spain, commanded by the king's brother, John of Austria, the conqueror of Lepanto, were requisite to bring them into submission. Torrents of blood had flowed on both sides, and it had cost the Spaniards the lives of sixty thousand men—a severe lesson, which taught the conquerors to be less despotic, and the vanquished more resigned to their fate.

Thus was it, at the commencement of the seventeenth century, the period of which we treat, during the first years of the reign of Philip III. The Moors, formerly, for a period of eight hundred years, conquerors and sovereigns of Spain, which they had civilised, had lost successively their independence, their religion, their manners, and their customs. Nothing was

now left to them but the soil acquired by their ancestors, and rendered fertile by the sweat of their brow, and to which they were attached.

The Arabs and the Moors had imported into Spain the cultivation of sugar, cotton, and rice. Thanks to their industry, the fertility of the province of Valencia furnished all Europe with the fruits of tropical countries. Three harvests were had in the year; scarcely had one been reaped before another sprang up, and the assiduous toils of the labourer, aided by the mildness of the climate, and the most ingenious agricultural contrivances, helped to promote so bountiful a fecundity. Flocking from Egypt, from Syria, and from Persia, essentially agricultural countries, the Arabs had transferred into the kingdom of Valencia a system of agriculture perfected by the experience of three thousand years. Nor was industry and commerce less indebted to them. Toledo, Grenada, Cordova, Seville, teemed with manufactories of silk and leather; the green and blue cloths of Cuenca were eagerly sought for on the coast of Africa and Turkey, and the sea-ports of the Levant. The blades of Toledo, the silks of Grenada, the harnesses, saddles, and gilt morocco of Cordova, the spices and sugars of Valencia, were celebrated throughout all Europe; and the Moors, content with the plentiful results of their labours, gradually habituated themselves to forget the past, and to enjoy the present consequences of their industry. Once conquerors, they became agriculturists, manufacturers, and tacitly submitted to the aggrandisement of their masters—to pay them extortionate taxes, and to heap on them the enjoyments and luxuries of civilisation, simply seeking in their steady peace and protection for themselves and their families. This was a state of things utterly incomprehensible to Bernard y Royos Sandoval, the grand inquisitor, and his brother. They consequently induced Juan de Ribera, patriarch of Antioch, archbishop of Valencia, known for his hatred of heresy, to present a memorial to the imbecile king, in which they urged him to banish all infidels from his kingdom, reserving only adults for the purposes of labour in the galleys and mines, and children under seven years to be reared in the christian creed.

The king consulted his minister and the grand inquisitor upon the subject of this memorial. The former expressed his opinion that it would be wise to await a favourable opportunity, whilst the latter declared that it was a measure that could not too speedily be brought into operation, and only regretted that the proposition of the archbishop was not stringent enough for the occasion. His advice was to ex-

terminate all the Moors, *en masse*, according to the principles of St. Bartholomew, which spared neither females nor children.

Such a project, however, required deep precaution and a large employment of united forces, and at that critical crisis the flower of the Spanish army was engaged in the Low Countries and in the Irish campaign; accordingly it was determined that this mighty secret should be strictly for the time preserved among themselves. The minister and grand inquisitor feigned to be convinced of the necessity of this precaution. It was, however, a matter of difficulty to induce the archbishop of Valencia to coincide in this decision. He could barely restrain the excess of his zeal, and neither spoke upon the subject, nor would suffer others to discuss it, without indulging in transports of pious rage, which he conceived to emanate from on high. The king, moreover, was on the point of marriage, and to select such a period for harsh extermination, instead of popular rejoicing, would be regarded as a matter of heartless oppression. It was consequently determined that at the approaching *consulta* of the king, no subject should be brought forward but that of the forthcoming royal nuptials.

The *consulta* of the king was a sort of privy council, held at the palace in the presence of the sovereign, and presided over by the minister. To this august assemblage none were admitted on important occasions but the grand inquisitor, the king's confessor, and a few favourites, who directed the will of the monarch, and caused him either to adopt or reject the counsels of others. Nevertheless, on so interesting an occasion as that which was about to take place, permission was given, for form sake, and as a mark of distinction, to a few young lords, belonging to the first families in Spain, who would eventually attain the Spanish peerage, to be present and even take a part in the important deliberations of the council. Accordingly, the Count de Lerma (whom the king had created a duke on the strength of his marriage, and for services he had not yet had time to render, but would in the end, no doubt) presented at this meeting his son, the Count de Uzeda, to the king. The Marquis de Miranda, in his turn, being the head of the house of Zunica, and president of the council of Castile, claimed a similar privilege for his relative, Don Fernando d'Albayda, one of the principal barons of the kingdom of Valencia, and nephew to Don Juan d'Aguilar, commanding the royal troops in Ireland.

The youth, with the bashfulness natural to his age, blushed deeply, and bowed to the king, and that imposing assemblage

which he had previously pictured to himself as possessing all the awing attributes of majesty, while several of the members of the council were earnestly discussing the colour of the dress they should wear on the queen's arrival. Don Sandoval, the grand inquisitor, counted his beads; the minister sketched on a parchment a duke's coronet; and Philip III, with his head thrown back on his state chair, amused himself with counting the decorations of the ceiling. Juan de Ribera, archbishop of Valencia, was the only one of the group lost apparently in grave reflections, and seemed to be heedless of all passing around him. The young Count de Uzeda, proud of his birth and of the position he held by virtue of his father's connexion with the court, gazed around him haughtily and vacantly, and when, accidentally as it were, his eye fell upon Fernando d'Albayda, he contemplated him scornfully, for he conceived that none but the prime minister's sons should share in the distinction which had been conferred on both alike.

The Duke de Lerma, after taking the orders of his majesty, proceeded to explain that a new alliance was about to unite still more closely the descendants of Charles V. His most catholic majesty was on the point of marriage with Margaret of Austria, daughter of the archduke Charles. He added that the young princess had arrived at Genoa, having left Graetz for Italy. But his grace omitted to mention that, in consequence of the sloth of those employed in making grand preparations for her reception, the fleet intended to convey the betrothed to Spain did not reach Genoa till several months subsequent to the princess's arrival in that city. The duke then entertained the council with an account of the magnificent entertainments which awaited the princess's arrival at Valencia, where the marriage was to be celebrated. Such was the splendour of these *fêtes*, so congenial to the sumptuous taste of the minister, that they would, he said, cost the treasury the sum of a million ducats; but, added he, "the exchequer is in so flourishing a state that it is justifiable to lay out so large an amount in celebration of the nuptials of the greatest monarch of the greatest kingdom in Europe."

Usually on occasions similar to that we have above recorded, when the minister had concluded his report to the council, no one spoke. The king expressed his approval with a nod, and every body could do the same, but, in the present instance, the duke, being particularly desirous of pushing his son forward on his first appearance on the diplomatic stage, addressing himself, in a patronising tone, to Uzeda and Fernando d'Albayda, said, "Well, my young lords, what say you

to the tidings we have just announced? Now, counsellors as you are of the king, favour us with your opinion upon this important point. I feel assured that his majesty will be delighted to hear you."

The king having waved his hand by way of concurrence, the minister thus proceeded: "Now, my lord Fernando, how is it that you blush so deeply, do you feel timid and embarrassed? Collect yourself. We simply solicit your opinion truthfully. I am sure the king will like to hear you."

The king nodded.

"Do not blush, Signor Albayda. Uzeda, I perceive, is about to show you the way;" and thereupon the duke made a signal to his son to commence his harangue.

The young man—evidently wishing to impress the idea that his address was extemporary, though there was very good reason to believe that it had been cut and dried a long time ago, and in all probability supervised by his father—accordingly addressed himself to the king, complimenting his august majesty on his manifold virtues, his exalted position, the wisdom of his rule, and the marriage he was about to contract. As a natural sequence, came a dashing eulogium on the remarkable merits of the minister, the ability of the report just read, and the present and future prosperity of Spain.

When it came to Fernando d'Albayda's turn to address the council, he commenced by modestly pleading on behalf of his youth and inexperience; "but," said he, "in the presence of my sovereign—in the presence of counsellors so able and so eloquent, all that is requisite for me to do is to tell the unvarnished truth." This, he said, was the only requital he could make for the honour of being heard. He then, frankly and with a noble bearing becoming the Castilian blood that flowed in his veins, expressed his delight in placing confidence on the fidelity of the picture of national prosperity which had just been displayed before them; it was beyond his ability to examine closely the statements made; but there was just one point in which he thought the minister had been shamefully misled, and regarding which he was of opinion that he could reveal certain indisputable facts. He then briefly explained the precise position of the province of Valencia, of which he was one of the first barons and most wealthy landholders. He proved that the towns and districts were overburdened by taxes—that these imposts had, for some time, been exacted for two years in advance, and that now, in consequence of the outlay required to defray the expenses of the forthcoming marriage, payment was demanded of a third, a circumstance that had given rise to great discontent among the people, especially as this determination

of the government immediately preceded an event which should be ushered by joyous acclamations, instead of being accompanied with penury and privation—that he conceived it his duty to open the eyes of the king and his minister to so lamentable a fact, for it was evident that they were ignorant of the existence of such persecution, for it appeared to him unjust and impolitic, when the rest of Spain was rejoicing at so happy a union as that which was about to be solemnised, that the province of Valencia alone—the locality selected for the performance of the ceremonial, should be suffered to remain in so deplorable a condition.

These last words, spoken with marked firmness, manifestly disconcerted the Duke de Lerma and the rest of the council, especially when the king turned towards the minister, and exclaimed with unwonted energy—"The young man is right. It is necessary that our faithful subjects in Valencia should participate in the prosperity of the country which you have just depicted. Would it not be sound policy now to announce to the people of Valencia that on the occasion of my marriage they should be exempt from taxes for two years?"

Astonished at the profound silence that followed his speech, and apprehending that he had gone too far, the king timidly inquired of those around him whether their opinion upon this point did not coincide with his.

The Duke of Lerma, who had often felt inclined to interrupt Fernando in his bold *exposé*, cast an angry glance towards him, and addressing himself to the king, in a tone of impatience, and a mock smile which he sought vainly to disguise, said, "If this young nobleman, Don Fernando d'Albayda, first baron of Valencia, knows how to administer the affairs of the state, and to fill your majesty's coffers without the exaction of the taxes which I have conceived it my duty to demand under peculiar circumstances, I beseech of him to reveal the secret. Do you know of any, Don Fernando?"

"Yes, your excellency," rejoined the youth, "I will pledge myself—I speak only of Valencia—not only to cause the immediate payment of the tribute you demand, but, within a very few days, to deposit in the public exchequer a fourth of the amount you require for the celebration of the royal nuptials."

The astonished minister raised his head to see if he were speaking seriously. The youth continued his address:—

"And what is more, those who shall bring you these amounts shall beseech your acceptance of them, and shall escort the king and his bride from Valencia to Madrid with hearty shouts of joy and guileless blessings!"

The king and the whole council arose, and exclaimed—"Speak, speak!"

Profound silence prevailed. The Duke de Lerma bit his lips with rage, and Fernando, after waiting a few minutes to collect his ideas, said: "Sire, you have among your subjects a faithful and industrious people, who now constitute the riches of the kingdom of Valencia and Grenada. We know something of this, we barons and landed proprietors," he added, glancing at the Duke of Lerma, "for if they were driven away, our lands would remain uncultivated, there would be no purchasers for our manufactures, and misery and ruin would shortly succeed in the place of the wealth which is now so extensively prevalent. Your majesty will doubtless perceive that I allude to your subjects, the Moors of Spain."

Don Sandoval and the Duke of Lerma were startled; but Ribeira, who had hitherto remained so silent as to appear not to notice what was passing, leaped from his seat, and, in spite of the signs made to him by the chief inquisitor, could scarcely repress his impatience to reply.

Don Fernando proceeded: "Reports, vague rumours, whose origin cannot be traced, have been some time in circulation;" here the inquisitor cast a look of reproach on Ribeira; "and notwithstanding their apparent incredibility, they have already been the means of spreading far and wide distrust and fear among a whole people, who till then had been solely occupied in the cultivation of the soil, or in efforts in their commercial pursuits to increase the demand for Spanish merchandise. Fears, no doubt without foundation, pervade all quarters; no longer trusting to the future, and disquieted as to the present aspect of affairs, they anxiously watch the course of events. Their manufactories are worked without spirit, and will perhaps be shortly stopped entirely. I am persuaded, sire, you have only to give your royal promise, to cause a revival of trade. Let but a royal proclamation be published in Spain, promising security in person and estate to the Moors, and the supplies which your minister may require will be immediately forthcoming, without the necessity of imposing a single tax, as a voluntary gift, as a marriage portion, offered with joy to the queen of Spain, Margaret of Austria, by her faithful subjects. I, Fernando d'Albayda, will pass my word for the truth of what I say."

"You are then their friend and protector," cried Ribeira, greatly agitated; "and instead of converting the Philistines, they have made a convert of you. You hear him, signor; the plague has spread all over Israel!"

"Nothing will make me forget my duty

to God and to my king," answered the young man, with firmness; "but neither may God nor my king command me to swerve from the truth, and I therefore frankly state the facts that have come under my observation. I have only seen among the Moors of Valencia industrious and orderly men, active and laborious citizens."

"Who are to be feared," said Ribeira; "for they will soon become possessors of all the property in the country, for they are a hard-working, industrious, and economical people. Shut out from service in the army, deprived of the happiness of having convents, their population is daily increasing, while ours is diminishing. They have leisure to study, to become more learned and enlightened than us."

"You are stating what redounds most to their credit," observed Fernando d'Albayda, respectfully.

"No," answered the priest, with animation; "but I wish, and it is my duty, to warn your majesty and the council against the advantages, or rather the bad gifts, which they derive from the evil spirit, for the destruction of Spain."

"The project of which I spoke," said Fernando, with alarm, "is not chimerical. You have already had your thoughts directed to it."

"No," exclaimed anxiously the inquisitor, in great alarm at the turn the discussion had taken, "no, nobody here, young man, but yourself, gives it a thought."

"I?" replied Fernando, gaining confidence; "how could your excellency suppose a project (I will not only say so fatal and barbarous, but also so absurd) to enter my head?"

"Absurd!" echoed the archbishop of Valencia, touched on his most susceptible point; "absurd! Does your majesty permit blasphemy to be uttered in the royal presence, and that heretics, not content merely with opposition to the word of God, venture to turn it into derision? Misfortune will come upon all—misfortune will happen to Spain. God, who inspires me, forewarned me of it. Spain is on the eve of a disastrous period, and the shield of the Almighty is about to be withdrawn from her, since the impious are already triumphant, and rejoice in their misdeeds."

"What have I done?" soliloquised the affrighted Fernando.

The king, confounded at the events which were passing around him, was occupied with nearly the same thoughts; but on the Duke of Lerma saying a few words to him in an under tone, he said, gravely: "Dismiss your fears, father; and you also, Signor Fernando. We will think at leisure on what we have just heard."

"And we will cause right to be done, when the occasion requires it," added the

minister; "but his majesty does not intend at present that any measures be taken resulting from this discussion. We have now to read the despatches that have just arrived," added he, pointing to a bundle of despatches sealed with a black seal, that a cabinet messenger had just brought. The minister opened the letters, read them to himself, and, less master of his feelings than Philip II, who never betrayed by his countenance his joy or grief, he could not conceal from the eyes of those who were watching his countenance the paleness which became manifest. "His grace was right," said he, with gravity; "the hand of God lays heavily on Spain; the Irish expedition has not succeeded; the English have conquered."

"My uncle is dead," ejaculated Fernando, in despair.

"Is our army destroyed?" asked Sandoval, gravely.

"The news is yet more humiliating to the Spanish arms," continued the minister, holding down his head. "Don Juan d'Aguilar and the whole army surrendered without striking a blow."

"Impossible!" said Fernando; "d'Aguilar is innocent; he is calumniated."

The minister handed the letter to the king, remarking coolly, "It is from Count Lemos, my brother-in-law."

"The Count is mistaken," exclaimed Fernando, with much warmth.

"My uncle of Lemos has always the best information," said the Count de Uzeda, with a sardonic grin; "he never allows himself to be imposed upon; and I implicitly rely upon his statements."

"And I confidently rely upon d'Aguilar's honour," replied Fernando; "and without requiring any further information, I maintain that a Spanish nobleman is incapable of surrendering without resistance. A person who would believe such a report would have so acted himself."

"But I have said I believe it," cried Uzeda, turning pale.

"And I maintain my assertion," answered Fernando, placing his hand on the hilt of his sword.

"In the royal presence!" ejaculated the Duke of Lerma, with indignation. Philip and the whole of the court attendants rose simultaneously.

"Pardon me, sire!" exclaimed Fernando, falling on his knees before his sovereign.

The king motioned to him to leave the chamber. Fernando prepared to obey his command, walked a few paces towards the door, and was about to pass through, when he said in a subdued tone to the Count de Uzeda, who was close to him, "Shall I go out alone, sir?" The count was advancing to follow him, when, having caught the eye of the Duke de Lerma, he desisted from his

purpose, and Fernando went away, filled with rage and despair. On his arrival at his hotel, he found Yezid d'Alberique, his friend, and the companion of his boyhood. Yezid was son of Alaric Delascar d'Alberique, the richest Moor of Grenada and Valencia. Descended from the tribe of Abencerrages and of the royal blood, he was a student at Cordova at the same time as Fernando. Both had taken up their abodes in the beautiful country of Valencia—Fernando at the seat of his ancestors, Yezid in the noble mansion on the estate which his father had cultivated. Fernando, after the manner of the Spanish nobility, chose the army for his profession. Yezid, who was excluded from such a career, had devoted his life to the study of the arts and sciences, which the Arabs his ancestors had pursued with such remarkable success. His father's wealth enabled him to live in splendour, while his own labour and studies had made his life useful, and the enjoyment of friendship had proved an addition to his happiness. Fernando had become as a brother to him; he was beloved by all the Moors of Valencia, for this Spanish nobleman was the friend of Yezid, who was the idol of their worship. He was the descendant of Abderrama and Almanzor, and both appeared to live again in him. Yezid, then living at Madrid with his friend, had just received a letter for Fernando from his father, who was in Valencia, and he handed it to him at the very moment in which the latter, with a vivid recollection of the scene which had just passed in the council chamber of the king, related it to Yezid, whilst he was breaking the seal of the letter. It came from his uncle Don Juan d'Aguilar, and ran thus: "I am in Spain, concealed in a place of safety; for I must justify myself and confound my enemies, which I could not do if I fell into their power. The generous and devoted friend who has, in order to serve me, run the risk to which he is exposed by carrying to you this letter, alone knows my hiding-place: depart and seek him."

"This generous friend," said Fernando, "is your father. I will hasten this moment to Valencia, to join him."

"And I also," added Yezid, "I will not leave you."

Fernando pressed his hand, in grateful acknowledgment of his kindness; but recollecting himself, said: "With regard to Uzeda, whom I have set at defiance, and who doubtless will call me out, can I leave thus? can I run away secretly, without stating where I am going? Shall I not appear to him to merit myself the appellation of coward, which I bestowed upon him? No, no; I must remain; and yet my uncle calls for and expects me."

At this instant there was a loud knocking at the door of the hotel.

"It is Uzeda and his friends," said Yezid.

"So much the better; this is most opportune. We will set out after we have fought; all we have to do is to make haste. All I dread is the Spanish gravity of Uzeda; there is so much ceremony and delay before coming to blows. Ah, first let me tear that letter."

He had just finished its destruction, when the door opened, and an officer of the palace, with a guard of soldiers, entered. The officer, removing his hat with much ceremony, said, "Which of you gentlemen is Baron Fernando d'Albayda?"

Fernando anticipated Yezid, who was about to pass himself off for him, by laying his hand on his breast, and saying, "What is your pleasure, captain?"

"To require you, in the king's name, to give up your sword, and to inform you that you are my prisoner, and must follow me this instant. All resistance is useless," he continued, on observing a look of hesitation and despair on the countenance of his friend, who, understanding the cause of his inquietude, said, "I will set out for you, and what you were to have done, my friend, I swear to perform for you."

Fernando then turned to the officer, and said: "Sir, I am ready to follow you; but I wish to say one word to you. Have you heard from Don Juan d'Aguilar, who commanded the Spanish army in Ireland?"

"I only know, sir knight, the rumours that are afloat."

"And what are they?"

"That the general is condemned to death, and his estate is forfeited."

Overwhelmed with grief at the news, the friends embraced, and Yezid whispered, "While I live, rely upon me; and do not give way to despair, whatever may be the aspect of affairs."

Fernando descended the staircase, escorted by the military guard. The captain got into a carriage with him, which was driven towards the prisons of Valladolid. As for Yezid, followed by his trusty Hassan, he mounted Kaled, his valuable Arab steed, and galloped off to Valencia.

CHAPTER XI.

THE MOOR'S DWELLING.

The old man, Alaric Delascar d'Alberique, occupied a secret underground apartment, which was only known to his son and to himself, and was in the most secluded part of his domain. Near him was seated a noble-looking man, whose grey hair and furrowed cheeks gave evident tokens of his advanced age, whilst the silent tears

with which his cheeks were moistened betrayed the grief that overwhelmed him.

"My friend and guest," said Alberique, taking him by the hand, "can I say nothing calculated to assuage your grief, and to inspire hopes for the future. Your nephew will shortly be with you, and you can then consult together as to the best means of forwarding a full justification of your conduct to your sovereign. It is but right that for once in his life the Spanish king should have the truth told him. I fear that will not be the case. Well, if it be only possible, through a miracle, sooner or later it will be brought about. Have patience; what would have become of us if we had been found deficient in that quality—we who are in daily expectation of our deliverance? Away with despondency! remain here with me."

"To shelter a proscribed person will render you and your whole household amenable to the proscription. Your property, if not your life, will be in jeopardy."

"No matter; happen what may, we are willing henceforth to share in common with you your troubles, dangers, and enmities. Your enemies thought to leave you without an asylum—I have provided one; they have confiscated your property—mine is at the service of the old friend who in former times, in Alpujarras, saved my life when a defenceless prisoner in the hands of Don John of Austria. I know little of my son Yezid if he do not say, 'Take all my goods; you are quite welcome to them, for to you I am indebted for the preservation of the life of my father.'"

"Thanks!" exclaimed the old soldier, endeavouring to conceal his emotion; "but my daughter Carmen—what will become of her?"

"She shall be our adopted child. I will undertake to procure an advantageous match for her, and to furnish the marriage portion."

"Will you restore to her the reputation of which her father has been deprived?"

"You will not be deprived of your good name; your innocence will be acknowledged; your sword restored to you; and, moreover, you will be rewarded according to your merits. We will plead your cause. There are judges at Madrid."

"They will be inexorable."

"We will manage to soften their hearts."

"They are all bribed."

"Very well; then we will bid higher than any other person, than even the Duke de Lerma himself."

"That is not my wish."

"What then?"

"To see my nephew Fernando, and to speak to him."

"Listen, listen!" exclaimed the old man; "do you hear overhead a horse's gallop?"

I distinguish the sound of Kaled neighing; Yezid and Fernando have arrived. Keep up your spirits."

The door opened, and Yezid made his appearance alone. He had in less than two days travelled the sixty leagues which Valencia is distant from Madrid, and he related all that had happened in the latter city to the two old men. He concealed from them, however, his latest intelligence, that Fernando d'Albayda was rendered incapable of again entering into the public service, and condemned to an imprisonment in Valladolid, the termination of which it was impossible to predict, for having failed to show sufficient respect to the king in council; for having defended, and perhaps shared, the opinions of a nobleman pronounced to be a traitor to his king and country; and for other reasons not mentioned by the Duke de Lerma and the grand inquisitor, but which will readily occur to us. The latter news would have given the death-blow to Don Juan d'Aguilar, and Yezid satisfied himself by saying only that his nephew was under close *surveillance* for having, when armed, wished to maintain the honour of his house against all, even the son of the prime minister.

"He will soon," added Yezid, "be free; he will come to you. Meantime, what do you require at his hands, or rather from me? for I represent him, if you will allow me to say so."

D'Aguilar smiled benignantly on the young man, and old Alberique, who fully comprehended him, said,

"I told you Yezid would not fail to be in your good graces. Speak; we are listening."

D'Aguilar gave a narrative of the events that had taken place from the time Tyrone, chief of the insurgents, joined him with only four thousand men. With this weak force, added to the six thousand Spaniards under his command, he had the courage to attack, near Baltimore, thirty thousand English, commanded by the lord lieutenant of Ireland. The Spanish troops, fighting with their wonted valour, had long maintained the unequal struggle, and rendered doubtful the issue of the contest, but Tyrone and the Irish having abandoned him in the most cowardly manner, he was compelled to retreat, rallying his troops, however, and manoeuvring to prevent his being surrounded. He succeeded in entrenching himself in Kinsale and Baltimore, two towns of which he had previously taken possession. Instead of coming to his aid, the Irish, panic-struck, were eager to send in their submission, to escape the vengeance of Elizabeth, without troubling themselves about the situation of the allies who came to their assistance. Thence-

forward there was no object to be gained by the expedition, but d'Aguilar wished at least to insure for the service of his king an army whose chances of safety appeared desperate to everybody; attacked by land by the viceroy and his whole army, blockaded at sea by the English fleet, the Spanish general had sent to inform Lord Montjoy that he would bury himself, with his army, in the ruins of Kinsale and Baltimore, and that if that army was lost to Spain, these two towns would be equally lost to England. Lord Montjoy, who was both brave and generous, answered this bold message by offering to accede to such terms of capitulation as d'Aguilar might dictate and which he required, that the honours of war be granted to his army; that English transports be furnished to convey the troops to Spain, with all their artillery and stores; moreover, not wishing to expose the allies who had betrayed and abandoned him to the rage of the victorious army, he stipulated for an amnesty for the inhabitants of Kinsale and Baltimore.

Everything he had stipulated for was granted. "And," exclaimed the old man, with indignation, "it is acts like these that they wish to torture into acts of cowardice and treason: they have caused garbled accounts, which misrepresent the whole of these proceedings, to be circulated. I am accused of having entered into a treaty with heretics, with people who are excommunicated, and they will not listen to my defence until I first surrender myself a prisoner to the Inquisition; and how can I make myself heard from its dungeons? They will take care to suppress my defence, and to publish pretended confessions, as coming from me, the falsehood of which my absence will prevent me from being able to proclaim. I have written a narrative of these occurrences, here it is. It must be read not by the Duke de Lerma, but by the king—the king himself. This is the service I looked forward to my nephew to render me, whose age gives him the privilege of admission to the council chamber. None other dare, under the present circumstances, to make an attempt which would be the certain means of subjecting him to the enmity of the Duke de Lerma, and the disgrace which would be sure to follow in its train; and no one now in Spain," added the old man, with much emotion, "has courage to do this, not even the Marquis de Miranda, our relation, though he is president of the council of Castile."

"Undoubtedly," replied Yezid, who had listened attentively to him, "there are still to be found in Spain daring spirits who will run all hazards to serve a friend, but they must not be looked for at court."

"That is precisely my opinion," said d'Aguilar, with bitterness.

"Those I allude to cannot approach the king," continued Yezid; "but it is possible by other means to cause your memorial to reach him. Entrust it to me, and within a fortnight, probably, it will be placed in his hands by one whom nobody would suspect, and who would have nothing to fear from the Duke de Lerma; meantime remain concealed in your present hiding-place, where you are sure not to be discovered, and rely on me."

Without any further explanation of his design, the entire risk of which he was willing to encounter, Yezid wished to leave instantly, and to proceed on his journey in the middle of the night; with difficulty he was persuaded to postpone it till day-break. The interval he employed in questioning d'Aguilar as to the details of the Irish expedition, especially all that related to Lord Montjoy, with whom Yezid had formerly become acquainted at Cadiz, when a secret commercial treaty of much importance had been negotiated between Queen Elizabeth and the Moors of Valencia. He again reiterated his exhortations to d'Aguilar to keep up his spirits, promised speedily to return, and tore himself from the embraces of his parent, and from the affectionate marks of solicitude shown by his faithful servants, dejected at again parting with their young master.

CHAPTER XII.

THE QUEEN.

Meantime at court, and in the principal Spanish towns, nothing was to be heard of but balls, fetes, and rejoicings, on the occasion of the arrival and approaching marriage of the young queen. Margaret of Austria, the youngest of the Archduke Charles III's daughters, could not be pronounced beautiful, but her manners were graceful, frank, and free from all etiquette, and coming to reign over a people where tyranny, ceremony, and dissimulation were considered essentially necessary in the conduct of affairs, no queen appeared more unsuited to the Spanish nation. Taught, as is the case with most of the German princesses, to attend to their domestic duties, with little restraint, and easily accessible to their dependants, Margaret had brought from her country those exalted notions which, at a later period, Werther and Margaret de Faust were destined to render so exceedingly in vogue. Her lively imagination was tinged slightly with melancholy, which, however, did not exclude a mild gaiety of manner, and her character was not easily understood in the new country of her adoption.

Her features also formed a contrast no less remarkable with those of the natives, for her blue eyes were as different from the dark eyes of the Andalusians, as were the quiet dreamy movements of the German, when compared with the noisy and animated motions of the castinet dance of the country. The same flotilla that had taken her to Genoa had brought her thence to Valencia, where the king was proceeding to celebrate his nuptials, and where the court had previously assembled. Margaret was not much delighted with Valencia, the beautiful, which, with its narrow, winding, and impenetrable streets, appeared to her to have been completely misnamed. She had made her entrance by the public walk, the Alameda, had been received at the palace of the viceroy, where all the ladies of her household had been presented to her, and where Don John Ribeira, archbishop of Valencia, and patriarch of Antioch, had harangued and given her his blessing. Margaret took but little interest in these proceedings, and that which most added to her anxieties was, that among all the great ladies of the court who had come to do her homage, and among whom she was about to pass her life, there was not one to whom she felt favourably disposed, or inclined to give her confidence; none whom she dared to question upon the many subjects about which she was anxious for information. The following day she was to marry a king, of whom she had no knowledge, except that derived from a sight of his portrait; she had been informed only that for some time past Philip loved her, and made choice of her for his spouse; that even in the lifetime of the late king, the marriage was a matter settled and agreed upon; and in Germany they attached great value and paid much respect to the notions formed of each other by the betrothed parties, to that engagement which is thus said to be made in heaven previous to its realisation on earth. "I am already his," she thought; "I am his affianced bride—the lady of his choice:" and this thought alone was sufficient to fill her heart, if not with love, at least with gratitude towards her royal lover. She would have given the world to know the nature of his character, his tastes, his ideas, and his habits; but to whom could she apply for the information? She sought, in a court composed of persons who were entire strangers to her; where, moreover, being queen, the natural supposition that occurred was, that every one would either be disinclined or afraid to speak frankly or truly to her.

The ladies of the bedchamber had long since retired to rest, but Margaret neither did nor could sleep. She opened a glass door which led to the spacious gardens of the palace. It was a beautiful night;

balmy and refreshing breezes cooled the atmosphere; nothing was to be seen but lofty umbrageous trees in all directions, and the most profound silence prevailed. Margaret ventured at first only a few paces in the path of one of the groves; then, becoming bolder, she continued her walk till she lost her way among the deep recesses of the grove; presently she fancied she heard female voices proceed from an arbour in the grounds, and was about to retire, when her name, and that of the king, struck her ear; her curiosity was so powerfully excited that she concealed herself behind the branches of some lemon trees and listened; the voices were those of two ladies of the court who were in conversation together.

"We shall now have balls and festivals; his catholic majesty is to be married at last. The match was not formed without much difficulty."

"You are mistaken, marchioness; there never was the least difficulty in bringing it about—quite the reverse."

"How so? relate to me the circumstances under which it took place."

"You don't know, then, how the marriage was decided upon? there is a very curious history attached to it. The Duke de Lerma (who, though now ungrateful enough to slight me, once made me his confidant) related the anecdote to me, under a strict injunction to secrecy (for he, in common with the rest of the world, was terribly afraid of the king), on the very evening the conversation took place. I should first tell you that Philip's son's weakness and subjection to his father were of the most abject description. Philip II, by all his actions, showed his dread of his rising intelligence."

"Is it possible?"

"He was of such a suspicious disposition that in pursuance of the profound policy which he had hit upon, he had conceived the idea of rendering him an idiot. He had accomplished much more difficult designs in his lifetime, but he soon discovered that he had but too well succeeded in his intentions."

"Proceed."

"This is a fact, and the anecdote I promised to relate has reference to it. The late king wished his son to be married in his own lifetime. This was the monarch's idea, a notion natural enough to suggest itself to a father and a sovereign; and in the presence of some chosen courtiers, among others the Duke de Lerma, then Marquis de Derria, he declared to him his wish that he should espouse one of the three daughters of the Archduke Charles of Austria."

"That's true; the archduke, I believe, had three daughters."

"Yes, the German princes have generally large families, and Philip II showed his son three portraits in handsome frames, and requested him to examine attentively these likenesses of the Austrian princesses, and to declare which he would choose for a wife. What do you think the young prince did?"

"Wished to have all three!"

"His father, sanctimonious as he appeared, would have so chosen, perhaps, but the son, bowing respectfully, answered in his usual submissive manner that in a matter of such importance he should be guided by the decision of his majesty. 'But,' added the king, 'it is a question of liking, which you are best able to decide upon.' 'I will conform to your majesty's opinion upon it.' 'But the question is, what is your own inclination?' 'It is that which your majesty may have.' 'But surely one of these three persons is most agreeable to you.' 'The one that is most so to your majesty.' The king then proposed that the three portraits might be taken to the Infant's room, to enable him to study them, and make his choice at leisure."

"That was as it should be; a night's reflection would be likely to be succeeded by a wise decision."

"The prince said that it was quite useless to do so; he had already made his choice, to which he was determined to adhere."

"And what was that?"

"To prefer the one which the king should select for him. 'The king ought to be a better judge on such a subject than I am,' he added."

"Perhaps he spoke the truth."

"It was useless to attempt to get any other reply, and matters remained in this unsatisfactory state."

"And in this grave matter who ultimately had influence enough to bring about a decision? the Duke de Lerma?"

"No, but a more powerful arbitrator than the Duke de Lerma, or even the late king himself—death, which successively carried off two of the archduchesses, so that only one remaining, she was necessarily selected."

"That was fortunate for her."

"More so than for the king, who was not to be blamed for having hesitated so long."

"*A-propos*," asked the marchioness, "what do you think of our new queen?"

"She has, I think, a very German appearance, marchioness."

"And I, countess, think a very awkward one."

"That is what I mean."

Scarcely had the queen heard these words than she hastily retreated to her chamber, without any one having been

aware of her ramble. She repeated to herself the words, "Chosen by him! this is the way he has chosen me! Goodness me, what will become of me?"

All poor Margaret's fond pictures of future happiness from her marriage written in Heaven, all her dreams of love and affection, vanished; and this at a time when the king, moved by his first feelings of affection, was about to be presented to his young spouse, and when a gracious word or an encouraging smile might change his fate and make a totally different man of him. The absolute ascendancy which his prime minister exercised over him would easily be transferred to the first woman who might gain his affections. But Margaret received him with much coolness; and when Philip, surprised and disconcerted, made an attempt to stammer out a few gallant and complimentary speeches, a scornful smile was observed on the countenance of the young queen. It was at this moment that the submissive phrase addressed by him to Philip II came to her recollection, and the king, to whom the conversation had become exceedingly embarrassing, having asked in a short time what o'clock it was, with an absence of mind which showed on what subject her thoughts were running, she replied, "Whatever your majesty pleases,"—words which were meant to be used in retaliation, but which the king only took to be a foolish expression. As to her maids of honour, she would have had great difficulty to decide which of them was most disagreeable to her. She was startled the next day at the first words of cringing flattery that were addressed to her, on recognising the voices of the two ladies of the court whom she had herself overheard on the previous night in the grove. The one of mature age was the Marchioness de Gandia, the first lady of the bedchamber; the other still young, and having still traces of her former beauty, was the Countess d'Altimira, once in the confidence, but now the enemy, of the Duke de Lerma, but whom a secret influence, of which more anon, had enabled her to maintain her position at court; but as she had no ostensible duty assigned to her, the queen asked the prime minister in what capacity the countess was in her household. The Duke de Lerma gravely replied, "As governess to your majesty's children."

"Already," drily replied the queen, astonished herself that they should have beforehand provided for a charge which appeared to her to be at least of doubtful necessity.

We will not here enter into a detail of the festivals, balls, tournaments, carousals, illuminations, and improving sights, which took place on the occasion of the marriage.

The remembrance of these occurrences is preserved in the pages of history. It was even stated that the cost of these entertainments had exceeded the million ducats which the Duke de Lerma had promised to appropriate to them; and with the exception of the first productions of Calderon de la Barca, who commenced, on this occasion, his dramatic career, it was impossible to purchase at a dearer rate *ennui*—a commodity which one may procure for oneself for nothing, especially at court. Satiated with the amusements provided, and the flattery offered to her—sick and tired of these festivals, and of the ceremony of holding drawing-rooms, the queen announced her intention to proceed to Madrid unattended, and, by gradual stages, keeping a strict incognito, to make the tour of the fine kingdom of Valencia, which country was unknown to her, previous to her entry into New Castile. The king wished to accompany her, but he had promised to Friar Cordova (his confessor, placed near his prison by the Duke de Lerma) to fulfil a religious journey to St Jago de Compostella; he was too great a devotee to fail in this promise, and the Duke de Lerma too great a politician not to remind him of it. His design was to check the growing confidence which newly married couples, even crowned heads, are wont to bestow on each other—a plan which on the supposition that the queen had already contrived to gain some ascendancy over her husband, appeared best calculated to destroy or weaken it. The king, who had the whole length of Spain to travel over, set out speedily for Galicia, accompanied by his prime minister and the greater part of the court; while the queen, with few attendants, continued her journey by easy stages, partly on account of the heat of the weather, and partly to enable her the more leisurely to admire the fine prospects which everywhere met her eye. The country of Valencia had the appearance of a magnificent garden; the land was prodigiously fertile; this had been attributed to the contests between the Moors and Christians, which had inundated the plains with blood, but doubtless the labour of the Moors had contributed more than their blood to this fertility. Everywhere canals and reservoirs were so constructed as to convey water to the most parched and distant land; on all sides fountains and verdant fields, fruits and flowers were perceptible. The queen and her attendants had for a long time followed the course of the Guadalquivir river, and in her eyes, tired of the pomp of the palace, the charms of nature had always fresh attractions. Suddenly, at the end of her journey, at sunset, a cry of admiration escaped her at the sight of a vale,

or rather it might be called a garden of Eden, where appeared a marvellous floricultural display of the rarest tropical plants, growing side by side with those natives of Europe—here grew, in the open air, the Pistachio nut and the myrtle tree; there arose orange and lemon groves, the branches of the trees weighed down by their golden loads. A foaming cataract sparkling on the grass plot, rushed through the vale, watering with its refreshing streams the sugar cane and the cotton tree. It appeared like a fairy land—an enchanted valley—a paradise. Adjoining was seen a mansion, unlike any the queen had ever before beheld. It was built in the light elegant arabesque style of architecture, the slight columns crowned by ornamental works of such exquisite workmanship, as to have the appearance of lace cut in marble. The mansion was surrounded by delightful garden grounds, where extensive beds of flowers and fountains, the waters of which fell into large white marble basins, were seen to a great distance. And this palace—this royal abode was, however, only a rich farm, for on either side of the principal lodge, under the portico which these light and elegant pillars supported, numerous herds of cattle were observed going to their lairs. The bells of the sheep and cows echoed in the valley, accompanied by the song of the shepherds—a soft and melodious sound which appeared new to the queen, and appeared to her as the national song of welcome. The queen inquired to whom this magnificent country seat belonged.

"To the richest landed proprietor of Valencia," was the answer received—
"Alaric Delascar d'Alberique."

"It is now evening, and instead of pursuing our journey to Teujar, the first halting place appointed, I should much prefer to remain here, and see this valley tomorrow by the rising sun, having now seen its appearance at sunset."

"I must observe to your majesty that it is impossible," said the Marchioness de Gandia, the chief lady of the bedchamber.
"Why?"

"Your majesty is expected this evening at Teujar."

"If I happened to be unwell I could not go."

"But, thank heaven, your majesty is not unwell."

"And suppose heaven were to grant me the happiness I wish to-night, and I really begin to think that my wishes are beginning to be fulfilled, for I am already a little indisposed—my nerves are affected."

"I hope that is not the case."

"Yes it is; and I always feel so when my wishes are opposed."

"The queen is right," said the Countess
No. 1329.

d'Altimura, "it never fails to affect me in the same way; I have experienced it often."

"Send a messenger, on horseback, to Teujar, and inform the authorities that we do not intend to proceed thither till tomorrow."

"But, madame, what more have you to say now? What is your majesty's intention?"

"To ask shelter for the night from the hospitality of Delascar d'Alberique. Do you think it will be refused to the queen?"

"Certainly not; but it is impossible to grant him such an honour."

"And why not, pray?"

"This d'Alberique is a Moor."

"Are not the Moors our subjects as well as the other inhabitants of Spain?"

"Yes, madame."

"Then why cannot I trust myself under his roof, as well as under that of the corregidor of Teujar?"

"I doubt much whether his catholic majesty would approve of your design."

"Must I then send a messenger to Galicia, and must there be a meeting of the privy council to decide where we are to pass the night?"

"No," replied the lady of the bedchamber, "but I am convinced the Duke de Lerma would enter his formal protest against such a proceeding."

The queen gave her a scornful and indignant look, which prevented her from finishing what she had to say. Then, turning to one of the lords in waiting, she said, "Count, be so good as to ask the Moor d'Alberique for his hospitality for the night for the queen of Spain."

The count left on his errand, and the queen, resuming a milder tone, said to the lady of the bedchamber, "I do not require you, marchioness, to brave the anger of the king, or more especially that of the Duke de Lerma, by accompanying us to this seat. You are quite at liberty to remain behind. Ladies," she added, gaily, "to tell you the truth, I am very curious to examine it minutely, and I am much mistaken if the welcome prepared for us will not be equal to that which the corregidor of Teujar would have given us."

Scarcely had she finished speaking when an old venerable looking, grey-headed man approached, and knelt on one knee before her. "I should never have imagined, madame, that so great an honour awaited me and my family; but your majesty has deigned to commence your reign by spreading happiness around you, and in this house, in which you have condescended to enter, your name will every day be repeated with respect and gratitude;" then rising, and with a look which seemed to portray the majesty still remaining of Moorish kings, he added, "Others would

offer to you the keys of their cities or fortresses, we offer to devote our persons and property to your service—an offer not worthy of your acceptance. But there is a saying that an old man's blessing is fortunate; permit me to pray to heaven to bless you; be blessed, oh queen! may your sceptre be easily borne—may all your life be passed in happiness." This was the first time since Margaret had arrived in Spain that she heard addressed to her language which touched her to the core, with which she could sympathise, and which was quite in unison with her secret sentiments. Whilst the queen's attendants stared at each other in doubt whether to blame or to approve of the Moor's hardihood, the queen held out her hand to him saying, "Descendant of the Abencerrages, we trust ourselves to Moorish hospitality. Let us enter."

(To be continued.)

Civilisation.*

This is a work of which it is difficult to overrate the importance, as the questions of which it treats are questions which should occupy the thoughts of every man who wishes well to the state, and who desires the honour and prosperity of his native country. Mr. Mackinnon has therefore done good service in publishing these volumes, which do infinite credit to his critical acumen, to his general political knowledge, and to his classical erudition. Opinions have been freely expressed in these columns already on this work, while extracts have been given in almost every number for some time. We wish, however, to give our sense of the undertaking. Greece and Rome have already been dwelt on. We shall confine ourselves for the present to England. In the introduction, we have a statement which is pregnant with truth, and cannot be more forcibly illustrated than by comparing the result of the mighty free trade agitation and that of the clamorous Chartists:—

"Popular clamour has probably less influence in this country than in any other, owing to the strength of public opinion. If the former occasionally appears, it arises from freedom of speech and action possessed by the people, and the mildness of our authorities; not from any strength in itself. In some nations of the continent popular clamour may be held under restraint; but should the pressure be taken off its effect would be more influential than in this island, because here it is thoroughly subdued by public opinion. Wherever civilisation and a middle class are spread over a community, public opinion will be all-powerful, and popular clamour impotent."

After a brief but succinct sketch of England previous to the Norman conquest, in which Mr. Mackinnon quotes Milton's ad-

mirable "History of Britain," the following pertinent remarks occur:—

"This passage is important as showing, that where no moral virtue, strengthened by sincere religion, exists, a community can hardly fail to be divided against itself, and, therefore, liable to degradation and conquest. Had the people not been thus depraved, they might more effectually have supported Harold, who was the king of their choice. The plecty of his predecessor, Edward the Confessor, had failed as an example to the nation; and though the son of Godwin and his army, who fought bravely against the Normans, were defeated, the efforts of the people, after the battle of Hastings, when opportunities still remained of expelling the invaders, were all impotent. The shew of war (wealth, and public virtue, such as they then existed) had been exhausted."

There is great truth in this. As to be free a people have but to will it, so do they ever prepare themselves for the sword of the destroying, by effeminate and disgraceful vices. It was the wine-cup and the syren voices of Aspasia and Lais that overthrew Greece and Rome: may we take warning of these mighty people. We have been a long time conquering our liberties, and attaining to our present power. Nought but virtue and wisdom can preserve them. The most interesting portion of the present work is that devoted to the condition of the people, thus sketched after the conquest:—

"The English people particularly hated the name of conquest, and resented the change of forms and language in their laws, and the introduction of new customs; but especially the rigour of the forest laws, which they felt to be arbitrary, and not only a restraint of their liberties, but an indignity to themselves. The inferior class groaned under more substantial oppression. The system of vassalage, of fines and escheats to the feudal lord, and all the lumber of Norman feudal law, was a system of slavery (as Blackstone observes) so varied, complicated, and severe, that one cannot withhold pity for the people by whom it was endured."

William has been raised too high by many historians, even Mr. Roscoe, in his admirable biography, leaning that way. Mr. Mackinnon is less lofty in his views of the monarch, and accordingly, we opine more correct. He says in illustration of rule:—

"After the siege of York in 1069, William ravaged the country in so terrible a manner, as not to leave a single house standing for sixty miles between York and Durham. Even the churches were not spared. Nothing could exceed the misery and desolation of the northern counties. The lands lay untilled for nine years, occasioning a dreadful famine, during which the people died in heaps, 'having,' say the chroniclers, 'endeavoured to prolong a wretched life by eating of the most unclean animals, and sometimes even human flesh.'"

Sketching with vigour and animation the cruelties, perfidies, and tyranny of the conqueror, Mr. Mackinnon informs us that his object in giving these historical details is to show, in what an uncivilised state a people must be to become so easy a prey to crafty designs. And truly, the great crying blessing of civilisation is that it gives liberty to the oppressed, and teaches the people of the earth, to look upon power at its true level, the level of its deserts, a test

* "History of Civilisation." By W. A. Mackinnon, F.R.S., M.P. In 2 vols. Longman, London.

by which kings and kaisers, and democracies as much as any, are not always willing to be tried.

With much force Mr. Mackinnon details the events connected with Magna Charta, a boon which he is careful not to cry up in the usual manner. A more partial and useful document never was wrung with so much parade from a king. It did not abolish the slavery of Englishmen, though it secured certain rights to freemen. As Mr. Mackinnon truly observes:—

"As a precedent in favour of liberty, and as an index to future generations, Magna Charta was invaluable; but it was a nullity at the time. The monarch from whom it was extorted and his immediate successors on the throne, and the barons by whom it was obtained and their descendants, did not regard it, or towards the unfortunate population under their control."

A rapid sketch of the wars of the Roses, which Mr. Mackinnon justly characterises, with Milton, as a war fit for Cain to be leader of—an abhorred, an accursed, a fraternal war, without other object save the private ambition of bad men, we are carried to the time of the reformation, concerning which we have many interesting details illustrative of its influence on civilisation. Everywhere Mr. Mackinnon is the eloquent advocate of the middle classes, and he here shows how the small numerical force and influence of that body enabled Henry VIII.—that most detestable of English kings—to grind and oppress the consciences of the English people. He thus speaks of him:—

"He slaughtered indifferently the advocates of both sides of the religious dispute. The learned Bishop Fisher, and the able and conscientious Sir Thomas More, were executed for refusing the oath of supremacy with which the king had invested himself; while, at the same time, he committed many Protestants to the stake. His resentment, moreover, against all who had ever impugned the royal authority, carried him to the enormous folly of causing the bones of Thomas à Becket (whose shrine he had pilaged) to be cited into court, when the saint was condemned as a traitor, his name erased from the calendar, and sentence of burning pronounced on his bones! This surely was the act of a madman, no less than that of a tyrant. But in whatever way Henry gratified his royal will, no opposition was manifested by the people, who witnessed with wonder, but with entire submission, the victims of popery and protestantism dragged in couples to the stake or to the scaffold."

We next come to "the rebellion," that greatest and most glorious period of our history, round which the names of Milton, Cromwell, Hampden, shed a halo of light and lustre, greater even than that diffused by Shakespeare over the years which Elizabeth reigned. Indeed, it is not kings or conquerors that make an age, but the pen of the author and the voice of the agitator for freedom. We are apt to call the Elizabethan age, our Augustan period, but simply because round her cluster the memories of the mighty dead, who still rule us from their shrouds and tombs. The rebellion is a time to which we look with

awful admiration, an admiration at the sublime spectacle of a few earnest, conscientious men, overthrowing, from the purest inspirations of civil and religious liberty, the mighty fabric of an empire. It is because its page is instinct with the breath of freedom, that we never tire at its contemplation. The heroic Hampden, the great and earnest Cromwell, the sublime soul of Milton, beam on us in every chapter of its speckled story; and, hence, not because of the worthless Charles, and his crew, do we love to linger on the recollections of these days. Mr. Mackinnon says:—

"As Clarendon observes, this is a melancholy period in our history. It is one of which the account cannot be perused without sentiments of regret; but it is an event which necessarily arose from the state of society, and the growing influence of the middle class, amongst which the requisites for civilisation were disseminated to a moderate extent, yet sufficiently to have shown the well-meaning, but misguided monarch, that it was his interest and duty to yield to public opinion, and by diminishing the unbounded prerogative of the crown, to grant that security to the people which they had a right to demand, and power to enforce."

Those who contend that kingly prerogative did not justify the rising of the people should study the following fact:—

"One of the influential members of the Commons (Montague) being on his knees before Henry, had the mortification to hear him speak in these words: 'Ho! man! will they not suffer my bill to pass?' After which, laying his hand on Montague's head, who was still on his knees, he added: 'Get my bill passed by to-morrow, or else to-morrow this head of thine shall be off.'"

Again, we often hear of the heinousness of those who slew the anointed king of England. We believe that history is beginning—though only just beginning—to treat this question on its merits, and to look upon the execution of Charles I as of no more moment, in one point of view, than the hanging of his meanest subject. There was far more criminality in the act of slaying Wat Tyler than Charles Stuart. The one was assassinated; the other fairly tried, proved guilty, and executed. Waste some of the lavish sympathy cast on a crowned head, upon the murdered wives of Henry VIII; on Lady Jane Grey; on Lord Russell; on the thousands and tens of thousands hanged at the will of our ancient monarchs; on the fathers and sons slain; on the widows and orphans made; on the devastated fields caused by the restless love of power inherent in this man; and then we grant you some right to regret the sad necessity which existed for taking his life! Weak and vacillating when he should have been firm; obstinate when he should have yielded; loving power and earnest to preserve it at the price of any blood; treacherous and false; his word not to be trusted a day; it is little wonder, the men who had ventured all—homes, wives, children, life itself—should have, in the

stern exercise of their earnest purpose, taken the only effectual means of pacifying the land. Mr. Mackinnon has collected a most curious and interesting series of facts in proof that even to 1688 the kings of England were really absolute; they are worthy rather of careful study, and will make us heartily prize that liberty which now exists among us, though it be but of very recent growth. Our notice of this useful work has already extended to such considerable limits, that we must for the present conclude with one more extract. We shall return to these volumes, as enabling us to give running commentaries on certain points in history, in which we feel warmly:—

"The situation of Charles was one of peculiar difficulty: a middle class, as we have seen, had lately been called into existence, of which neither that monarch, nor the advisers he admitted to his councils, seem to have been aware. They entertained no notion that public opinion could be current in the nation. The novelty of their position added to its difficulty. They were ignorant of the causes of the reformation, and knew not that a sentiment hitherto unknown had entered into the minds of the people, and that civilisation was advancing. The monarch's absolute power could not, therefore, but bring on a collision with the feeling that had spread through the upper and middle class. Men of talent were to be found, capable and willing to give an opinion on any political subject likely to be adopted by the greater part of the well-informed community. The ideas thus disseminated resemble, in some measure, our notions of public opinion. Charles, on the other hand, was inclined to uphold the prerogative. He even deemed it his duty not to give his consent to any concession, and felt unwilling to be deprived of that absolute power which was enjoyed by his ancestors, and which he deemed to be his birthright. In those days, even, it must have been apparent that such an uncontrolled power in the crown could not be compatible with whatever extent of civilisation and public opinion might exist: hence arose those unhappy differences, followed by a civil war, and terminating in the destruction of the unfortunate monarch. When the rebellion broke out, the nation seems to have been divided, although not in equal proportions, between Charles and his Parliament: the cause of the latter was espoused by nearly the entire of the middle class, part of the upper, and a great portion of the lower class, influenced by the two former. On the side of the monarch were the remainder of the upper class, great part of the legal profession, the courtiers and persons attached to the sovereign, and that part of the lower class under their influence. At the first breaking out of the civil war, that is, after Charles raised his standard at Nottingham, some doubt might have been entertained as to the termination of the contest; but as it became protracted, it was evident that the result must be in favour of parliament, as public opinion daily grew stronger, from the discussions on popular rights which such contest would naturally produce, whilst the other side became proportionably weaker from the same cause."

No student of history can be without these volumes, as they not only convey to the reader's mind a knowledge of the progress of civilisation, but furnish him with the names of a vast body of works, by which he may complete his acquaintance with the subject. This renders the work doubly valuable.

The Last of the Chitimachas.

A TALE OF LOUISIANA.

BY THE EDITOR.



HERE is, not many miles from New Orleans, the capital of Louisiana, a narrow bayou or creek, which leads to a diminutive lake, on the shores of which, in 1780, was a small, neat, and picturesque residence. It was

afternoon, and the windows of the edifice reaching to the ground were open. The year was in the zenith of its grandeur, and though the bright green of June had departed from lea and meadow, yet there was a full freshness about nature which had an inexpressible charm. The lake was shallow and limpid, and the brooks that fed it, though their courses lay beneath the heavy verdure of the forest, were often dwindled and shrunk. But one thing in the chief bayou surpassed the scenery of the lakes, for amid the dark shadows of funeral woods, its currents still danced with all the youth of spring, while the shrubs on its bank still wore the delicate tints of early summer. The trees were lofty, rearing their columnar trunks high over the brush, and forming a second canopy of dense foliage that shut out the scorching heat. Such was the lake St. Jean on the occasion to which we allude. It lay in deep silence, not a sign of life was visible on its thickly wooded shores, save where on the silvery top of a dead sycamore a whip-poor-will sent forth its melancholy notes.

The day gradually faded, the shadows cast by the trees grew longer and longer, the sighing breeze laden with the odour of aromatic herbs became more violent, and then day was over, and night was come in an instant. Again the shadows grew longer and longer, for above a waning moon shone bravely out in the blue heavens, and it was the evening watch of a summer night. Then down the bayou came gliding a small canoe, in which one solitary man sat guiding its progress with consummate art, while behind him was another keeping carefully out of sight of its predecessor. The foremost made directly for the house, and halted only when within a dozen yards of its windows, when its occupant, with a gentle sweep of the

paddle, arrested the progress of the canoe, and gazed curiously towards the building. The window being open, and reaching to a level with the ground, the stranger could with ease distinguish what was passing within. Near a table sat a young lady, whose animated gestures and excited tones proved she was discussing some matter of more than common interest, while opposite, calm, cold, and severe, was a man in the garb of a friar. He was, it was clear, giving advice which was neither welcome nor palatable, and the stranger presently caught these words.

"Padre, I say again I am a free woman, and not all the doctors of Spain can persuade me that in marrying a man I esteem and love, I am committing a crime."

"When that man is worse than a heretic, a pagan savage," said the priest, severely, "it ill becomes the widow of a pious and worthy man, like Don Antonio Xeres, to risk her soul by such an union."

"Padre!" replied the lady, mildly, her lovely Creole features becoming instantly serious. "Don Antonio was a good old man, who took me from misery, and gave me wealth and station. Dying he left me all, and his last wish was that my second marriage should conduce to my happiness."

"Yes," continued the padre, "but he did not say marry a wild savage, a hunted and outcast Chitimachas."

"Father," said the stranger, who now entered the room by the window, "why so dark upon the Indian. Reole is a chief, his eyes have seen clear, and he knows the Manitou of the white man. Reole is happy, why rob him of his joy? A deep rose of the pale faces has seen him, and turned not away. Father," continued the Indian, almost beseechingly, "the Indian and the white man were enemies. The Chitimachas were under a cloud. The sun was red, all the roads were full of thorns and briars, the clouds were black, the water troubled and stained by our blood, our women lamented without intermission the loss of their relations, and durst not venture to go and fetch wood for preparing our victuals; at the least shriek of the birds of night our warriors were on foot; they never slept without their arms; our huts were abandoned, and our fields lay fallow; we had all of us empty stomachs, and our faces looked long and meagre; the game and wild fowl flew far from us, the serpents angrily hissed at us, and the birds that perched near our habitations seemed by their doleful notes to sing a song of death. We made peace, and smoked the calumet. To-day the sun is bright, the sky is serene, the clouds have vanished, the roads are covered with flowers, our gardens and fields shall henceforth be cultivated, and we will offer our good fruits to the great spirit;

the water is so clear we can see our faces in it; the serpents fly from us; the birds amuse us by the sweetness and harmony of their notes; our wives and children dance, and forget to eat and drink, the whole nation laughs for joy to see us walk on the same road with the pale faces. Now an Indian will wed a pale face girl, he will leave his camp, and be a hostage for his people."

As the young warrior finished this harangue, which is historical, he stood proudly before the priest awaiting his reply, while the fair widow, Donna Xeres, looked anxiously to see what effect it had upon the priest.

"Peace between us and the Chitimachas is much," he said, "but expect me to have no hand in the union of faith with paganism," and rising, Father Andrew left the apartment, and in a few moments the house, on his way back to New Orleans, whence he once a day was in the habit of visiting his fair spiritual charge.

The lovers remained alone. Reole, though not formally received into the bosom of the church, had, under the gentle influence of Donna Xeres, long since learned to regard his own rites with contempt. But the priest was inexorable, and could never yet be brought to regard the union with other than dislike. His enemies whispered that a secret hope that the lady might be induced to think of the church if disappointed, was the main-spring which induced him to be thus firm.

The interview between Reole and Donna Xeres was prolonged for some time, during which it was decided that as they had both fully made up their minds, their marriage should take place as soon as possible. Happy were the hours which passed, for Reole was a noble souled youth, and Donna Xeres one of those women who united to every charm of her sex, a loftiness of intellect, which had made her the more readily appreciate the character of the Chitimachas. Reole, who had from taste dwelt much with the whites, had also been a prisoner in the hands of Colonel Antonio Xeres. While confined in his house, he was instrumental in saving both his captor and his wife from the violence of his companions, when one night they burst upon the house, and rescued him. Donna Xeres had been torn from the savage hands of an Akansa warrior at imminent peril to Reole, and from that day the youthful chieftain had been a welcome guest. Two years had passed since the old man had been gathered to his fathers, and during the whole of that period the lady had dwelt in her lonely mansion in perfect safety, under the protecting influence of the Chitimachas warrior. After

a while his guardianship caused him to pay many visits to the house, which ended in the birth of a mutual affection between the native of the wilds and the lovely Creole. It was at length agreed that they should wed, and Reole leaving his forests and wild habits was to become an inhabitant of towns and learn the habits of civilisation.

They parted that night with hearts full of hope and joy, for the interference of the priest Donna Xeres despaired not to overcome, while Reole, with some little of his savage nature burning in his eye, besought her to despise and condemn it. Donna Xeres shook her head, her massy curls waving to the evening breeze, while a perplexing smile shone upon her face.

"Nay, Reole, the padre means well, and we must coax him over."

"Reole hears the voice of a song bird, and it is good," he replied, with gravity; "but the face of the padre is as black as night, his voice is rough as that of a crow, and Reole likes it not."

Again bidding one another good night they parted, and the Indian entering his canoe paddled it slowly towards the home of his fathers. He had no sooner entered the bayou, and was just out of sight, than again the boat which had tracked him came forth from the bushes that overhung a bank near the home, and this time taking another rout disappeared.

It was about an hour before midnight when the priest, who had paid several visits on his way to New Orleans, came at length in sight of the town, paddled by his faithful negro. Making for the monastery, the padre's canoe was about to shoot within the narrow gut where the boats belonging to the house lay, when one was violently impelled from within to beside that containing the holy man, and so quick was the hand of the stranger that the padre was struck in the breast, his boat upset, and all ere the bewildered negro could make the slightest effort to defend his master. A groan—a heavy plunge—and the waters of the Mississippi swept onward as if no event of more than ordinary importance had occurred. He who had done this evil deed alone remained, gazing with fixed and troubled eyes on the spot where his victim had disappeared. The moon had long since sunk to rest, darkness lay on the mighty river, and a cold bleak wind swept over the rippling surface of the waves. A cold shudder convulsed the frame of the murderer, and then away swept the canoe towards the bayou of St. Jean.

Early next morning the body of a priest was found a mile below the monastery, lying on the beach, with a negro, himself half drowned, clinging to the skirts of his

robe. At first it was thought the effect of an accident, and that the worthy man had been drowned by the upsetting of his boat. A cursory examination, however, disabused the minds of the people on this point. In the breast of the father was sticking a sharp dagger. As the negro revived the dreadful secret was more clearly explained. All that we have already told the negro related, with the addition that he had time to recognise in the person of their assailant an Indian—one of the Chitimachas. All New Orleans was in commotion—the men rushed to arms, the women secreted themselves in their houses, carefully concealing their children, the governor issued a proclamation, and lookouts were stationed on the side whence the enemy might be expected to come, for another Natchez massacre was expected. That dreadful event was fresh in the people's minds, and the present painful occurrence brought it too vividly to their recollection. The day passed—night came again—and no signs were discovered of the Indians. Meantime the negro recovered, and from some few words dropped by him a clue was gained, which the governor determined to follow.

Reole paid, that evening, his usual visit to Donna Xeres, who received him with all the tenderness and devotion of soul which is so peculiarly characteristic of the Creole women. In fact she seemed, now that their marriage was settled, to have cast aside all doubt, and given herself up to hope and bright aspirations for the future. She sang the songs of France which her parents had taught her, and he chaunted the warlike lays of his forefathers, which, though rich music to Donna Xeres, were, as the negress, who always sat in the chamber awaiting orders, said, "Most as ugly as old Massa's dog Caesar whining over a bone."

Reole was in the middle of one of those interminable chaunts, when the window was darkened, and two figures filling the space were next moment in the room. It was the governor and the captain of the city guard. Donna Xeres rose proudly, while Reole stood apart, gazing curiously.

"I am happy, at any time," said the fair widow, with an effort to repress her indignation at the intrusion, "to receive your excellency. But might I ask why the window was chosen, when the door would have opened at your call?"

"Fair lady," said the governor, with a gallant bow, "I owe you many apologies for my rudeness, but the affair I am on brooks no ceremony. Donna Xeres, murder has been done—foul murder. Padre Andrew was assassinated last night, and the assassin was a Chitimachas."

Donna Xeres, pale and trembling, turned

towards the Indian with a look of horror. Reole stood motionless, while his ear drank every sound; and when the death of the priest was mentioned, his whole form dilated, his eyes flashed fire, and he spoke, "Padre Andrew was a cold-hearted man, Reole loved him not; but if a Chitimachas has slain him, he is dog, and shall die the death of a traitor!"

"You own, Indian, that you liked him not," continued the governor, "and offer us no proof that you are not his assassin."

"Death will come," replied the Indian, coldly, "and always comes out of season. But Reole is a chief, and soils not his hands with an old man's blood."

"I would fain hope so," said the governor, "but you must remain a prisoner until your innocence is proved. You had a grudge against the padre — you half quarrelled with him last night, and a few hours after he is found dead. Again I say you must remain my prisoner."

"My lord governor," exclaimed Donna Xeres, warmly, "my life will answer for his. Reole is innocent."

The governor would have replied, but Reole spoke:

"The voice of a red skin is forked always in the eyes of a pale face. I will go; I am innocent; but a pale face will not take an Indian's word. They may kill me, lady, but not make me guilty. I shall be sorry, because then, instead of a noble grave, and a grand procession, the rolling music, and the thundering cannon, with a flag waving over my head, as a friend of the pale faces would be buried, I shall be wrapped in a robe, an old robe perhaps, and hoisted on a slender scaffold to the whistling winds, to be blown soon to the earth, when the wolves will eat my flesh, and my bones rattle on the plain. But, lady," continued Reole, in his rich musical tones, "not death will make me other than I am — innocent."

With these words the young Indian warrior made a sudden and unexpected plunge towards the window, struck down the two sentries, and with one bound reached the lake. The astonished governor, regaining his presence of mind, turned to one of the boats which had accompanied him, and, attended by his soldiers, started in pursuit. But Reole was too quick for him, and in a moment was at the head of the bayou. The young chief lost no time in landing, when he was astounded to find himself surrounded by the elite of his warriors. To fight was the last wish of the half-civilised Indian, but a volley from the boats left him no alternative. Posting men in the best position they could occupy under the circumstances, he seized the arms offered him, and repelled the ad-

vancing enemy by a discharge of firearms which told with fatal effect. The contest ended for the night with these mutual acts of violence, and the governor retreated to the house of Donna Xeres, who remained a prey to the most intense anxiety. One glance at Reole had convinced her that he was innocent, and yet there was little doubt under the circumstances he would be without trial looked upon as guilty, especially as he now with his tribe was in arms against the whites. That night she slept not, and next day saw the soldiery depart to attack the Chitimachas' village with feelings of the deepest anxiety and grief.

To record the scene of that day's conflict is not my wish. Many as are the tales of extermination and slaughter which my acquaintance with Indian life and history have placed before me, the attack on the Chitimachas is perhaps one of the most awful. The Spanish and French soldiers were victorious, and had no mercy; and, like many another race, the Chitimachas became a people that were. A hundred and fifty souls, men, women, and children, went to the happy hunting grounds of their people, and the governor called it a glorious victory. War is ever horrid in its features; but when it ends in the utter destruction of a people, it is an awful picture, such as I have too often had occasion to reflect on and contemplate. But the prisoners remained — Reole, and a warrior who had shielded him from death at the peril of his own life. Both were wounded, and were carried to the house where so much desolation was now a tenant.

Donna Xeres, pale, broken-hearted, and weeping, received her wounded lover and his dying friend into her home. They were placed in the room which had witnessed so much happiness. The governor, still elated with his victory, was about to return to New Orleans, leaving the prisoners under a strong guard, when the Indian requested to be heard, and in a few moments the whole secret was explained. The dying man was a half-brother of Reole, and a most devoted and attached friend. Every night when the young man paid his visits to the fair widow, he followed and watched him, lest harm should accrue to the chief. He knew that the padre endeavoured to stand between Reole and his happiness, and, acting under a wrong impression, had committed the barbarous murder which had caused so much misery. The governor heard the explanation with ill-disguised uneasiness; and when the Indian explained that it was he who had placed the ambush at the mouth of the bayou, eagerly endeavoured to make his own peace with the young man. But Reole was too deeply engaged in ministering to his dying friend words of pardon

not unmix'd with blame. He felt most keenly the crime which the half-brother had committed, but he felt too that death was fast wiping away the very consciousness of the deed. With Reole chaunted a melancholy song of their nation, the devoted Indian died, and the chief stood before his mistress the Last of the Chitimachas.

The governor had departed, and when again alone, the lovers once more renewed their vows. But Reole's heart was sad, and he could not bear the thought of living amid those who had exterminated his race. Accordingly they were wed, the property of the fair donna was sold, and they sailed at an early period for Mexico, where they became lost amidst the various races which inhabit that distracted country. Thus perished a harmless and quiet people, as many did before, and many will after. The progress of civilisation is mowing them down like grass. This perhaps is inevitable; it is the massacres that touch our hearts, and excite painful emotions. As we have said elsewhere, "the rock will stand firm, its insensate and useless heap will be to all eternity, but the joyous voices of those who may sojourn near will pass away, and their place shall know them no more; for alas! the day is fast coming when the Indians of that vast continent shall be a memory, the shadow of a name. Not one soul of the millions who have lived, and loved, and fought beneath the western sun, will remain a century hence to mourn the fate of his fellows."

THE VISITATION OF WOE.

BY T. C. BROWNE.

I have seen, by the moon's pale light,
Where the ruffian's mare was laid;
I have seen in the dull dark night
A friend by a friend betrayed.

I have seen where the warrior trod,
And blood red track was there;
I have seen where the tyrant's rod
Has scatter'd dismay and fear.

I have seen Ambition thron'd
Aloft on her crimson car,
Beneath it a people groan'd—
For it breath'd forth flames of war.

I have seen the storm of snow
Wrap in its fleecy shroud
The forms that, entombed below,
No more on the earth shall crowd.

I have seen the mountains rock,
And the hills wave to and fro,
Ere the earthquake's giant shock
Laid earth in her ruins low.

I have seen where disease has wrought
Untimely and slow decay,
I have mark'd each changing thought,
As the shrinking flesh gave way.

And I grin'd with ghastly glee;
I revel in man's despair;

My spirit I love to see
Infus'd and spread everywhere.

I have traced the wide world o'er;
I have flown on the wings of speed;
I have seen each distant shore,
And follow where man would lead.

I am Woe, and I tread the earth,
My spirit is gone abroad,
And each from his hour of birth
Feels deeply my iron rod.

I planted myself not here,
'Tis man that first brought me hither;
I mix with the young and fair—
The rose on the cheek I wither.

He holds me by stern decree,
He bids me to dwell with him,
His heart, then, my home shall be—
I rule with despotic whim.

And I work by means of might,
Yet they know not the means, I wot.
They oppose—A flood of night
Obscures e'en their brightest thought.

For I tell their cold dark eyes,
That seeing, they should not see
That the fool in himself grown wise
Should still in his folly be.

But my triumph was not yet come;
My revenge was incomplete;
For I found that a heavy doom
Awaited the bravest yet.

It is not the victor's wrath—
It is not the battle's rage;
Yet the power more fury hath,
And that power I still engage.

I have seen the men of earth
Distracted both far and wide;
I laugh'd; for they want'd forth
The tones of their bubble pride.

They murmur'd of guilt and shame—
They mutter'd of toll and death;
They whisper'd oppression's name,
Yet held in their trembling breath.

They talk'd of a christian soul—
They spoke of religion's power—
They sung o'er their midnight bowl,
And fed on the helpless poor.

In Britain I saw the scene
That fill'd me with chief delight,
The tale that has ever been
Defender of Freedom's right.

I heartily chuckled to see
How they hugg'd and nurs'd a lie,
For they deem'd that self could be
Allied to charity.

I met as I pass'd along,
Reft of a sheltering shed,
A haggard and famish'd throng
Scarce wrapp'd in a pauper's shred.

I noticed that one was there,
Whose grief was too deep to hide,
He mov'd with distracted air,
I beckoned him to my side.

His eyes were fill'd with tears
(I laughed at his grief outright),
For he wopt o'er his aged years,
And sigh'd for eternal night.

He spoke of a hovel home,
And he begg'd a crust of bread,
He mourn'd for ills to come,
And bent down his hoary head.

I told him to seek his friends:
He started—'twas strangely done—

He gather'd his finger's ends,
And counted them one by one.

But I, who no pity knew,
Rejoic'd as his grief he told,
For by sorrow my empire grew,
I live on the young and old.

I saw where the evil lay,
I had mark'd it year by year,
And well did its work repay
The trouble I held so dear.

The aged—he went away,
Yet he seem'd awhile to pause,
And I heard him mutt'ring say,
" 'Twas the work of the famine laws."

But, alas! my triumph's o'er,
My reign shall quickly end,
Philanthropy has its hour,
And I to its rule must bend.

The sun in the east doth rise,
And his beams are far display'd,
Before him each dark cloud flies,
And his travel thro' light is made.

So wide thro' the circled world,
From eastern to western shore,
Shall Freedom, her flag unfurl'd,
To trade its lost rights restore.

Prose from the South.*

Although innumerable works have been written on Italy, still the subject remains almost as fresh as ever; and unsatiated we turn with pleasure to the perusal of any good work upon that topic. Mr. Reade has not solely confined his attention to Italy, but, on the contrary, has devoted above one-half of the first volume to France and Switzerland. Not keeping to the beaten track of modern travellers, he has everywhere sought the beautiful, and even interests his readers by his forcible and elegant language in criticism on works of art. These are, in general, subjects which are considered as tedious, but here we find opinions advanced and supported by the power of a mind capable of understanding their beauties. They also possess another remarkable feature—they are very short, and occupy only their just position in the work. Mr. Reade is likewise very happy in his description of scenery, and brings vividly before the mind's eye those magnificent spots which peculiarly render Switzerland, we might almost call it, an awful paradise. Now, as it were, in some secluded vale, our thoughts mellowing down as we behold its beauties; in another moment, turning some rock, a prospect of awful grandeur stretches before you; how this applies to Switzerland may be gathered from the following very fine passage:—

"The descent became abrupt and rapid; the road made a sudden turn between two enormous gorges of the rocky mountains, which seemed unfolding

gates, when, on passing between them, the old world appeared suddenly shut out from behind me, and a new one expanded beneath my eye in all its glorious infinity of prospect. Could life exist for ever, what date time in existence had been those moments. Stretched out beneath one, further than the eye could sweep along the level, the lake Lemano looked like a blue ribbon eddying along it, when fancifully drifted before the wind. Woods, streams, cities, towers, and hamlets, dotted the rich surface of the boundless expansion, till the eye itself failed to take it in, and after vaguely wandering over it, rested at last for relief on the boundaries of mountains rising upon mountains, from north to south, in every wild-est form which imagination could conceive, reminding one of the Titanic heaps of Pelion on Ossa, and as azure as the heaven of which they seemed the pillar."

However, leaving for the present these descriptions, we would observe that Mr. Reade excels in telling a story, and he has judiciously introduced numerous anecdotes and sketches, which serve to render his work exceedingly attractive. The record of Tankerville is very amusing, and so is the anecdote of Voltaire and Gibbon, which, but for its length, we would have here transcribed for the benefit of our readers. The story of Henry IV and Fleurette and Tschudi's narrative are told in a very lively style. Before quitting the mountains we cannot refrain from introducing this beautiful description of rock scenery:—

"On issuing from the last grotto, the eye, at a glance, took in the wonderment of the scene. Crag-ribbed mountains on either side precipitated themselves abruptly into a ravine just wide enough to admit the road which wound round its base on the one side, and the stream Vedro which foamed against the *débris* of the other. But it was in the sides of the mountains and in the echoes lying at their base, that I felt the truth of the tremendous convulsion which had taken place here. On the one side were caverned hollows; on the other were the projecting crags, which once were a part of them, hanging in air, or lying in the ruin below. Midway on their sides, or on the black ground, fragments were lying, of the size of roofed houses. Some were rent, yet all adhered together; and some had forced the Vedro from its bed. I looked up, but the sky was nearly shut out by the almost meeting heights. I looked forwards; but the scene closed in at every turn; every new opening among the defiles presented views of a still more wild and savage desolation. The roar of the raving torrent, the black ruins overhanging and lying among them, the withered pine, and the solemn silence of the mountain, all breathed an overpowering language subduing to human pride, an utter sense of its vanity and nothingness. Such are the lessons—the earliest, the latest, the truest, the sublimest, which nature everlastingly teaches to her innate man."

Thoroughly to appreciate the beauties of Italy one should visit it after Switzerland, the softer scenery of the former contrasting so well with the rugged and sublime features of the latter. It would be impossible, in our limited space, to notice all the fine passages in this work. We will, however, mention that we were greatly pleased with Mr. Reade's description of Milan cathedral; it is written in a becoming spirit.

Although the first part of the work is very good, it is by no means equal to Mr. Reade's journey through Italy. We feel

* "Prose from the South." By John Edmund Reade, author of "Italy," &c. In 2 vols. Charles Oller, London.

that he is at home here. His mind is stored with the riches of the ancients, and his imagination improved and refined by the study of the best Italian poets. Every place has its own peculiar features. The country-seats of Pliny afforded him great pleasure, and the classical associations of the lake Como are feelingly pourtrayed by Mr. Reade. But we must not be detained too long on the shores of this lake, but advance. The following brief account of Plato philosophy is admirable, displaying his tenets in a concise form; we subjoin it, as it is well worthy of attention. Mr. Reade's concluding remarks on christianity do him great credit, and mark the loftiness of his thoughts:—

"Plato's was the first heathen revelation of God, and of the immortality of man. He believed that the world did not exist from eternity; that it is an animated whole; that fire and earth were first formed, and united together by air and water. He imaged the earth standing up before the Ancient of Days to receive life and motion from his hands. A magnificent conception! He taught that the soul is an emanation from God—not immediate, but allied to earthly material. From its more material nature, it is framed for converse with sensible objects; from its intellectual, for spiritual contemplation; its relation to earth is the cause of its moral ill; as the world holds imperfection and change in its seeds and nature. We are sunk down from the stars to dwell here as in a prison-house: hence our misery and depravity. It is only by rising above the animal passions, soaring from low and sensible objects, to the world of intelligence, that the soul can hope to return to its original and starry habitation. The soul itself is incapable of dissolution; the objects to which it naturally adheres are spiritual and incorruptible. We should undertake everything to gain virtue in the present life, for the reward is beautiful, and the hope is mighty; and it is necessary to allure ourselves with things of this kind, as with enchantments. The highest philosophers have turned to him for their principles; the great poets have borrowed from him, with the exception of Shakespeare. The sublimest aspiration of Milton was to 'unsphere the spirit of Plato.' Lord Byron never wrote so finely as when his Platonic recollections were on him, as in the third canto of 'Childe Harold.' The best poem of Mr. Wordsworth is his ode on our 'Intimations,' which is one transcript of the Platonic doctrines. Plato had so true an idea of perfect righteousness, and was so well acquainted with the corruption of mankind, that he makes it appear in the second book of his 'Commonwealth,' that if a man, perfectly righteous, should come upon earth, he would find so much opposition in the world, that he would be imprisoned, reviled, scourged, or crucified by those who would pass for virtuous men. Let us close with the truth. The Greek and Roman philosophy was a dross compared to that pure creed which teaches man that he is lowly, yet lofty; poor, yet rich; sunken, yet elevated; near the animal, yet much nearer the divinity. It is a philosophy which enables mortality to rise above its nature, to become grave and spiritualised; a philosophy sublimated in thought and bereft of selfishness; a faith overflowing with hope and love. This throws even the sublime visions of Plato in the shade."

There are so many associations suggested by the name of Rome that we pause for a moment to consider why it is that we feel an undefined diffidence in treating of the subject, as was once its empire. In approaching the city we are unconsciously led to compare it now with what it was formerly to clothe it with all

the splendour of a Roman triumph, and contrast with it even the appearance of the town during its grandest jubilees; to place before the eye the long train of hardy warriors returning from some desperate expedition; to behold the thousands assembled to view their *entrée*; to hear the shouts of the excited multitude, and to follow these through all the gorgeous pageants of the day; to sympathise with the sorrows of the prisoners led in triumph through the streets, until we approach the amphitheatre: but here our pleasure ceases, and we turn with disgust from the spectacle. We can better bear the follies of the Roman church than these brutalising scenes; but they accorded well with the character of the people, fierce and cruel, though in some respects civilised. Rome has been the fertile theme of many a late production. Mr. Dickens, in his "Pictures from Italy," has sought every occasion of pourtraying the ridiculous; Mr. Reade, on the contrary, loves the beautiful. With what different feelings did we read the descriptions of Catholic worship! In the "Pictures from Italy" the solemn scenes are treated in too light and sarcastic a manner, for however the worship may be mistaken, yet it is the solemn duty of the Italian people. We are grieved to observe this, for we have ever admired the productions of Mr. Dickens. In the descriptions of these ceremonies he failed. He could not feel at home there, and we experienced a very painful sensation whilst perusing these passages. Not so when, forgetting his affected style, Mr. Dickens pours forth his very soul into the task. He then compels us to forget our former disappointments, and whilst hoping that he will still continue in the same strain, to feel all the pleasure of discovering that what we had previously read was merely the flaw of a beginning. But this does not last long; we are soon awakened to the reality that the beautiful passages are the gems widely scattered, whilst the principal part of the work is tiresome and grotesque. There is little of his natural vigour of composition, but, in its place, a great affectation of simplicity.

We have not this fault to find in the present work. There is no attempt at ridicule; on the contrary, everything is treated in the tone that a traveller ought to assume. The following description of the service in the Sistine Chapel, though rather long, is well worthy of perusal:—

"I went at three o'clock to the Sistine chapel, to stand there until five, when the famous 'Miserere' was to commence. The pressure of the crowd was great, the coarseness, the rudeness of their manner so much greater, that nothing but the long anticipated reward induced me to remain. At length the service commenced. I perceived the fine qualities of the voices, which rose at times amidst the vocal chorus, as tedious as they are monotonous. The lights were extinguished. The twilight mingled with the

red hue cast over the chapel by six large flambeaux, placed above the balustrade of the grill. The darkness gradually commenced. If we could be allowed to remain uninterrupted, which is impossible, from the overwhelming crowds, noise, and heat, that time was imposing from its effects on the imagination. The gigantic figures of the prophets on the ceiling of the chapel began to assume more of mystery, from their obscurity. Michael Angelo's Last Judgment inspired a feeling allied to awe. 'One critic,' says Forsyth, 'charges the mighty artist of this picture with anatomical pedantry, stripping everything to display the muscle. Another condemns the intermixture of epic and satire, of scripture and profane fable; a third, the constant repetition of the same Tuscan figure; a fourth heaps on him all the sins of the sublime, gloom, harshness, negligence, the fierce, the austere, the extravagant, tension, and exaggeration. In short, had we any doubts of that one transcendent merit which could atone for so many faults, the very multitude of his critics would dispel it.' The frescoes of the ceiling were just perceptible. Among them is one representing the Almighty rolling the world from him in space, like a ball, and creating and arousing Adam at one and the same time with his touch. The last light was extinguished, and then ought to have been, and for a moment ensued, that dead silence, which, among crowds, is always impressive; then

— 'a shade like sound grows, stealing
Onwards, impalpable as dreams, or light
When mingling first with darkness, and revealing
Its presence, felt on the dull ear of night.
Now it floats upwards on aerial flight,
An exhalation from the void beneath,
Rising to mingle with the infinite;
A sound that, flower-like, lives on its own breath,
While gently loosening silence from the bonds of
death!

'Then, like an angel mourning o'er the dying,
Who die in sin, the MISERERE rose!
So soft, so low, those contrite notes are sighing;
The passion of the soul when it o'erflows
With the deep sense of all its guilt and woes,
Yet yearning love, despairing to atone,
So thrills descending to its dying close,
That long, wild, wailing, and imploring tone;
The agony of prayer before the heavenly throne.'

Even so opened the much talked of 'Miserere,' which in its commencement was superhuman. I use that term reflectively, because I had not the faintest idea what a combination of harmonious voices—some of them unnaturally formed—could effect. No organ, in its fullest tones, could be equally thrilling and penetrating; and at times, among the mingled world of sound, rose tones of silvery sweetness, of which no musical instrument could convey the remotest idea. Much, or something of additional effect, also was given to the chorists by their being unseen—by darkness resting on the lower end of the chapel—by a dull red light faintly cast by flambeaux on the heads of the multitude in front. From the depths of darkness, those superhuman sounds poured forth with such intensity, that their sounds thrilled through every nerve of the human frame, creating that depression and languor which opens irresistibly the flood-gates of the human heart. The divine voices rose and fell, then died away, sinking in those of the deep based choir that swelled, surging upwards its flood of sound. The bursting chorus rose above them like shouts of triumph! I felt deeply affected. The tones now resembled a lament of the condemned about to be for ever cast forth—hopeless, yet calm. A sense of pain was conveyed, but so exquisitely tempered as to excite the profoundest feelings of our nature, without overstraining them. As those penitential hymns, seemingly of another world, prolonged their wail, one sympathised with the apparently despairing utterers; one sighed along their voices as, swelling upwards, they died away along the vaulted ceiling of the Sistine. We are fearfully and marvellously made. Music draws out the wonders of our nature. As we listen, we lament our erring of the past; at all that we acted, bore, and inflicted; the far horizon of memory is for a moment cleared; we see again the glow of

the youthful orient, when all was hope, and love, and joy; phantoms of those we loved rise before us, and we sigh for that heaven of rest, which the melodies almost make us behold. I felt the beauty of the Bhraminical doctrine, a spirituality which the refined Greeks never attained, in the dedication of musical sounds. What has wrought this sudden moral change in us, which all the eloquence of the world would not have so well effected? A few according voices, magnified by our imagination, and sung by those who would laugh at us for the very enthusiasm they created. But no matter the cause; the strings of the harp the thrill through the nerves, are made of a catgut; it is the accord, the harmony, that refines—that sublimates us. No matter how base the ladder may be by which we ascended; the dull steps may be insensible; but they elevated us above humanity; they made us wiser and better men; they turned our thoughts heaven-ward; they make us feel that our natures are divine."

We were rather surprised to peruse Mr. Reade's account of the rudeness of the Italian people before the commencement of the service. From all that we had ever heard of them we imagined that there was much more veneration for the sacred edifices and service than we discover from the present description. There is always a great power in music to work on our feelings, but more especially in any sanctuary of God filled with human beings—the death-like stillness of the crowd, their presence scarcely to be distinguished through the gloom, the pealing notes of the organ, and the thrilling sensation produced by the harmony of the human voice. But leaving these religious scenes, we would call our readers' attention to the description of Hadrian's Villa, so vast that, as Mr. Reade says, "To visit the villa of Hadrian is like roaming over the ruins of a city—a grand medley in stone and marble of all the wonders of art and nature, which he had seen in his wanderings while going forth, in his younger days, conquering and to conquer."

We should scarcely be doing justice to Mr. Reade's chapters on Pompeii to endeavour to convey an adequate idea of their merits as a whole by giving extracts; each part depends so greatly upon the other that we miss much of the force of the passages by merely reading small portions; we break the connection, and by doing so lose much of the beauty of a composition. Although, as Mr. Reade says, "a thousand writers had visited Pompeii, each shedding his eloquence on the subject, the theme would remain inexhaustible. Vesuvius frowning over it can never become a common sight." Still the subject is not exhausted. As each new traveller approaches the burning mountain he experiences the same sensation, whether he has read much or little concerning it, but we are rather inclined to believe that we would feel so much the more interested as we had been enabled previously to devote our attention to the subject. These scenes have been depicted for hundreds of years, but as new

visitors reach these sites, descriptions and thoughts will be placed before the world, which, although they may not have the charm of strict novelty, still may be advantageously studied. Subjects are not indefinite, but they may be indefinitely treated. It depends greatly on the temper of the visitor whether he be pleased or not, whether the scenes be treated with enthusiasm or indifference. The latter fault we have not found in Mr. Reade; he feels, as Gray finely expresses, "the religion of the place." In approaching the subject of Pompeii, Mr. Reade observes, "Many marvels of human art and labour have an equal effect on us with those of nature; we may instance the Pyramids and the Colosseum. But what are these when weighed against Pompeii, which opens a theme for our profoundest contemplation—a palpable subject wherein our humanities may expand themselves? Here is the city of the dead existing; familiar places, where they proved the domestic affections, the duties of love and home."

Whilst wandering through the streets and unroofed houses of Pompeii, how natural is it that we should feel "an impression of awe, of a reverential feeling." To behold the very dwellings, the very baths, utensils, that were made use of eighteen hundred years ago, has a great effect on the beholders. Our feelings are tinged with melancholy; the roofless houses, the untenanted chambers, combine to render the scene doubly impressive. The houses where every species of revelry and merriment were going on became the tombs of their occupiers. Some, surprised in the feast, were stricken by death, whilst others, who sought to share the same fate, miserably perished. There is one remarkable circumstance mentioned by Mr. Reade to illustrate the effect of discipline on the Roman soldier. When the excavators came to the post of the sentry, they found the sentinel there with his spear beside him, disdaining to fly the inevitable death. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton has finely illustrated this in his "Last Days of Pompeii." The following account of Roman refinement is very good:—

"I pictured the room in which I was sitting in a state of restoration. The doors on either side; the curtains unfurled; the statues on their pedestals between the spaces; the brightly painted and fanciful arabesque walls; the marble or mosaic pavement of the hall; the limpid fountain in the centre, open to the blue sky from the aperture above; or, if the day were clouded or rainy, a rare circumstance, reflecting the hues of the tinted curtain, or 'velarium,' drawn across it, throwing an additional softness over the apartment; while the aromatic shrubs and flowers planted round that water, afforded an additional fragrance, making the air redolent of enjoyment; the sense of coolness heightened the luxury men felt, by the sound of the falling waters, and the dripping of the rains, through the floating coverlet. And here the luxurious patrician reposed alone, or with his friends around him, during the intense heats of the day; varying his enjoyment

by the bath, or sitting and looking through the distant peristyle, the curtains being folded back, at his own quiet and secluded flower garden. If he were a meditative man, and paused to reflect on his own pleasures, magnifying them by contemplation, as all refined men do, he must have doubly enjoyed those happy moments, those sunny hours, enhanced by the overshadowing remembrance of their indurability. To reflect on passing moments of delight—to prolong, while dwelling on them, even while the sands are rushing on, is an Epicurean refinement of the highest order, increasing the sense of enjoyment."

We will close our extracts with the following, perhaps one of the finest passages in the book. It is from the chapter on the Temples of Pæstum; did our space admit, we would willingly extract the whole chapter, being thoroughly convinced that our readers would feel as intense pleasure as we did, whilst enjoying these pages, but as a portion of a fine chapter, we proceed to quote from Mr. Reade the following extract.

"I walked down to the sands, and sitting on a stone far in the water, gave myself up to the scene. The tiny waves broke flashing around me, reflecting a sky of azure. It appears in such moments as if the mind's eye could penetrate the mysteries of the universe, as if the Deity were about to raise the material veils that hang over the beautiful face of nature. An elasticity of life is felt, such as can only be felt in Italy. A vitality is in the atmosphere, pervading and making all things clear, intense, sparkling, even the remotest objects were defined. The hills appeared to close nearer, with a look of waiting expectation attached to them; the murmuring water crisped sharply on the yellow sand—voices of stillness that impressed deeper on the mind the feeling of solitude. The low red-cliff, or sand hill, showed every furrow on its brow distinct, and the triad temples stood out, their edges defined on the air, as if their builders had left them yesterday. Twilight had fallen on the scene; the heat of the day had subsided; the breeze rose up like the breath of God from the water, and infused its freshness on the air. There are certain hours of our existence never to be forgotten, even though the heaviest years rolled over them; among others were those passed on that desolate yet lovely shore. I felt that I had wandered over ground where perhaps sages had thought, where great deeds might have been done, and from which the actors and records had passed away for ever. The locality created imagination, and renewed the scenes that had been enacted here. I pictured helmeted heroes of the heroic ages, standing around the temple of Neptune, their spears reclining against the fluted columns, their shields glittering at their base; their black barks riding in the haven, about to depart for some unsung field of Troy. Some, united by the dearest ties were taking their farewell looks of the beautiful—their wives, or those to whom they were betrothed, who hung around them! the agony of the one, the fortitude of the other, contrasted then as now. There might a Laodamia have poured forth her hopes and her fears to her hero, whose passion for honour stifled even his love! The arm was laid on the cuirass that might never rest there again—the head reclined on the shoulder—the dishevelled hair and the drooping plume were mingled awhile together—long last looks were interchanged from eyes that had entered into each other's being, now to become cherished records of after memories! Passionate and ardent vows of mutual love were pledged, as unrecorded and unrecognised as the winds that played round them. Others, less fortunate, leaned restlessly against the columns, looking out on the hurrying and crowded shore. The sails were flapping against the masts—the anchors were upheaved from the sand—the hymns of the mariners blended with the surge. They grasped their lances with a firmer hand, while hastily pacing to and fro, they cast impatient glances at their leaders, inwardly chiding

the delay that withheld them from the embrace of their Ixion phantom—Glory. The vision faded from my eye; the temples stood in their places grey and imperturbable; silent prophets that made the preacher's doctrine audible: 'The thing that hath, it is that which shall be; that which is done is that which shall be done; there is no new thing under the sun.' I felt that I might be sitting above the ruins of a port whence ships had sailed to shores that now are deserts—to harbours vanished as her own; that I was looking on temples which myriads of human eyes had dwelt on with delight, long since become one with the half-sentient earth, that receded with the elements that surrounded them. 'All go into one place; all are of dust, and turn to dust again. Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upwards?' I felt that such as I had lived and loved, perhaps confessed it, on the same spot ages before a stone of Poestum was reared; that such as I shall confess the same when sides covering that vast plain shall hide the bones of her who left not a vestige of her site. History, looking into the far distance of time, records the obvious, the prominent event, the spirit-moving action: The peaceful but unobtrusive stream of tendency, the august and the beautiful borne upon its surface, are overlooked and unnoticed. The extent of half a colony lay stretched out before me. Here, where the Posidonians—the children of the sea—rose and flourished; there, where along the vale of Sybaris the people and the city arose who made their names and that of Luxury the same. Two leaves from the book of the fate of nations comprehended their history—Invasion and destruction. The details were erased. The hero who had bled, the orator who had harangued, the sage who had thought, the poet who had lowered his mind to Jealousies, which, to overcome, had proved it ethical—each were alike unknown. I felt that human life is conjoined with the life of the material world, in one mighty harmony. In vain do occasional discord 'jar against Nature's chimera.' These are overpowered by the grand accord which swells upwards to the Maker through realms of immeasurable space; from undated times, all frailties, all hopes, all lamentations, all exulting feelings, have been poured forth to the Great Confessor—the Benignant Deity—whose confessional is the infinite air. Vows unrequited, imploring prayers, shouts of triumph from countless myriads, shrieks from slaughtered hecatombs, sighs from broken spirits (heard on high, though inaudible here), each sound, from the perfect diapason to the single note, rises, as they shall do for ever, urged by a necessity inevitable as that which condenses the vapour into a cloud, and diffuses the shower on the ground. And such is the everlasting course traced out for us, the ancient epic poem of human existence—the beginning, the middle, and the end—the grand action, the gentle episode, the moral development. Such is the one progression of empires as of life—the rise, decline and fall—the word of Fate indissolubly blended—the inscrutable text may be expounded only by that *LIFE* which upholds the universe."

We have now concluded our task, and with feelings of the greatest pleasure that we have been enabled to bestow so much praise on a work which displays all the true feelings of a man of refined taste. This is not the work of a youthful author just appearing in the literary world, but the production of a man, whose poetry has already earned for him a high place among contemporary writers. The present work has far surpassed our expectation; we were led to expect something good, from that excellent poem of Mr. Reade's, entitled "Italy," but this work shows, that he is as capable to excel in the more humble garb of prose, as he was to glitter and sparkle in the joyous field of rhyme. It always affords us pleasure to give our me-

of praise, our tribute of respect, to a man who writes a good book, and the more so, when it is imbued with the highest notions of religion. We consider that greatly determines a man's thoughts, even on secular subjects; there is always more contentedness, more love of truth, of the beautiful, indeed, of everything worthy of our admiration. Not so, with the infidel, his thoughts, like the wandering spirit, are ever roaming for a place to rest in, but findeth none. Everything is dreary, every scene is observed with a jaundiced eye. For him the sun shines in vain, he will not, he cannot feel the soothing effect of the lovely climate, he cannot thank his God for having created so beautiful a spot. But to return to the work. We hope and trust with Mr. Reade that Italy will long remain, a favourite country with Englishmen—there he can go to enjoy the scenery, to improve his mind by the study of the finest works of art, the manners of the inhabitants, their customs and their laws, to return to his native land, with his prejudices removed, and with deep rooted convictions, that he is placed here to do all in his power for the amelioration of the condition of his fellow men.

The Blind Musician of the Côte.

AN ANECDOTE PICKED UP BY A TRAVELLER.

We had left Auxerre some time behind us; and propelled more by the impetus of a long descent than by the strength of the horses, that shook their bells as if they were doing a grand thing, our heavy diligence swung along rapidly beneath a thin leafy arcade of trees. It was noon; a bright sky, scarcely stained by a cloud, stretched from rim to rim of the horizon, and a burning sun poured down upon the whole scene. Forests and glades, valleys and rocks, fields and vineyards, moved swiftly athwart each opening between the branches. I leaned back in my seat, and contemplated the whole with intense pleasure, until I sank into a kind of reverie.

I was roused by the sudden jerk with which we halted to change horses. A diligence is always an unsatisfactory mode of travelling; it never lends its pace except to disappoint you by coming to a full stop.

The house was a lonely one, and the relay was lazily performed.

A man crossed a neighbouring field, feeling his way with a staff.

This was the blind musician of the Côte, who for many years had followed travellers up the neighbouring hill, and wiled away the ennui of the journey by the notes of his violin. I looked with interest upon

him, and saw with pleasure that he threw down his stick, drew forth his instrument, and took his stand near the step of the diligence. In a few minutes we were toiling up the difficult ascent, and our ears were, I will not say charmed, but filled with the sounds of the crazy instrument. We had waltzes, and contredanses, and even polkas; the execution might have been called by the uncharitable most detestable, but for the circumstances that surrounded us—the lovely scenery; the cooling breeze that played along the slopes of the Côte; the tremulous motion of the foliage; the aspect of the musician himself, who, as if inspired by his own performances, turned up his sightless orbs towards heaven, and moved along in a kind of ecstasy by the side of the diligence.

As we approached the summit the business part of the transaction commenced.

"Throw nothing on the ground," cried our Orpheus. "I am blind; I can see nothing. Make your little collection, and give it to the conductor."

This was repeated four or five times, and the collection accordingly was made. The result was satisfactory, but the musician suffered only a slight sentiment of pleasure to appear on his countenance; an expression of rage and demoniacal fury succeeded. He put his instrument under his arm, and rushing forward a few paces, shook his bow as if he would have annihilated the objects of his wrath. The exclamation which, in a violent voice, poured forth, explained the enigma.

"*Le coupé n'a rien donné!* The *coupé* has given nothing!"

I must remember here to observe that I was not in the *coupé*.

All romantic feelings instantly vanished. The innocent delight I had before felt was succeeded by a sentiment of disgust I could not control. There is nothing that checks charity so effectually as an attempt to enforce it; it then savours somewhat of brigandage. Still I was almost ashamed of the change in my feelings towards this blighted and solitary being, and was endeavouring to analyse, and if possible repress them, when I was, it must be confessed, relieved by hearing muttered in a low voice, by a man at my side who had not been the least charitable, the expressive word,

"*Scélérat!*"

"You know him, then?" I observed.

"By report," was the reply. "Though pitied for his blindness, he is one of the worst characters in the country. I will tell you what he did a few years ago. There was a village ball, to which all the youths and maidens of the vicinity flocked to dance, to the notes of his mercenary violin. Though incapable of appreciating

her beauty, he had been captivated by the sweet voice of one of the most lovely of the damsels present, and whilst plying his miserable bow, attentively listened to catch every word that fell from her mouth. His acute sense of hearing that night destroyed the hopes he had ventured to form. He heard the object of his love speak in the language of affection to another, a mere lad, who possessed the advantages of a fine person and agreeable manners. Blind Jean soon formed his plan, and as the first step to complete vengeance, sought and gained the friendship of his rival. Having a mind superior in power to most of his fellow-villagers, enriched, too, by thought and meditation, he easily compassed his ends, and rivetted the admiration of the unsuspecting young Pierre. For whole days they walked together in the fields, now conversing, now sporting, now sitting down on a bank—Jean playing in his best style, Pierre listening and admiring. One day the musician proposed a longer walk than usual, to a fountain in a neighbouring forest, where his young friend could enjoy the luxury of a bath. Off they went on a hot July morning, the sun shining brightly, the birds singing, everything combining to soothe the heart of man and repress all evil thoughts. Arrived at their destination, Pierre soon stripped, and leaped into the limpid water; but scarcely had he done so than he felt a strong hand placed on his neck, and heard a loud imprecation from his treacherous companion. A fearful struggle ensued, Jean endeavouring to force the other under the water, and so to smother him, and Pierre for some time resisting with success. The superior power, however, of the villain, at length overcame him, and plunging his exhausted rival into the now disturbed and turbid waters of the fountain, his success was almost complete, when a man suddenly appeared on the opposite bank, and uttered an exclamation of horror. Jean instantly understood that he was discovered, and cunningly lifting the fainting youth out of the water, placed him gently on the bank, and burst out laughing. 'There's a trick I've played you,' cried he. 'Trick!' exclaimed the new comer, 'it was very like a murder. Begone, or I will kick you into the fountain!' Glad to escape so well, Jean sneaked away; but you will not be sorry to hear that the brother of the young man met him on the hill we have just passed, and inflicted on him such a tremendous beating that he left him for dead. Such is the history of the Blind Musician of the Côte."

On Genius.

BY A. F.

There are few branches of inquiry, whether material or intellectual, which can be soundly investigated except according to the course which Michael Angelo employed. He began his sketches by drawing the skeleton, considering the position and bearing of every bone—the skeleton he then covered with the layer of muscles, in which the force of the body resides; lastly, by tint and colour, he delineated the frame in full vitality.

All human talent is the free gift of God, entrusted by his particular providence. No teaching, no schooling, no academy, no patronage, no university can produce the inspiration. No human instruction could have organised the "seeing eye" of Raphael—it was an individual and particular gift; no human instruction could have organised the "hearing ear" of Pergolesi—it was an individual and particular gift. All the individuals who change and rule the fortunes and opinions of the world—the heroes of mankind, according to an expression which we employ and condemn, are particular departures from the general law by which divine providence regulates the human mind; for, unless suspended by His behest, the law of the moral as well as of the physical world is average uniformity. Such intellects as those of Newton or Shakespeare, were as much deviations from the ordinary course of nature, as the birth would now be of an infant, who should grow to the size of a giant, or whose existence should be prolonged to antediluvian longevity.

According to the accustomed order of things, the fields cultivated by human intellect and fertilised by the rills flowing in the channels worn by usage and habit, until a new stream of invention and instruction results from the appointed teachers. Man's hand may be permitted to rive the rock; but the fountain which gushes forth proceeds from the waters above the heavens.

Beranger and his Poems.

BY D. M. M.

France has now, in some measure, burst from the trammels of formality with which Racine and Voltaire enveloped poetry. Dull sentiment, prosy heroism, and passion meted out by line and square, were then the order of the day. It puts us in mind of one of those Dutch gardens where beautiful trees and luxuriant hedges were carefully trimmed into the shape of peacocks and crocodiles. Not but that much talent was exhibited occasionally by this formal race of poets, of which Racine and

Pope were as the heads, followed by a host of meaner imitators. But after a time people began to see that nature was something after all. Lovers no longer were made to declare their love in heroic verse, interspersed with allusions to all the heathen deities; and Greek and Roman heroes and beauties, no longer in the extremity of anger or dying agony, addressed one another as "Monseigneur" and "Madame."

The first of this new race of poets who laid aside the conventional forms of style, was Lamartine. He is truly a noble spirit; but we cannot now speak of him as is his due. After Lamartine comes the idol of the middle and lower orders of his country—Pierre Jean Beranger. He is the Burns of France. Sprung from the people, writing of the people and for the people, enlisting their universal sympathies. There is something very delicious in this popularity during life; fame generally comes when death has made it vain: and it must be an intense pleasure to Beranger to know that his name and his songs are, during his life time, on the lips and in the hearts of his countrymen.

Pierre Jean Beranger was born at Paris in 1780, at the house of his grandfather, a tailor. His father was a lover of adventure—a proud man, who claimed noble ancestry, and put the aristocratic *de* before his name, which his son wisely dropped. Pierre-Jean lived with his grandfather, during the days of his childhood. Even then his tendency towards the revolutionary and atheistical opinions which form the chief evil of his poetry could not be restrained. He would laugh at the holy water, and weep when he heard the Marseillaise, which was then beginning to resound through France, the harbinger of the revolution. At fourteen Beranger was apprenticed to a printer, and there his education first began. But his learning was confined to his own tongue; he never knew any other. At seventeen he went to Paris, and commenced authorship; there he felt bitterly the hardships of literature—often he was almost in want of food. His caustic and satirical pen was never idle, and he led a dissipated life when his funds permitted.

It is needless to trace Beranger through the wild time of his youth; he lived in stormy and evil days, and it is best to believe that what is wrong in his mind and poetry took its tone from this. He mingled in all the fervour of the revolution; his "head, heart, and arm were all for the people," as it was said of him. For some of his writings he was imprisoned, and we cannot say unjustly. And now we will gladly pass over the sins of Beranger, and proceed to that which is pure and beautiful in his mind. The chief charm of his writ-

ings is their force and simplicity; they are essentially *chansons*, carols, ditties. The word "songs" is hardly suitable, and they want the regularity of a poem. As we said before, Beranger is the French twin-brother of Burns, except that our own Robert far surpassed him in high principle and feelings. But there is the same nervous yet simple style, the same musical flow of verse and purity of expression.

Beranger is oftener humorous than pathetic, but sometimes his better self predominates, as in this song:—

THE OLD LADY.

Thou wilt grow old, oh my fair ladye-love,
Thou wilt grow old, and I shall be no more;
It seems to me Time does so swiftly move,
That all my moments lost he counts twice o'er.
May'st thou out-live me, and as years on glide,
Still cherish all that unto me belongs,
And in calm age, at peace, by thy fireside,
Think on thy friend, and murmur o'er his songs.

When 'neath thy wrinkles others vainly seek
For the sweet features which my strains inspired;
When eager listeners wait to hear thee speak—
"Who was this friend, so mourned and so desired?"
Tell them of my deep love—its wholesome tide
Of passion—even of its jealous wrongs:
Thus in calm age, at peace, by thy fireside,
Think of thy friend, and murmur o'er his songs.

Thou, love, who with me wept'st o'er France's story,
Say unto the young heroes yet unborn,
How in old times I sang of hope and glory,
To comfort my dear country, all forlorn:
Remind them how the Eagle, crimson-dyed,
Spill'd Fame's rich harvest, that to us belongs,
Then in calm age, at peace, by thy fireside,
Think of thy friend, and murmur o'er his songs.

Oh, my beloved, when my glory known,
Too late for me, shall charm thy closing years;
Each spring from thy enfeebled hands be thrown,
On my mute picture, sweet flowers, nursed with tears!
To that invisible world thy dim eyes guide,
Where for re-union with thee my soul longs;
And in calm age, in peace, by thy fireside,
Think of thy friend, and murmur o'er his songs.

This song, of which our translation is at all events a literal version, seems to us to be a touching, unhackneyed idea, beautifully expressed. The following song, with a chorus, like those of Burns, is charming from its extreme simplicity.

THE PRISONER OF WAR.

Marie, Marie, leave thy wheel!
See the shepherd's star arise!
Mother, in the stranger's land
My dear village-playmate lies.
Languishes afar from me,
Taken captive on the sea.
Spin, spin, poor Marie!
Spin to aid the prisoner;
Weave, weave, poor Marie!
Weave to free the prisoner.

If thou wilt, the lamp I'll light—
What, my child! thy tears still flow?
Mother, Adrian pines in grief,
And the English mock his woe.
Well we lov'd, though both so young:
He has left our hearth so long.

Spin, spin, poor Marie, &c.

Come more near the fire, dear child,
Chilly nights speak autumn near.
Mother, Adrian now, they say,
Groans in floating prison drear;

And his wither'd hands are spread
Vainly for a crust of bread.

Spin, spin, poor Marie, &c.

Daughter, in a dream last night,
Adrian's wife, I thee did view:
And before long time has passed
My good dreams may all come true.
Ere the spring arose in pride,
Adrian came and claimed his bride.

Spin, spin, poor Marie!
Spin to aid the prisoner;
Weave, weave, poor Marie!
Weave to free the prisoner.

Of Beranger's comic songs it is difficult to find one translatable. In England their low tone of morality would justly be condemned, while their humour, so essentially French in character, would be unappreciated. We believe no English edition of Beranger's entire songs has been given, and we are glad of it. Here is, however, one, which must be admired for its careless and mirthful wit, its *gaieté de cœur*, for we must resort to Beranger's own tongue to find an equivalent expression. Wise as well as merry is the moral it gives to all ugly lovers; but we must not forestall the song.

BEAUTY AND UGLINESS.

Her too great beauty conquers me,
'Tis a deceitful mask;
I wish that she may ugly be—
Frightful, almost I ask!
If now I love her, for her charms,
Heaven, take those gifts—restore them never!
I ask of hell itself in arms—
May she grow plain, and I—may I love her as much as ever!

At these words came Diabolus,
The father of ugliness;
"So then," he said, "you come to us
To make your rivals less;
These metamorphosis I choose;
Here she comes singing, oh, most clever!
Pearls, fall—droop, roses—fade, bright hues!
Now she is plain, and you—you love her as much as ever."

"I ugly?" cried the girl amazed,
And on a mirror there,
Doubting, then horror-struck, she gazed,
Then sunk in mute despair.
I cried, "You vowed for me to live,"
And at her feet with vain endeavour
I threw myself; "that love then give,
And were you uglier still, I would love you as much as ever."

Her eyes ran o'er with tears like rain,
Her grief my heart beguiled;
"Oh, give me back my charms again!"
"Be it so!" and Satan smiled.
As rising morn lights up the air,
Her beauty dawned, no more to sever;
She is, I ween, still, still more fair,
She is more fair, and I—I love her as much as ever.

Quickly unto the glass again
She runs, her charms to see;
Tears on her sweet face still remain,
She dries them, scolding me.
Sathanas fled;—the cruel maid
Cried, as she walked away, "Oh never
Did beauty love the wretch who said—
If she were ugly, he—would love her as much as ever!"

And with this merry *jeu d'esprit*, we will take our leave of the light-hearted Beranger.

The Law Student's Breakfast ;

OR,

THE JOURNAL OF A DAY.*

BY FELIX AUGUSTUS BUGGINS, ESQ., OF
GRAY'S INN.

Monday, November, 1845, Seven o'clock, A.M.—Awoke before the sun—seldom wide awake—just as the clock of St. Giles's church struck the seventh hour. Fog intense, and though, from a philosophical indifference of disposition, I invariably inhabit the first floor down the chimney, not a glimpse of the huge luminary could I get.

The clock, I have said, struck seven as I awoke, sounding in the fog like a muffled drum. I did not rise, but gave a grim smile as I gazed out upon the eight or nine square feet, of which I was, for the ridiculous consideration of three and sixpence hebdomadally paid, the sole lord and master. But I didn't feel at home, since, during the three years I had been domiciled in London, so many similar boxes had owned my sway, that my ideas were somewhat confused; especially as it was a peculiar nervousness which generally occasioned my departure. I know not if my kind readers understand such things or not; but in the lower regions of these temples of Mammon there generally resides a Hecate whose earthly vocation it is to persecute and irritate those whose nervous sensibilities render them peculiarly liable to external influences. Now I—and strange to say, my weakness is not singular—have a particular and unaccountable aversion to small scraps of paper being continually thrust in my face. I do not comprehend this consequence of civilisation. I spoke of the Hecate below; she was above nothing—she lived in an underground kitchen—and one would have thought her aged limbs incapable of exertion. But *crescit amor nummi*; the older she got, the more incessant were her visitations; and every Saturday morning, regular as an eight-day clock, I caught sight of her pinched and wrinkled phiz, below which, emanating from an arm rigid and unbending as a pump handle, was the sempiternal "bit o' writin'." It always exercised a painful influence on my mind, showing itself in various ways. Sometimes, so great was my disgust, I turned away, and visited the realms no more; at others, weary with her importunity, I essayed a bribe of three and sixpence, which desperate remedy generally proved effectual in procuring me a respite during seven days. But in this my tormentor resembled the pirates paid off by

the wisdom of our ancient kings—they liked the money, and came again. Ditto with my evil genius, whose "visits" not "few and far between," made me often exclaim *decies repetita non placebat!* As is the genus, so is the individual. During fourteen revolutions of the ever invisible luminary, had I lain down and risen again within its confines, and began at length to feel at home. This reflection occurred to me as I gazed out from beneath my dingy whity-brown sheets, in which doubtless many an unfortunate wight had lain before. Homer never lived in a garret—at least in St. Giles's; or if he did succeed in seducing one of the Nine to such a place, it must have been by some spell I wot not of. The room was perhaps ten feet square, moderately high—I never wear my hat in doors; opposite the fire-place—which, be it known, owned two excellent hobs—was the bed; in the intervening space a table; in the right hand corner a huge box containing coal and some three or four half-penny bundles of wood; to the left an ancient and venerable chest of drawers, and close to this a cupboard, which being half open, disclosed certain cups and saucers, a teapot, sugar basin, &c. The table was covered by numerous writing materials, pen, ink, and various kinds of paper—tissue, lamp-black, and other "fixings," which I sighed as I gazed upon. But, bah! great men rise from nothing; and though I do not feel myself capable of naming a Lord Chancellor who was originally a penny—or rather three-half-penny a liner—yet who knows *ex nihilo*, from little [Lacune in orig.] * * * * much fit may be expected! A Sunday journal of last year's date served to guarantee the green baize from the galling compound which serves equally well to put on paper an astronomical problem and a gastronomical platitude; while religiously deposited between the folds of an old *Gazette des Tribunaux*, containing the *proces Laffarge*—my whole law library—was a fresh uncut magazine, which my friend Spriggs had borrowed for me, and with which I intended to solace myself during the day.

But footsteps are heard upon the stairs—the door opens—and the deputy Hecate, a beladame some sixty years of age, shuffles in, and proceeding toward the coal-box began to light a fire.

"Any note left for me yesterday, Mrs. Mutton?" I inquired. I had been ruralising in Hampstead all day, in town all night, and had let myself in at four.

"Oh lawk! yes, sir, and the Irish gentleman, the funny Irish gentleman, called several times."

I took the note, opened it, and read as follows:

"Dear Buggins,—I need scarcely remind

* Our friend Felix has already given this vagary publicity, but as we intend following up his adventures, we must give the opening chapter.

you, that at eight precisely to-morrow, I will be with you to breakfast according to invite. "Yours till death.

"SEPTIMUS O'SHINE."
 "Mrs. Mutton," said I, "I had quite forgot, but Mr. O'Shine will breakfast with me this morning, at eight."

"Werry vell, sir! vat shall I get for breakfast? There is nuffin in."

I rose, half sitting, half reclining in my bed, looked actually wildly at the imperious beldame, and taking up the echo of her speech, slowly ejaculated "Nothing?"

"No tea, sir, no sugar, no bread, no bacon, no nuffin."

Here was a pretty perplexing predicament! Half-past seven, an Irishman coming to breakfast at eight, and nothing to eat! My readers will probably remark, and justly, why not run over to the nearest chandler's shop, and get all the necessary articles? Very true. But let me make a clean heart of it. One Saturday when I invited O'Shine, I had fifteen solid shillings in my pocket. Sunday came, and with it certain temptations. I will not be forced into too particular a confession—suffice it to say that when at four in the morning I dived into my pocket in search of sixpence, I pulled out nought save a handful of notes from a respected and reverend uncle, who it seemed clear even to my then obfuscated intellect had various places of abode, since no two bore the same address. Unfortunately, too, I had exhausted myself of late in paying him visits, and could not have the face to encounter him empty handed. What was to be done? Some diversion worthy of Wellington or Buonaparte could alone save me. Rapidity was required. The minutes were tumbling one another headlong into the bottomless abyss of time, and eight o'clock would soon be round; and as sure as eight came, Mr. Septimus O'Shine would pull the top bell thrice and be let in. I sank back with a groan upon my bed.

"Mrs. Mutton," said I, "show my friend up when he comes. Meantime lay the breakfast things. Put the tea-kettle on the fire—it looks comfortable: place the coffee-pot on the hob: cover up the sugar-basin. I'll get Mr. O'Shine to market for me. It will save you the trouble."

Septimus O'Shine was the third son of a worthy Cork distiller, who had been finished by Father Mathew. At least he said so, though people whispered that he was in the *Gazette* in the year '30. Howbeit, he died, leaving nothing save three sons—Mark, John, and Septimus. The first was a briefless barrister, haunting the hall of the Four Courts, Dublin; the second emigrated to America, and was never more heard of; and the third came to London, to

seek his fortune. He is a worthy fellow, is Septimus; kind-hearted, honourable, upright, and like myself a philosopher—that is, so utter an enemy of Mr. Cash and Co., as to be very seldom troubled with their company. Septimus had been in town two years. How he lived, no one knew. Employment he had none. It was generally opined that he resided nowhere; or if a flight of fancy ever carried any one far enough to suspect him of having an address, it was always supposed to be in some situation two stories higher the clouds than ever any one had been known to live in before. Income he had none either, though now and then he had been seen to receive a letter, containing what he said in an off hand manner was a "sov.," but which looked marvellously like a shilling when it was hastily slipped into his waistcoat pocket. But Septimus was economical, and Septimus lived. Besides, he made friends; and before it was found out how poor he was men would lend him five shillings or so; but of late his suit of black began to look wondrous seedy, his well-darned cotton gloves were fingerless, his boots were unguilty of a sole, and his friends looked the other side of the street, or were very busy gazing at nothing, whenever they crossed his path. I like Septimus—I can't help it. His temper is bad, his politics detestable and incomprehensible, his violence when roused to anger, awful; but I like him: to me, whom he loves, he is a lamb, and often have I shared my last shilling with him. I knew that Sunday he had chiefly spent in bed, to avoid the sense of hunger. To ask such a man to breakfast and nothing to give him! It was dreadful. But—so strange, wayward, and contrary is human nature—among all my numerous friends and acquaintances, I preferred that morning having to encounter him and his hungry maw, than one "with good fat capon lined."

Eight o'clock.—A pull at the bell, a knock, a shuffling below, a well-known foot on the stairs—Septimus O'Shine entered the apartment.

"Arrah, now, Falix, ye're the lazy boy! Tare an' ouns, mhan, git up! Ah, bhut it lhooks mighty comfortable. The kittle biling, too.—That's the chat that holds wat'her!"

"Good morning, Septimus."

"Divil a bhit, my boy, but it's a mighty raw marning, any how. Fhog enough to choke a mhan. But git up; it's I've the appetite this same marning, now; an' it's a pow'her of rasbers I'll undermhine, and not to spake of a dozen bhoul's o' tay."

"Septimus, my dear fellow," said I, gravely, "accidents will happen."

O'Shine made no reply, but he looked at the table, at the cupboard, at the half-open

drawers of my commode—not a sign, not a vestige, not a crumb of anything eatable could he descry. Septimus was a little man, round shouldered, about forty—a merry twinkle in his grey eye—and never had I seen his eye twinkle more vividly than while anticipating the joys of breakfast.

"Septimus, my dear fellow," said I, gravely, "accidents will happen."

His look became grave, nay, severe. He was disappointed—he was astonished; but he saw it all at a glance. He was used to such things, poor fellow!

"Arrah, now, ye're hard up, and no shot in the locker. Och, what the devil have you dhone wid yer money, mhan."

"That's a question, O'Shine, easier asked than answered," replied I, ruefully, advancing at the same time towards the fire, after a few hasty efforts of dandyism.

"Bad 'cess to the unlucky marning. But one thing's shure, Falix," said he, "we're both mort'hal hungry, and must riz a brekust, as the Dhublin jaqueens have it. Wudn't the coffee-house rround the corner sthand it now?"

"No go, Septimus—no go. My head's so outrageously swelled in that quarter, I can't get in at the door."

Septimus O'Shine put his finger to his nose, shut one eye, turned his head in his shoulders, and said nothing.

"And then," continued I, fully comprehending the force of his bye-play, "I havn't a mortal thing to put up the spout."

"It's devilish hard uppon us, Falix, my boy; shure you know now we must breakfast this same cowl morning, and a mighty hard-hearted marning it is. By-the-bye, mhan alhiv, there's your 'shuspected murder' in three Sunday paphers."

"Humph! I'm glad to hear it. But no go till Wednesday; don't pay before, you know. Perhaps find out it's all a bottle of smoke before that."

"At a pinch now, my honey," replied he, pursuing his own train of reflections, "dis auld pok'her 'ud fitch three pence at the shign of the two-to-one. Thru, it's pretty ould and short."

"Poker be hanged," interrupted I, laughing, though faintly.

In speculations, propositions, and probabilities, the time slipped by. We passed in review every scheme possible, probable, and impossible, which presented itself to our heated imaginations. We discussed the merits of our friends, or rather the merits of their pockets; and, after many arguments, pro and con, decided that, on a careful inquiry into their capabilities and means of replenishment, it was imprudent, nay, useless, to make an attempt to conciliate the benevolent feelings of any one of them. We ransacked my drawers for

some *cadeau* wherewith to gain the favour *mei avunculi*. O'Shine at length suggested selling my bills on the Sunday papers at a discount of twenty-five per cent, but I refused. I did not choose every one to know I did such things; and, besides, who would become a purchaser? Probably on the Stock Exchange they wouldn't know such paper;—it was, at all events, very unlikely.

"Arrah, mhan, ye'r mighty pertik'her this marning, now. Ochone, my inside's carrying on a quare discourse all this t'hyme."

Nine o'clock.—As the clock ceased striking, we looked at one another with a dismal expression of countenance, which is not to be depicted on paper. We didn't like it—it wasn't at all agreeable. But how was it to be mended? That was the question. There was the rub. O'Shine became silent, thoughtful—an expression of fixed melancholy settled itself upon his face. I looked at him—he at me. I took the poker—which he still held—out of his hand, stirred the fire, threw on coal with a desperate liberality, as much as to say, "You see I am not niggard of what I have got." It had the desired effect. O'Shine looked up and smiled; he even took my hand—I squeezed his, and let it go.

"Falix, my boy, ye're the free horse that whants no spuring. If ye only had the bhread and but'her, now, it 'ud be as readily handed out."

"But, Septimus, we cannot eat coal."

"Thru, for you. By the howly St. Pathrick, but I don't know what to do, or what to be afther. The ould toothless Jezebel down st'airs wouldn't dhub uph?"

"Septimus, a hungry man has no conscience. Expose myself to my landlady? Whew!—here she comes. Take the book—be very busy reading. It won't do to appear without breakfast."

Saying these words, I threw him the magazine, which hitherto had been neglected—seized a pen and ink, and drove away at a sheet of paper. It was then I put down the idea of "A History of the Day." I am following it up.

"A letter, sir, and the boy waits an answer," said the beldame; "shall I take away the breakfast things?"

"No, I thank you, Mrs. Mutton. My friend breakfasted before coming; I have no appetite just now, but we'll set to work by-and-bye."

"With the blessing of the howly St. Pathrick, I hope so," exclaimed O'Shine, as soon as Mrs. Mutton had vanished: "but what an ideya, man, that I'd whipped in a breakfast afore coming out. Shure she must think, for all the whorld, I'm a peep-o'-day boy."

"What's this, now?" continued I, open-

ing the note: "a bill from my tailor, by Jove."

"Sind it back to him, wid yer compliments; you hope he's whell, and ye're not at home. Shure this is no t'hyme now to be afther bothering a man for little accounts. I've no patience wid de fellow."

"Go down to him, Septimus—say anything, so you get rid of him. You don't mind the job."

"Is it me, now?—Shure ye know me. I'll s'head him off, the dhirty spalpeen, in half the twinkling of a bhed-ph'ost."

When Septimus returned, I was sealing a letter very neatly.

"What's that, now, my jewel—anything to ate."

"Septimus, it is no use showing a faint heart; breakfast we must. I am, you know, literary critic to the *Weekly Slasher*, paid by the column, extracts not included. This is my first week: pay-day is Wednesday; they owe me thirty shillings. I write to say I have an account to settle—£20, want five-and-twenty shillings to make up the sum. Would greatly oblige if they would break their rule for once."

O'Shine gazed in admiration on the note; had it been a note of hand, he would not have regarded it with more veneration.

"Falix, my boy, you're a janius.—Ghivie it to me; I'll be there in no time, and bhack in half that same liddle period."

"O'Shine, I know you. You are aware these things can't be asked in *propria persona*. My modesty wouldn't let me do it. That is the grand use of letters. Many an impudent thing one can say on paper, which one would not dare to say oneself. I asked Julia to marry me, through the penny post. By the way, don't you think this love affair of mine very hard?"

"By this and by that, now, Jhulia mhust whait'till I come bhack, to be talked about. Shure you're not coming now. Stay at home, man; keep a good fire, and in a jiffy I'm bhack wid de atables."

I sank back in my chair, quite overcome at the prospect. Meanwhile O'Shine struck his hat on his head, pulled on his gloves, put his umbrella under his arm, and prepared to depart.

"And the tailor's boy—och, I did him beautiful! I tould him ye'd got three dhochters all this blessed thyme; that it was their unanimous affidavy ye couldn't be disturbed! ye had, I said, the inanition low fever, the chief sign of which strangle malady is excessive ghrumblin in the intarnals, an utter prostration of the oesophagus, a vacuum in the phylorus, and an excessive quhantity of chyle in the duodenum. So you see I havn't been a medical student for nothing. But I'm aff."

Mr. O'Shine then whisked down stairs, and had almost turned the corner ere I

could throw up the window. I could scarcely refrain from laughing, as, leaning across the leaden conduit—*vulgo gutter*—I remarked that he took the longest route to avoid passing a cook-shop, where he saw the proprietor standing at the door. O'Shine was considerate; he owed the man a trifle, and wished to spare his feelings; "for shure he was able to owe it." I reshut the window, sat down, and endeavoured to read. It was in vain. I knew very well I had made a rash attempt. Monday was the day for going over the *Weekly Slasher's* accounts, and it was hardly possible my mission could prove successful. They would not have time to attend to it. I took a knife, wiped it clean—that was unnecessary, it was guiltless of bread and butter—and began patiently to cut open the pages of the magazine that lay on the table. The idea of how much it would fetch round the corner, in case of failure on the part of Septimus, was, however, the only idea that dwelt on my mind. Disgusted with my mercenary feelings, I rose and walked the room, never reflecting that thereby I was gaining an appetite. Nothing, too, more annoying, more vexatious, than to perambulate a small apartment—there were so many turns and corners! But, for the life of me, I could not sit still. I was vexed—annoyed that I did not go with Septimus; he was, however, gone, and resignation was a necessary virtue.

Eleven o'clock.—Rat, rat! The postman! a letter from Julia. Reproaches, tears, and threatenings. She had received a letter asserting a most awful account of my life and character. Who could have been blabbing? It concluded,

"I hope you can clear yourself. I take tea Wednesday evening with Mr. O'Leary and his wife: perhaps I may meet you there. My father is out of town for a few days.

Your true but sad

JULIA."

"The devil take that Septimus!" thought I to myself; "eleven past, and not bhack yet. I shall perish an ignoble victim to famine. Julia takes tea with Jocasatus: by Jove I go. I wish it were this morning, though. I am just in the humour. Tea, toast, muffins, and Julia! By the immortal gods, come night, come morning, and come night again. D—— that Septimus; he'll never be bhack. Caggs out of town—now is my time or never, to get married. But will she join me here? O'Shine, I forswear you. It is abominable, atrocious, thus to keep a hungry 'maa upon the rack. Julia—humph! to-morrow evening—thirty-six hours. If I have nothing to eat until then—to-morrow evening tea and

Julia—and after supper and Julia—always Julia. Oh that the too, too solid hours would melt, and bring me to to-morrow even! Ah! Is it a supper that I see before me?—*Shakespeare*. Humph! Septimus, you have the heart of a crocodile, the stomach of a camel. If I only could borrow that of an ostrich, and digest iron, yonder poker would do to begin with."

I here sank into my chair, overcome by the excess of my emotions; an inward groan was re-echoed from my heart. I took in three inches of my blouse-belt. A new source of vexation here arose. Wouldn't my landlady smell a rat? I only wish I could have done so, that's all. I say no more. The idea, however, of having your misfortunes known over the house was maddening. A bright idea struck me! I rang my bell.

"Mrs. Mutton," said I, as soon as the deputy Hecate appeared, "I didn't have supper at the Cider Cellars until four this morning; don't feel peckish, and my friend breakfasted at seven; so you see we haven't much chance of an appetite. We shall lunch, however, about one; secure me the frying-pan, and bring it up as soon as you can."

"Werry well, sir. My missus was a saying as how she thought you hadn't the tin for to get breakfast."

"D—— your mistress," exclaimed I, as the talkative, half-silly beldame left the room; "if I say a word, though, you'll get turned out for repeating her impertinence. I'll leave here next week—that is, if I can pay my rent."

Such was the agreeable result of my great stroke of generalship.

Twelve o'clock.—Five hours since I awoke, two and a half since the departure of my messenger. What could have become of Mr. Septimus O'Shine? Perhaps hunger had overcome his sense of decorum; and now, at the very instant of time when I was ready to faint, he was snugly ensconced in the box of some well-known house, regaling himself with his favourite stop-gap, coffee and rashers. The idea of his imbibing coffee made me boil; at the bare thought of rashers, I fumed. Perhaps—the thought was horrible and ghastly—he had failed, and had, in sheer spite, fallen down dead on the road. Disappointment has produced more powerful results. But Septimus—visions of coroner's inquests froze up my veins. I clapped my hat upon my head, and prepared to sally forth. "Where?" whispered Reason.

I sank once more into my chair. My hunger was now intense; nay, awful. I put my head out of window, and looked cannibalism at every woman that passed. They did look more eatable than the men. But I soon retired—a female, carrying

home a baked shoulder of mutton, offended the delicacy of my olfactory nerves. But I could not remain five minutes in one position. I threw up the window again, and leaned out—two minutes passed, when my eye caught sight of an advancing figure. It was Alphonse Jujube, a French friend of mine; I should say acquaintance—he was one of Jullien's *claqueurs*! I read his errand in his walk, and also in his ancient Mackintosh, which was never put on save when the coat was *en voyage*. He was come to borrow money. My indignation was roused. I rushed to the landing, ringing my bell at the same time.

"Mrs. Mutton," screamed I at the top of my voice.

"Sir."

"I am at home to no one to-day but Mr. O'Shine."

Rat, tat, tat! ding, ding, ding! I listened.

"Monsieur Boogins at hom?"

"No, sir."

"Nevère mind, I call in von hour."

I re-entered my apartment, threw myself into a chair once more, and remained in silent contemplation until Mrs. Mutton interrupted me, bringing in the frying-pan. She laid it near the coal-box, and retired.

One o'clock.—No Septimus!—*A quarter past*. He rings, enters; I was listening on the landing. His step was slow; I closed the door, and sank breathless into my old arm chair. I read my fate in his walk. He opened the door, and walked into the room:—

"Och, man, the *Weekly Slasher's* a brute; shure you must a knowed him. I'll lay a penny now he's some cast-off Dhublin report'her—a-half-a-farthing-a-line-man. Khept me there 'till just now, and then ghive me this stinking piece of pap'her," throwing me a note.

"Humph!" exclaimed I, opening the highly-scented satin envelope. "A cheque, by Jove."

O'Shine cut a caper.

"A what?"

"A cheque, my lad; a cheque for 3*l*. 10*s*. 1!"

"Shure I know'd it, I said he was a rale gentleman. I could a towld it. Who is it on?"

"A bank in Lombard Street," answered I, despairingly; "and I can never wait till you come back from there; I am half dead. Take a cab."

"Devil a hapath, now—whasting the mhoney that-a-way," exclaimed O'Shine, his eyes once more glistening. The man's powers of endurance were awful.

"I'll go with you, then."

"No, no, man! we'd be dhouble the thyme, now. By the whay, there's some fine 'L.L.' to be got over there. An imperial quart now 'ud do us good this same blessed day."

"My dear fellow, bring anything you like, only be quick. I'll have a famous fire and every thing else ready. Bring tea and coffee both."

"Shure I know what whe'll be aft'her wanting; aint I a fine messman? Good bhye, my darlin'; I'll be there and back directly."

He was off again, and I was once more left alone. I then read the note which accompanied the check.

"The editor of the *Weekly Slasher* presents his compliments to Mr. Buggins, and begs to enclose him 3*l.* 10*s.* on account."

I felt happy. It was kind, very kind; and a kind action always pleases me.

Four o'clock.—Septimus not returned yet. I had closed the curtains, lit two moulds, the fire blazed cheerfully, the replenished kettle boiled a *merveille*. The evening looked delicious; my room was everything that could be wished, but—the substance was wanting. Could the answer to the check be "no effects." The very notion was enough to drive a fellow mad!

Ding, ding!

It was Septimus. This time he rushed up stairs, opened the door, and caught hold of me.

"Io pæan! shure, my jhewel, look here, there's three pound of fine rashers for ye now. There's the shugar, the tay, the coffee, and there, my boy, 's the whiskey—that's the stuff to raise the cockles of yer heart. But ating before every thing. Make the tay, my boy, sit the rashers a-going. I'm off for the two quarten loaves and the but'her; I'll send the shape for de milk. Cushla machree! who'd tell me the *Weekly Slasher* isn't the best pap'her in all emistence? I'd like to see his two dirty eyes that 'ud say it, now."

I did not answer; my heart was full, too full. But I could act—and act I did, and to some purpose; for when he rushed up the stairs, holding in each of his outstretched hands a quarten loaf, the rashers were phizzing away, the tea made, the coffee simmering, and in five minutes we were armed with knife and fork and ready for the confict.

Rat, tat!

"Monsieur Boogins at home?"

I rushed to the top of the stairs.

"Walk up, Monsieur Jujube," cried I, "walk up; glad to see you."

"By the phowers, man, is it comp'hany your aft'her now? Shure there's enough anyhow."

"Ah! my dear Jujube, how are you? devilish glad to see you. Take a chair—down with your *chapeau*. That's right, O'Shine; here's another plate for yourself. M. Jujube will take a snack with us."

"Shure, my darlin'," exclaimed O'Shine,

inserting at the same time a quarter of a pound of rashers into his mouth, "sure I'm p'hroud of the honour of the acquaintance."

"Ah, my goat friend, you very much goat. I have five *minute* finished my *diner*; but, *pour vous faire plaisir*, I will just taste a bit."

"Goat! by Molly's kettle," whispered Septimus, "he's complimentary."

"No ceremony, I pray you, gentlemen; fire away;"

'Lay on, Macduff,

And damned be he who first cries *ho-d, enough*."

The chatter of knives, plates, forks, and spoons, was the sole answer to my wit—music to me most welcome.

Half-past five.—The bacon was at this hour *non est*, as were nearly all the eatables.

"O'Shine, could you manage another rasher?"

"Well, if ye vxeh me now, I will."

"Ditto," replied I, "*deries repetita placebat*."

"Von lettle bit more hog vould not be bad," replied the Frenchman who had just dined.

O'Shine vanished, and in ten minutes the frying-pan was again in requisition.

Seven o'clock.—It was this hour before our breakfast-things were cleared away; that is, ere the eatables had wholly disappeared. The rage of hunger was now appeased; but O'Shine, though full to bursting, still coquetted with the little that our appetites had left.

"I feel morth'al good," said he; "suppose, my honey, we thry the spirits."

The Frenchman vowed against whiskey; he could not manage any thing stronger than Bourdeaux or Champagne; but O'Shine swore he would initiate him. Now began the jovialities. Pipes, coffee, punch, cigars, songs, and long-winded Irish genealogical histories and reminiscences ensued. I had, it is true, heard them all before, but I was in no humour to quarrel about trifles. Jujube took us behind the scenes of Drury and the Garden, O'Shine to the lakes of Killarney, to Cork, Killenny, and the Corn Exchange. I talked law, short-hand, and manifold copies of murders. In a word, all was fun, sociality, and mirth. We were not philosophical, but we were philowhiskical; we were not critical, but we were lyrical; and who will say I was not witty, humorous, gay?—in fact, I paid the piper!

P.S. *Tuesday morning, two o'clock, A.M.*—I was dozing in the chair, dreaming of Julia, when O'Shine shook me, saying—

"Whake up, mhan alive! Shure this is no night for slape."

I prepared to relapse into unconsciousness, when O'Shine lifted up the *second*

"imparial quart" (it had been secreted on the landing until the eleventh hour), and gave it a melancholy shake.—The shake brought forth no echo.

"Falix! Falix!" said he, in a mostlachrymose tone of voice, "*whiskey shuit!*—whiskey was!"

I wished it had never been—and fell asleep.

Algeria in 1845.*

The French are decidedly a little people—little in their ideas, little in their mode of conquering, and still littler in their system of government. We might carry the accusation still further, and with few exceptions, ancient and modern, characterise their literature by the same epithet; but we have now to deal with them as colonists. In all those dependencies which have been unfortunate enough to submit to Gallic rule, their total inaptitude for swaying the destinies of any people, themselves included, has been markedly visible. They colonised Canada for us to reap the benefit; Louisiana for the Spaniards, and then for the Americans; while in India they but prepared the way for us. They are fully capable of overthrowing an empire or a state by force of arms, but they do not possess in turn the qualities necessary for reconstructing such body politic, and so ruling the people as to make them, as we have done in India, bless the yoke of the victors. We civilise, educate, protect, deal out justice to the nations we overcome, using the sword only as a last resource; while the French have no other instrument of government. The present work, by a conscientious and able French officer, demonstrates in the most forcible manner that the genius of his countrymen does not lie towards colonisation, while it presents anything but a picture favourable to the morality, good conduct, and discipline of the army. Why the French first took it into their heads to conquer Algiers, has always been a mysterious thing to us; the following anecdote is interesting on this point:

"During the reign of Napoleon, the Bey of Tunis had in his harem a favourite female slave, to whom he wished to make a present of a magnificent *sarmah*. This *sarmah* is a sort of head-dress, not dissimilar in form to that formerly worn in France, and still kept up by the caucholes of Normandy, with this difference, that it is composed of richly wrought gold or silver. To get this ornament made, the Bey applied to a Jew, who, however, not feeling himself competent to produce the *chef-d'œuvre*, applied to one of his own tribe in Paris. The latter recommended that the commission should be given to a goldsmith at Versailles, who undertook to make it for twelve thousand francs. The *sarmah* was completed; it was

of the purest gold, artistically wrought in open work, and set with precious stones. It was sent to Algiers, whence it was dispatched to Tunis, where the price charged for it was thirty thousand francs. The Bey, who was delighted with it, made no demur about the price; but being at that time straightened in his finances, he entered into an arrangement with the Jew at Algiers, giving him in part payment a certain quantity of corn, with the permission to export a portion of it from Tunis duty free. It happened at that time that there was a want of corn in France for the supply of the troops stationed in the provinces. The Jew sold his stock to the army contractors, and he profited so well by the transaction, that he became a creditor of the French government to the amount of above a million. After the fall of Napoleon, the government of the restoration disavowed the Jew's claim; but, like all the Israelites, he was active and persevering, and by dint of repeated applications, he succeeded in interesting the Dey of Algiers in his behalf. Through the medium of the Dey, energetic remonstrances were addressed to M. Deval, the French consul at Algiers, who promised to submit the matter to the consideration of his government. In 1829, on the occasion of the festival of the Ramadan, all the foreign consuls resident in Algiers were admitted to present their respects to the Dey. His highness asked M. Deval for the answer relative to the case of the Jew, and made some complaints of the tardiness observed by the ministers of Charles X in the management of public business. The consul communicated the decision of the French ministry, who rejected the Jew's demand with some expression of disapproval touching the impropriety of similar claims. The Dey became angry, and vented his irritation by giving M. Deval a rap with a fan which he held in his hand for the purpose of driving away the flies."—pp. 18—20.

There can be but little doubt that by a wise, statesmanlike, and conciliatory policy, Algiers might become a valuable colonial possession. It has every natural advantage. With a chief town situated on a bay larger and more beautiful than the bay of Naples, with great fertility, and within forty-eight hours of France, it might be the watering-place where the *élégans* of Paris could seek renovation from the dissipation of the capital, and where their venatorial propensities might find full vent, it being most prolific in game. As it is, the city of Algiers presents a curious scene enough:

"All persons going from one extremity of the city to the other, on any kind of business or occupation, are under the necessity of passing along the Place; consequently the incessant din and bustle may easily be imagined. Whilst I was taking a survey of the busy scene, a regiment of infantry, returning from exercise, was marching beneath our balcony; through the arcades, beneath the tower, four hundred mules, with soldiers and waggon, were proceeding to a provision magazine to procure boxes of biscuits for an expedition then in preparation; and along the opposite side of the Place a funeral procession was passing, attended by a numerous retinue of relations and friends and followed by a vast crowd of idlers. Amidst all these objects, were thickly interspersed Arabs, Moors, Jews, Frenchmen, Spaniards, Maltese, Germans, and Italians; some on foot, some on horseback; others carrying heavy loads of wares for sale, and each vendor uttering deafening cries, in his own particular language. In short, the heat, the dust, and the noise, seemed altogether enough to drive a stranger mad. I doubted whether I could venture into the streets, and mingle in the fearful turmoil. I could eat no breakfast, for I found it impossible to keep away from the window, and to avert my gaze from the strange masses of men and animals, passing and repassing; I stood looking over the balcony, till I became almost dizzy with the noise and confusion."

* "A Visit to the French Possessions in Africa," By Count St. Marie. London, Bentley. 1 vol. pp. 384.

The following is an instance of the unwise management of affairs:

"Pursuing our course, we came in sight of four tolerably large buildings, destined for hospitals. They are so situated that they are exposed to every wind that blows; so that the simoon and the north wind, bid fair to create no less mortality than wounds and hard service. Workmen are actively engaged in the completion of these buildings, and after they have been finished, and occupied for two or three years, the injudicious choice of their situation will be manifest in the mortality of the troops. Comparative statistical calculations will unfold the cause, when the unfortunate men, who may form the bases of those calculations, will be all consigned to the grave.—p. 23.

One of the amusements of the officers is thus naively related, though we take leave to question the implicit truth of the anecdote:

"M. de St. Vincent, the president of one of the learned societies of France, visited Africa, with a view to the prosecution of researches in natural history. He was very active in inquiring after curious specimens, and paid largely for all that were brought to him. One day, a subaltern officer presented to him two rare phenomena, in the shape of a couple of rats, each of which had a long excrescence issuing from the top of the nose, and resembling the trunk of the elephant. Our naturalist eagerly made himself master of the valuable prizes, assigning to them their appropriate scientific classification, under the name of the *rat trompe*, and transmitting intelligence of the important discovery to the Jardin des Plantes in Paris. But lo! after the lapse of a few days, the excrescence became dry and dropped off; and on examination, it was discovered that the interesting phenomenon was a mere imposition! Incisions had been made above the noses of the animals, and the tails of two other rats inserted into them. The mystification was complete."—pp. 24, 25.

M. de St. Marie gives the following very simple account of his visit to a lady, though he forgets to add whether he ever followed up the acquaintance:

"On gaining admittance we entered an inner court, prettily ornamented and well lighted. From thence we were ushered into an apartment roofed with orgive arches, and tapestried with draperies of coloured silk. This room was lighted by a lamp placed on a table, and encircled by bouquets of flowers. A Moorish lady was reclining on a divan, on the ground, before which was spread an enormous tiger-skin. On our entrance the lady arose from her recumbent posture, and offering her hand to M. R., she greeted him with a *bon jour* in French. She then saluted me by a slight inclination of the head. She was exceedingly beautiful, and was exquisitely attired. Her features were delicate and regular, and her countenance was of a perfect oval form. Her complexion was fair and brilliant; and her hair as black as jet. Finely arched dark eyebrows surmounted a pair of sweetly expressive and most animated eyes. A light and graceful head-dress, composed of crimson silk figured with gold, did not entirely conceal her braided hair, which was bound by bands of pearl. From her ears were suspended magnificent diamond drops; and her necklace was composed of coral and diamonds. In the centre of her bosom a beautiful gold brooch confined the folds of a sort of *chemisette* of clear muslin, spangled with gold. A loose pelisse, without sleeves, composed of rich blue brocade, figured in gold, only partially concealed her slender waist, which was encircled by a broad girdle of silk, ornamented with gold. Loose trousers of muslin, confined round the ankles, completed this graceful oriental costume, which had a light and elegant effect, notwithstanding the abundance of ornament. The small, slender hands of this fair Moor presented the distinctive mark of the primitive races in the red colouring of the finger nails. On one of her

cheeks I observed a blue star tattooed. This was the stamp of her genealogy, and indicated the tribe to which she belonged. Pipes, and the eternal beverage coffee, were brought in and presented to us, by a young negress, who wore on her head a white muslin turban, decorated with one of those roses with gilded leaves and stalks, which had attracted my attention in the morning. The dress of this negress consisted of a loose wrapper of white silk, striped with blue. The conversation between M. R. and the lady being maintained in the Arabic language, I could neither understand it nor take part in it. My friend therefore cut short his visit, and we took our leave. When we got out he begged pardon for the introduction he had given me, observing that it was only by visiting a female of that class that a stranger could get sight of a Moorish woman; none but those of the very lowest order are allowed to go out, or even to be seen by visitors in their dwelling."—pp. 39—41.

The details which we have on the bazaars and shops are exceedingly interesting, showing how very oriental Algiers still is, despite the Gallic influence which pervades every grade of society. We still see otto of roses, fragrant pastiles, silken fillets and bracelets, loose red trousers, and little pots of colour, blue for the eyebrows, red for the cheeks, and yellow for the nails. After visiting several shops, our traveller says:

"Next to the stall just described, was one kept by a barber, in which several customers were waiting their turns, and employing themselves in the meanwhile in smoking and drinking coffee. The whole establishment was remarkable for its cleanliness. When we entered the shop, the barber was engaged in shaving the head of a criminal under sentence of death. During the operation the culprit frequently looked into a little mirror set in a mother-of-pearl frame, which he held in his hand, apparently for the purpose of ascertaining the accurate measurement of the tuft of hair which, in such cases, is left on the crown of the head, and is called the *Mahomed*. By this tuft of hair, the criminal believes he is to be drawn up to heaven by the angel of death."—p. 45.

Some of the more picturesque features of the town are thus described:

"The market of the Place de la Chartre was just about to open. In the middle of the square there was a fountain, surrounded by orange trees. The scene was most busy and animated. The country people, seated on the ground, in several rows, were exhibiting for sale the produce of their cultivation. Fruits which can with difficulty be obtained in Europe at this season, were here displayed in the most profuse abundance. A negress was selling her little Arab cakes; beside her was a pretty Marseillaise flower girl, tying up nosegays; a Maltese was crying vegetables, in a most vociferous tone of voice; and an Arab, squatting on the ground, was patiently awaiting a purchaser for some live hens, which he exhibited before him with their legs tied together. Mingled with these groups, were soldiers purchasing provisions for the mess, and officers lounging about and staring at the ladies who were buying bouquets to replenish their flower-stands."—pp. 47, 48.

The jackal and the hyena, the panther, the lion and the tiger, form the higher order of game, but

"Lion hunting is very rare; those animals are not very common, and there is, moreover, much danger attending their pursuit. When a lion shows himself near the dwellings of any of the native tribes, the Arabs are filled with alarm. They send to inform the French authorities, who take measures to kill the fearful intruder; or they order out some companies of troops, and the animal is hunted in a regular battue. The amateur hunters go within the confines of the

battue; but if the animal should stand fiercely on the defensive, woe to the amateurs! Indeed a lion hunt never takes place without the sacrifice of three or four lives, to say nothing of wounds and other serious injuries. The lion, when excited to his utmost fury, darts on the hunters with a degree of rapidity and ferocity which nothing can avert. At a hunt which recently took place in the environs of Oran, twenty hunters, who were in the centre of the battue, suddenly stopped short. They had reached a clump of trees, on the stems of which the lion had inserted his claws, as cats sometimes do on articles of furniture. The traces thus left by the ferocious animal so completely checked the ardour of the hunters, that they allowed the lion to walk away very leisurely at the distance of about a thousand paces from them, without making any attempt to cut off his retreat."—pp. 59, 60.

The following is a specimen of French taste:—

"The whole concluded with the *exercice des têtes*. Little mounds of earth ranged at equal intervals were surmounted by heads, made on a framework of osier, covered with cloth, and painted so as to present a perfect imitation of Arabs' heads. Darting round the area at full gallop, and sword in hand, the horseman, bending forward on the neck of his horse, passed his sword rapidly under the head, as if cutting it off, and raised it from the earth on the point of his sword. Then elevating his weapon with the head on the top of it, and riding up to the Duke de Montpensier, he saluted the prince by laying the trophy at his feet. All these exercises were performed with wonderful skill and precision, and notwithstanding the rapidity of the movements, no accident occurred. After hearing the description of the *exercice des têtes*, I could not refrain from expressing my astonishment that, in the presence of ladies and of a prince, anything calculated to excite disgusting associations should have been introduced. M. B.—assured me, that far from being offensive, such diversions were in great favour in Algeria."—pp. 74, 75.

We could easily enlarge the number of our extracts from this very delightful book, containing as it does an account of a visit to Bouffarik, to Erlon, of the Zouaves, the Spahis of the French army, of the camp of Haden, with curious details connected with the Kabyles, Arabs, Jews, Turks, &c.; their habitations, costumes, manners, marriages, &c., but we are compelled to be brief. We can, however, strongly recommend it to our readers as one of the most amusing, and, at the same time, useful books which have been published in connection with Algeria. It contains, moreover, a very admirable portrait of Abd-el-Kader.

Reviews.

The Works of G. P. R. James. Vol. V. Philip Augustus. Smith and Elder.

We purpose to take the whole of this admirable series one by one, and to bring before our readers this excellent reproduction of the romances of one of the most delightful of modern novelists. James is always amusing. He weaves ever an exciting and deeply interesting story, while his feelings and sympathies are such as to call forth the warmest approbation of every lover of his kind. Besides, of manners,

customs, and curious historical details, his works always afford a delightful abundance. The present novel, "Philip Augustus," is possessed of every quality which the most ardent lover of romance can desire, while the period in which it is laid is of itself a recommendation. Indeed, few periods in the history of the world present more dazzling scenes in the court and in the field than that in which flourished Philip Augustus, king of France; "and it was very natural, therefore," says James, "that a young author who had read a good deal of French history should select from it a subject of romance. It may seem strange, however, that in choosing a theme from that period, I neither took the earlier portion of Philip's life, nor that which comprised the most brilliant accessories; but chose a time when the monarch had reached a middle age, and when the most painful reverses of his career befell him." Now to us this is the very reason he should have selected this very time in which to lay the scene of a romance. The present novel opens—but let us have a word with Mr. James in right good humour, but still in the shape of grumbling. Which novel of Mr. James's does not open with one or more horsemen riding along a narrow road? Now it is not everybody has read our author's works so carefully or so often as we have; but this is a remark which we have often made. Thus opens "Darnley," "The Gipsy;" thus, we believe, "The Huguenots," and "One in a Thousand;" thus "Rose d'Albret," and "Corse de Leon," and (we are wrong, if not) almost every novel Mr. James has written. This is a singular phenomenon. And now, having proved our critical acumen and eased our conscience, we proceed to remark that the novel before us opens sweetly:—

"Seven hundred years ago the same bright summer sun was shining in his glory that now rolls past before our eyes in all the beneficent majesty of light. It was the month of May, and everything in nature seemed to breathe of the fresh buoyancy of youth. There was a light breeze in the sky, which carried many a swift shadow, over mountain, plain, and wood. There was a springy vigour in the atmosphere, as if the wind itself were young. The earth was full of flowers, and the woods full of voice; and song and perfume shared the earth between them."

The characters of Guy de Coucy and the Count d'Auvergne are then at once placed before us, whom, as playing the principal parts in the drama, we are necessarily anxious to examine. Indeed, Mr. James excels more in *painting character* than in bringing it out by light touches. In the present romance the action of the story is admirable; we are carried along everywhere with an intensity of interest sometimes painful. The fortunes of Guy de Coucy and the fair Isadore, their loves and adventures, are deeply interesting; while those of the King and Agnes de Me-

ranie are even more so. We quote the opening scene of Chapter IV, which introduces these two characters:—

"We must now change the scene. From the small narrow windows of the ancient chateau of Compiègne might be seen, on the one side, the forest, with its ocean of green and waving boughs; and, on the other, a lively little town on the banks of the Oise, the windings of which river could be traced from the higher towers far beyond its junction with the Aisne into the distant country. Yet notwithstanding that it was a town, Compiègne scarcely detracted from the rural aspect of the picture. It had, even in those days, its gardens and its fruit trees, which gave an air of verdure, and blended it, as it were insensibly, with the forest, which waved against its very walls. The green thatches, too, of its houses, in which slate or tile was unknown, covered with moss, and lichens, and flowering houseleeks, offered not the cold stiff uniformity of modern roofs, and the eye that looked down upon these constructions of art, in its earliest and rudest form, found all the picturesque irregularity of nature. Gazing from one of the narrow windows of a large square chamber, in the keep of the chateau, were two beings, who seemed to be enjoying to the full those bright hours of early affection which are well called 'the summer days of existence,' yielding flowers, and warmth, and sunshine, and splendour—hours that are so seldom known—hours that so often pass away like dreams—hours which are such strangers in courts, that, when they do intrude with their warm rays into the precincts of a palace, history marks their coming as a phenomenon too often followed by a storm. Alone in the solitude of that large chamber those two beings were as if in a world by themselves. The fair and beautiful girl, seemingly scarce nineteen years of age, with her light hair floating upon her shoulders in large masses of shining curls, leaned her cheek upon her hand, and gazing with her full soft blue eyes over the far-extended landscape, appeared lost in thought; while her other hand, fondly clasped in that of her companion, pointed out, as it were, how nearly linked he was to her seeming abstracted thoughts. The other tenant of that chamber was a man of thirty-two or thirty-three years of age, tall, well-formed, handsome, of the same fair complexion as his companion, but bronzed by the manly florid hue of robust health, exposure, and exercise. His nose was slightly aquiline, his chin rounded and rather prominent, and his blue eyes would have been fine and expressive had they not been rather nearer together than the just proportion, and stained, as it were, on the very iris, by some hazel spots in the midst of the blue. The effect however of the whole, was pleasing, and the very defect of the eyes, by its singularity, gave something fine and distinguished to the countenance; while their nearness, joined with the fire that shone out in their glance, seemed to speak that keen and quick sagacity which sees and determines at once in the midst of thick dangers and perplexities. The expression, however, of those eyes, was now calm and soft, while, sometimes holding her hand in his, sometimes playing with a crown of wild roses he had put on his companion's head, he mingled one rich curl after another with the green leaves and the blushing flowers; and leaning with his left arm against the side of the window, high above her head, as she sat gazing out upon the landscape, he looked down upon the beautiful creature through the mazes of whose hair his other hand was straying, with a smile strangely mingled of affection for her and mockery of his own light employment. There was grace, and repose, and dignity in his whole figure; and the simple green hunting-tunic which he wore, without robe, or hood, or ornament whatever, served better to show its easy majesty than would the robes of a king—and yet this was Philip Augustus. 'So pensive, sweet Agnes!' said he, after a moment's silence, thus waking from her reverie the lovely Agnes de Meranie, whom he had married shortly after the sycophant bishops of France had pronounced the nullity of his unconsummated marriage with Engenborge, for whom he had conceived the most inexplicable aversion; 'so pensive!'

he said; 'where did those sweet thoughts wander?' 'Far, far, my Philip,' replied the queen, leaning back her head upon his arm, and gazing up in his face with that profound, unutterable affection which sometimes dwells in woman's heart for her first and only love; 'far from this castle and this court—far from Philip's splendid chivalry, and his broad realms, and his fair cities—and yet with Philip still. I thought of my own father, and all his tenderness and love for me; and of my own sweet Istria. And I thought how hard is the fate of princes, that some duty always separates them from some of those they love; and—' 'And doubtless you wished to quit your Philip for those whom you love better,' interrupted the king, with a smile at the very charge, which he well knew would soon be contradicted. 'Oh! no, no!' replied Agnes; 'but as I looked out yonder, and thought it was the way to Istria, I wished that my Philip was but a simple knight and I a humble demoiselle. Then should he mount his horse, and I would spring upon my palfrey; and we would ride gaily back to my native land, and see my father once again, and live happily with those we loved.' 'But tell me, Agnes,' said Philip, with a tone of melancholy which struck her, 'if you were told that you might to-morrow quit me and return to your father and your own fair land, would you not go?' 'Would I quit you?' cried Agnes, starting up, and placing her two hands upon her husband's arm, while she gazed in his face with a look of surprise that had no small touch of fear in it; 'would I quit you? Never! And if you drove me forth, I would come back, and be your servant, your slave; or would watch in the corridors but to have a glance as you passed by; or else I would die,' she added, after a moment's pause, for she had spoken with all the rapid energy of alarmed affection: 'but tell me, tell me, Philip, what did you mean? for all your smiling you spoke gravely. Nay, kisses are no answers.' 'I did but jest, my Agnes,' replied Philip, holding her to his heart with a fond pressure; 'part with you! I would sooner part with life!' As he spoke, the door of the chamber suddenly opened, the hangings were pushed aside, and an attendant appeared. 'How now?' cried the king, unclasping his arms from the slight, beautiful form round which they were thrown; 'how now, villain? must my privacy be broken at every moment? How dare you enter my chamber without my call?' And his flashing eye and reddened cheek spake that quick, impatient spirit which never possessed any man's breast more strongly than that of Philip Augustus."

Thodolf, the Icelander. From the German of De La Motte Fouque. London, Burns.

This tale will remind the reader of Sir Walter Scott's last work, "Count Robert of Paris." The contrast of the luxurious Byzantine court, with the rough and self-denying Northman, forms in each the leading feature of the tale; while the difference of time—the one relating to the tenth and the other to the thirteenth century—does not, in fact, strike very vividly the readers of the nineteenth. This is mentioned more for the interest of the work itself than to institute any comparison between the two; for the greatest admirers of Scott would hardly place side by side Count Robert of Paris—confessedly written laboriously in the declining years of the great and respected author—and this which Fouque calls his most successful work, the spontaneous offshoot of a mind filled with all the requisite materials, and inspired by the idea to give them life and form. We can recommend this novel ourselves as quaint and delightful. The cha-

rafter of Thodolf is drawn with great power, and the scenes are of a very high order of interest. The opening is good:—

"The waves were yet very high; the fragments of the wrecked ship were driven wildly over the sea; even the mast, by clinging to which that night Pietro had safely brought his beloved to shore, was now borne back by a towering wave into the boundless ocean."

The conversation which follows between Pietro and Margherita is exquisite, as is their meeting with Thodolf the Iclander. It is seldom, indeed, that we have read a work with more pleasure.

Poems. By Camilla Toulmin. W. S. Orr and Co.

This is a remarkable volume. It is full of excellent and noble poetry — poetry instinct with energy and life, and with great and glorious sympathies. The best praise we can give it is to say that it reads not like the song of woman, but of some strong man, whose whole soul revolted against wrong, tyranny, and oppression. Her theoretic visions are not always correct, nor bear us along with them in earnest faith, but the intent is always good. In the "Invocation," war — one of the necessary evils — is pictured somewhat too hideously, but this is but the too great humanity of a kindly spirit looking on the world with other eyes than those of the politician and statesman. This is a volume which we hope to see widely diffused, however, and as a specimen, we give

THE HAND.

"What is it, fashioned wondrously, that, twin-born with the brain,
Marks man from every meaner thing that bounds across the plain,
Or gambols in the mighty deep, or floats in summer air?"

What is the helmpeer for the mind no lesser life may share?

It is the hand, the human hand, interpreter of will!
Was ever servant yet so great, and so obedient still?
Of all Creation's mysteries with which the world is rife,

It seems a marvel to my soul but second unto life.
How weak a thing of flesh it is, yet think what it has done,

And ask from poor idolators why it no worship won?
How could the lordly forest trees first bow their heads to man,

When with their ruined limbs he delved where veins of metal ran?

Ho! ho! 'tis found! and his to know the secrets of the forge;

And henceforth earth, at his behest, her riches must disclose.

And now the hand has servants fit, it guides as it is schooled,

To keep entire the perfect chain by which the world is ruled;

For when the molten iron flowed into the first rough mould,

The heritage of cunning craft was to the right hand sold;

And it has been a careful lord, improving every right,
Until the mind is overawed by thinking of its might.

How slender and how fair a thing is woman's soft white hand;

Yet Saragossa's maid could seize the cannon's ready brand!"

Bohn's Standard Library. Works and Remains of the Rev. Robert Hall. London, Bohn.

This is an admirable volume, and one which should be in the hands of every lover of truth and liberty. There is much to be learned both from the matter and manner. Such questions as *The Duty of Common Christians in relation to Civil Policy*—on the *Duty of Ministers*—on the *Freedom of the Press*—on the *right of Public Discussion*—on a *Reform in Parliament*—on the *Rights of Man*, &c.; we cannot overrate the importance of. The memoir of Robert Hall is interesting, while the essay by John Forster is admirable.

Legends and Records, chiefly Historical. By Charles B. Tayler. Fifth edition. London, Smith and Elder.

This volume, with its exquisite binding, and neat line engravings, is admirably adapted for presents. Without any claim to originality, or, indeed, much literary merit, the tales are interesting, and, being chiefly historical, contain some useful information. Passing over "Lucy" and "Levengo," which are both very inferior, we can award some praise to "The Lady Lisle," "Fulgentius and Meta," "Anne of Cleves," "George the Third," &c.

The Wigwam and the Cabin. Second Series. By W. Gilmore Simms. Wiley and Putnam.

Had we judged of our author by "Guy Rivers," a three-volume novel, we should have argued poorly of his ability; but in the present volume he is original, lively, and amusing. With the exception of "Lucas de Ayllon," the present collection is most delightful. The negro stories are full of a humour and *naïveté* quite refreshing; and without awarding the author the sneering praise of the *New Monthly*, we must hope that his narratives may meet with encouragement and popularity. "The Giant's Coffin," "The Lazy Crow," and "Caloya," are admirable stories.

Memoirs of the Court of Charles the Second. Edited by Sir Walter Scott. London, H. G. Bohn.

This work does credit neither to the publisher who vends, nor to the public who buy. It is a record of filthy intrigues, which should never have been made cheaply accessible to the miscellaneous reader. In the first place no faith can be put in the book. The early part is clearly as much a romance as *Amadis of Gaul*, or the *Seven Champions of England*; while the latter part, as far as it be true, but tells us what we all knew well enough before, viz., that the court of king Charles II. was but a huge *bagnio*. This monarch, whom

some writers have demeaned themselves to call the "merry," was, perhaps, the most profligate scoundrel that ever lived. He had all the vices of the Stuart race, without one of their few redeeming virtues; and as it needs no ghost to tell us that, we cannot see what could have induced Mr. Bohn to drag this literary refuse from its just obscurity. The historian, who can distinguish between truth and falsehood, may possibly make use of such a book, but to the general reader it cannot but be injurious. We hope that no more such impurities are to be dragged to light in Mr. Bohn's extra volumes. If Grammont, why not Faublas next?

Eastern Romances. Series I and II.

London, Burns.

With Martin Luther, we "would not, for any quantity of gold, part with the wonderful tales which I have retained from my earliest childhood, or have met with through life," and therefore we heartily commend this admirable edition of Arabian tales. The first volume contains the Three Royal Mendicants, Sindbad the Sailor, Abukir and Abusir, Aladdin, Codadad, &c. The second volume contains several tales from the "Arabian Nights," and four, for the first time in this country, from the German of Grimm, which are excellent, and quite in the style of the types from which he has taken them. We can safely recommend these volumes as the best edition we know of the "Arabian Nights" for children. It contains not one offensive word or suggestive idea. We hope to see this collection extensively successful.

Angel Visits. Poems. By Miss Anna Savage. London, Longman and Co.

This is an exquisite volume of true woman's poetry, breathing all the grace and delicacy of gentle woman's heart. They are fresh and powerful; truly

"Making a sunshine in a shady place."

The opening tale of "Wharton Hall" is charmingly plaintive, while the very numerous verses devoted to children are so richly tender that every mother should place them in the hands of her boys and girls. We have seldom met with poetry more deserving of unmitigated praise. We quote briefly—

"Tell me not of gem or star,
I have something brighter far;
And the hare-bell bath'd in dew
Cannot boast so bright a blue.
Who would star or hare-bell prize
If they saw those roguish eyes?
Though the silk-worm's web you see,
Soft and fair as silk can be,
I can show you thread more fair
Than the webs of silk-worms are—
Glossy curls, as of the sun,
Lined the head it fell upon."

The Virgin Martyr. By Philip Massinger, with six designs by F. R. Pickersgill, Esq. London, James Burns.

This is most beautiful edition of a very able play, one which every lover of the drama must wish to possess in its present form. We shall perhaps return to this volume.

Lays and Ballads from English History.

By S. M. London, Burns.

These are just the poems to put into the hands of children, and we hope to see them widely and permanently diffused in schools, where they would be most serviceable. The following is a specimen, from "The Escape of the Empress Matilda:"—

"Through changeful clouds of night,
The winter moon was gliding,
Like a bird wings of light,
On the buoyant breezes riding.
Fair was the scene, and strangely wild,
Beneath her meek transparent ray,
The snow in glittering masses piled,
Gave back a light that mocked the day.

"It lay in shining heaps,
Like pearls of purest brightness;
It clothed the woods and steepes
In robes of bridal whiteness.
And high its crystal ramparts rose
Along old Thames' altered shore,
With one wide field of foam-like snow,
The mighty stream is frozen o'er."

Tales from the Phantasm, &c., of Ludwig Tieck. James Burns.

This volume opens with a most delightful preface, in which Tieck is criticised with a wise and discriminating hand. The editor's remarks re-echo our own feelings, and with him we earnestly recommend this little collection of simple and exquisite tales. They are nine in number, of which "The Elves" and "The Faithful Eckart" are the most remarkable. The following opening of the tale called "The Reconciliation" will show Tieck's style:

"Twilight was already gathering, when a young knight, mounted on his charger, trotted through a lonely vale; the clouds grew gradually darker, and the glow of evening paler; a little brook murmured softly along, concealed by the mountain bushes that overhung it. The knight sighed and surrendered himself to thought; the bridle hung loose on the horse's neck, the steed itself no longer felt the rider's spur, and now paced slowly along the narrow path that that would round the precipitous rock. The noise of the little brook waxed louder; the clang of the hoof rung through the solitude; the shades of evening grew deeper, and the ruins of an old castle lay wondrously poised on the precipice of the opposite mountain. The knight became more absorbed in thought; he gazed fixedly and vacantly on the darkness, scarcely noticing the objects that environed him. Now the moon rose behind him; her splendour tipped tree and shrub with silver; the valley narrowed apace, and the shadow of the knight reached to the opposite hill; the streamlet went foaming, all silver, over the broken rocks, and a nightingale began her ravishing song, till it soon sounded clearer from the forest. The knight now saw a crooked grown willow before him, that fell over the brook, while the water flowed through its weeping branches. On a nearer approach, its dark outline assumed a more decided form, and he now distinctly descried the figure

of a monk bending low over the stream. He let the faint ripple flow through the hollow of his hand, while a low and plaintive voice exclaimed—"She comes not! she comes not! Ah, in an eternity she'll not float by!"

The following remarks by the editor on the tale called "The Elves" are curious:

"The 'Elves,' the last story which we shall notice, is of a far more solemn character with all its beauty; it has a sad, dirge-like tone. Written fourteen years later than the others, it is now the true poet's lament over the hard insensibility of the world to its true good. The world of spirits lies stretched out under the eyes of the children of earth; the invisible visible; but from earth, and earthly perceptions, dull, gloomy, and unattractive. To the busy, practical man of business, to the prudential economist, the man of understanding, the workers in it seem but idle, worthless vagabonds; these lazy good-for-nothings, that scarcely till the ground, are never seen at church, and show no sign of respectability; why do they cumber the earth; the talk is of cage and pillory for them; no child of theirs may approach the unhallowed precincts. Accident leads a young girl beyond the boundary, and then how changed is everything? The dull scene has become more brilliant than the gardens of Aladdin; scales fall from her eyes. Now it is the old world that is dark and gloomy. Down among the mysteries of the fountains of nature, she sees her now no longer yielding reluctantly an unwilling pittance to the sweat of the labour of man, but uncursed. At the word of the dwellers in that enchanted land, her choicest fruits and flowers she pours out in lavish abundance. The spirits of the elements work visibly there, and the mortal sees them, and knows now who are the true benefactors of mankind. Time and space exist not for these pure beings. Seven years are gone in one night, and the narrow fir-clump contains the Garden of Eden."

Poems Partly of Rural Life. By William Barnes. J. R. Smith.

The author, on his title-page, professes to write in national English, in contradistinction to his "Poems of Rural Life, in the Dorset dialect." National English, we opine, consists of such words as "stonen floor," "the yard-begirting wall inzones," &c. These little affectations apart, our author has produced a volume which does him credit, as full of pretty descriptive poetry, calling up scenes which every English heart loves to dwell on. The two following lines are very neat:—

"And laurel-leaves were dancing in the sheen
Of downcast moonlight on the grassy green."

We cannot say, however, that we admire the alliterative poems, pp. 52 and 64. William Barnes is still a poet, because his sympathies are good, and that is much.

The Pilgrim in the Shadow of the Jungfrau Alp. By George Cheever. Wiley and Putnam.

"Hail to the Oberland Alps! As Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains in all Switzerland, so the Jungfrau is the maiden queen, with her dazzling coronet of sky-piercing crystal crags for ever dropping from their setting, and her icy sceptre, and her robe of glaciers, with its fathomless fringe of snow. She, too, is 'earth's rosy star,' so beautiful, so glorious, that to have seen her light, if a man had leisure, would

be worth a pilgrimage round the world. To have heard her voice, deep thunder without cloud, breaking the eternal stillness in the clear serene of heaven, and to have beheld her shaking from her brow its restless battlements of avalanches, were an event in one's life from which to calculate the longitude of years." This is the style of this interesting volume, which has the great merit of being published in a cheap form.

The Raven, and other Poems. By Edgar A. Poe. Wiley and Putnam.

The Lord deliver us from a mad poet! and Edgar Poe is—in a poetical, perhaps in a Pickwickian sense—as mad as a March hare. The writer says:—"I think nothing in this volume of much value to the public or very creditable to myself." Then why publish? Were all American verse like this, we could well understand the slashing criticism of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*; but far from it. Our American brothers and sisters have produced exquisite poems; these are not of them, however. In "The Raven" there is no meaning; while "The Valley of Unrest," &c., are strange incoherencies which excite no sympathies in us.

The Alps and the Rhine. By J. T. Headley. Wiley and Putnam.

This is a delightful book of travels in Switzerland, which, from its cheapness and portable form, should be in everybody's hands. We give a specimen of our author's style in connexion with the Col de Balm:

"I pressed on and soon lost sight of every living thing. The silent snow-field and lofty peaks were around me, and the deep blue heavens bending brightly over all. I thought I was near the top, when suddenly there rose right in my very face, a cone covered with snow of virgin purity. I had ascended beyond the reach of avalanches, and stood on snow that lay as it had fallen. I confess I was for a moment discouraged and lonely. Near as this smooth, trackless height appeared, a broad inclined plane of soft snow was to be traversed before I could reach it. I sat down in the yielding mass and hallooed to the guide. I could hear the faint reply, far, far down the breast of the mountain, and at length caught a glimpse of his form, bent almost double, and toiling like a black insect up the white activity. I telegraphed to him to know if I was to climb that smooth peak. He answered, yes, and that I must keep to the right. I must confess I could see no particular choice in sides, so pressed on. The clean drift hung along its activities just as the wintry storm had left them, and every step sunk me in mid-leg deep. This was too much. I could not ascend the face of that peak of snow direct; it was too steep, and I was compelled to go backwards and forwards, in a zig-zag direction to make any progress. At length, exhausted and panting, I fell on my face, and pressed my hot cheek to the cold snow. I felt as if I could never take another step. My breath came difficult and thick, from the straining efforts I was compelled to put forth at every step; while the perspiration streamed in torrents from my face and body. But a cold shiver just then passed through my frame, admonished me I had already lain too long; so whipping up my flagging spirits, I pushed on. A black spot

at length appeared in the wild waste of snow. It was the deserted house of refuge, and I hailed it with joy; for I knew I was at the top. But ah! as I approached the thing, dreary enough at best, and found it empty, the door broken down by the fierce storm, and the deserted room filled with snow drifts, my heart died within me, and I gave a double shiver. I crept to the windward side of the dismal concern to shield myself from the freezing blast, which swept by without check, and seemed wholly unconscious that I had clothing on; and crouched meekly in the sun-beams. But I looked up, about, and beneath me; what a wild ruinous world of crags and riven mountains, rose on my wondering vision!"

On the Chemical and Dietetic Relations of Tea.

A correspondent of the *Medical Times* translates the following observations by Dr. Bleischt in *Oesterr. Tahrbuchern*: "Two Arabs, who travelled in Eastern Asia in the ninth century, even thus early spoke of tea: in Europe it did not become known before the seventeenth century. Dutch travellers brought it from China in the year 1600. In 1666 lord Arlington took the first pound of tea into England, having bought it in Holland for £3. In 1763 Linnaeus obtained, after seventeen unsuccessful attempts, a living tea-plant from China, which blossomed at Upsala in the year 1765. The tea-shrub is very closely related to the camelia. Left to itself, it attains a height of ten or twelve feet; in a cultivated state it is kept as low as five or six feet, in order to facilitate the growth of the branches and the tea-gathering. Linnaeus distinguished two species: the green tea (*thea viridis*), which is stronger and higher, grows in China as far as the 40 to 45 deg. north latitude; and bohea tea (*thea bohea*), which is smaller, and only cultivated as far as the 27 to 28 deg. north latitude. In China, the tea prospers best at the south side of hills near small rivers; in Japan, it is cultivated on the borders of fields. The tea is sown; the shrub furnishes three good annual harvests for a term of three to seven years. The first, gathered in February or March, only yields fine shoots, which are little developed: this is the best sort, and is called imperial tea. The leaves and shoots collected in April are less esteemed. In the third harvest, in May or June, the coarsest leaves are cut off and sorted: after this the leaves are left on the shrub. For the purpose of drying, the leaves are laid on iron pans, and exposed to a moderate heat in little stoves: they discharge a caustic yellowish green juice. When dried, they are rolled with the hands; sometimes they are laid on a fine sieve, and exposed to hot watery vapours till they are moistened, and then they are dried as before. This tea, obtained by the dry method, is said to be the black tea; that obtained by the moist method, the green tea. Others maintain the reverse of this to be the case. It is also asserted by some that both sorts are dried

in the sun, only the green is exposed for a shorter time than the black. Many teas are made odoriferous by the admixture of different species of camelias. In England, the Chinese tea is adulterated with ash, hawthorn, and other leaves. The chemical constituents of tea are—volatile oil, tannic acid, and theine; the other constituents are those commonly found in the leaves of vegetables. The tea owes its smell, and part of its effects, to its volatile oil. The tannic acid blackens the salts of iron, as the tannic acid of oak. The theine is the most remarkable constituent. Peligot has lately discovered in tea a larger quantity of theine, besides some caseine, both of which are azotised substances. The use of carbonate of soda is advantageous in the preparation of tea, as it is in that of coffee; it increases the power of drawing the extract out of the leaves, makes the infusion stronger, and gives it a better taste. In the ashes of tea the author found oxide of iron and argilla, and draws from this circumstance the conclusion, that the shrub grows and thrives on ferruginous and argillaceous soils, which are also in other respects favourable to the formation of ammonia, and of the azotised caseine and theine. In using tea, most persons only consume those parts which are to be extracted by water, particularly the ethereal oil, the tannate of thiene, gum, and most of the soluble salts. But the tea is not exhausted by a single infusion in boiling water; at least one-third of the soluble constituents remain in leaves, with the greatest part of the caseine. Carbonate of soda dissolves the caseine, and therefore materially increases the strength of the beverage. The theine is composed of eight atoms of carbon, four atoms of nitrogen, ten atoms of hydrogen, and two atoms of oxygen. In those countries where tea is very generally taken (as England and Holland), diseases of relaxation and emollition prevail, particularly among the female sex."

Our Tatler.

THE OPERA, JULY 21.

In the true spirit of gossip we might be justified in taking the whole opera season, and in uttering all the solemn plentitudes of which we were capable thereupon, but we prefer selecting a particular evening—the last on which we ventured to visit that enchanting locality, Her Majesty's Theatre. That Mr. Lumley is the prince of managers is as well known as that Victoria is queen of England; and that, with all that can be said for native talent, Italian beats it hollow, in the matter of singing, is a verity

which we are sorry to say is equally self-evident. Not that we deny the richness and power of voice possessed by many English men and women. They have their reward—

"Qui bene fecerunt, illi sua facta sequuntur
Qui male."

Why the public whistle them down the stream a prey to fortune. The Italian opera possesses certainly many adventitious advantages. It is the most superb house in the world. Its boxes are the most commodious luxurious things which can be conceived, the very *coup d'œil* of the spectacular department is worth the money paid to see. Every attention and care is given to make the audience at their ease; nowhere are such polite boxkeepers to be found; while those who are fond of gazing at royal and titled individuals can always have enough of this amusement. On the night concerning which we speak every principal box had its monarch, prince, or duke. Her Majesty and Prince Albert in one, foreign princes in others, and everywhere beauty and splendour.

And what to see? Grisi, Lablache, and Mario, in the *Lucrezia Borgia*. Perhaps in no opera of the season is there more opportunity for fine acting; and both Grisi and Mario avail themselves to the full of the occasion. Indeed, and this is no small triumph, a spectator ignorant of the story, and of the language, could not fail to catch a very strong impression of the course of events. The opening, where Lucrezia, under a false name, has gained the affections of Anselmo, who loves her with passionate devotion, and where the nobles and others come forward, and after torturing her by insult and contumely, reveal to Anselmo her odious name, is not only admirable in its vocal displays, but in the singular interest which is at once awakened. Mario is very able in his first burst of disgust at the discovery of the deception which has been played upon him. When again we see him too, before the splendid palace of the Duke and Duchess, and effacing the word *B* from Borgia, and leaving the insulting epithet *orgia* standing, our attention is again deeply riveted; but it is in the next scene that we behold a triumph of acting and singing never surpassed. We are thus minute because we wish to explain why we think the crowded state of the Opera House is very naturally to be understood. The Duke has caused the daring insulter of his name to be arrested, and upbraiding the Duchess with her villainess, which has given cause for such conduct, informs her that the offender is about to perish by the axe. Lucrezia, horror struck, pleads with passionate fervour for his pardon, for some time in vain. At length he agrees that

instead of receiving his death by the axe, it shall be by some of her poison. Anselmo is brought in, and is told by the Duke that he is forgiven. The young man is most grateful, and then the Duke invites him to drink. The by-play of Grisi is now magnificent. Her eyes seem starting from her head with agony and horror; and when he drinks, her whole frame quivers with admirably expressed emotion. But the Duke leaves them alone; and, at once explaining all to the young man, she is terribly perplexed by his disbelief and refusal to take the antidote she offers, as more likely to be poison. The duet here is terrible, and at length he drinks. How Lucrezia Borgia, in the third act, prepares a poisoned banquet for all who insulted her in the first is well known; also that Anselmo is unknown to her at present; and how, amid their revels, the solemn *de profundis* is heard, a funeral dirge for the death of living men, an admirable stage effect, is equally notorious; but we cannot forbear noticing the admirable vocal and artistic genius of both Grisi and Mario in the finale, where Lucrezia Borgia is about to perish by the hand of Anselmo, and declares herself his mother. The horror of the young man, who had been loved by her, and was about to become a paricide, is magnificently expressed, while the unquenchable grief of the guilty mother, never was portrayed as it was portrayed by Grisi. The tones in which she peals forth the words "*meo filio*" are terribly true. The wonder is that with such revolting materials so much can be done; when, therefore, more pleasing operas are offered us, as *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *I Puritani*, &c. we have at once the reason of the popularity of this house explained. Most English singers are poor actors. This is lamentably clear at Drury Lane, in the persons of Harrison, Weiss, Borroni, and others; nor are the female vocalists much superior in this particular.

Cerito and St. Leon followed. The former is, undoubtedly, the best dancer of the day, and seems to improve every season. Grace, vigour, elegance, and power are all magically combined in her, and we never tire at gazing on her poetical evolutions. Lucile Grahn is, too, admirable, and St. Leon is a model of manly vigour in his art. But Taglioni—our great and never-to-be forgotten favourite, who *has been* the greatest *danseuse* of any age or time—could not some friendly genius have persuaded her not to appear again? Her falling off was so evident that many, in the most unkind forgetfulness of the past, hissed violently. This is not right; but we observed that it was the pit only did so, the gallery even was silent. Never was *dansuse* so great a favourite, and the *éclat* of her last season here should

have sufficed. Cerito absent she might still have passed, but the contrast was too glaring. We must not forget to remark that Brambilla acquitted herself exceedingly well in the opera.

REGENT STREET, JULY 23.

We, a few days since, entered the Polytechnic Institution, and were most gratified by the visit. This institution is the best of its kind, and really contrives so many, and such varied attractions, that we scarcely know how to particularise them. We may mention that in the morning machinery and models are explained, a popular lecture on experimental philosophy given, another on chemistry, then dissolving views, diver and diving bells, lecture on galvanism, music, and atmospheric railway exhibited; and that in the evening these are repeated, a band, conducted by T. Wallis, being present. The models are without end—models of ships, railways, lathes, kitchen ranges, printing machines. Never, perhaps, were there collected so many curiosities worthy of examination, whether we consider the specimens of home manufacture, or the fossils, bones, garments, brought from other countries. Indeed, so deserving do we consider this institution, that we shall return to it monthly, until we have pointed out its principal attractions.

LEICESTER SQUARE, JULY 24.

Burford's panorama of Sobraon is the representation of a field so gallantly contested by Englishmen, that we are sure every lover of his country's glory must hasten to examine this very clever picture.

COFFEE HOUSE, DO.

We are deluged with magazines bearing the name of authors and publishers. We have Blackwood's Magazine, Tait's Magazine, 'Frazer's and Hood's, Douglas Jerrold's admirable Monthly Miscellany, Bentley's clever Magazine, and last, not least, Chambers' Edinburgh Journal, which by its talent, independence, and the diffusion of sound information combined with amusement, bears away the palm from all, despite the constant rivals that have risen but to fall. We opine, however, a new class of papers are about to arise, and we fear such is the power of example, we shall soon have every man's one newspaper. Douglas Jerrold is deservedly one of the most popular, pleasing, and powerful of the writers of the present day. In "Punch," in his magazine, in his varied works, in his dramas, he has given proof of rare power, imbued with a style which is grace and elegance itself. Epigrammatic, terse, it cannot fail to delight. Well! Douglas Jerrold has brought out a newspaper, and the very first number makes us

regret that he has done so. It cannot be extensively popular, because the views taken are not those which the many will either understand or sympathise with. They are peculiar in the extreme. Perhaps we are wrong. We hope so: for the talent and energy on the paper is such as to deserve the highest meed of success. Perhaps, therefore, the public may excuse peculiarities to revel in the conceits and ideas of men of undoubted ability. But we should not be doing our duty to the public if on the appearance of a journal which, no doubt, has a vast circulation, we did not protest against giving prominence to the ravings of one Elihu Burritt. But for him we should have been silent. This learned pundit, or blacksmith, we are not quite sure which, is said to know fifty languages. We can tell him one he has yet to learn. That is English. He uses fine words, which makes us wonder where he stole them, with a self-complacency, quite charming. Talks of "belligerent war," "internecine hostility;" "ropes of cotton reaching from America to England," with sundry gigantic figures of speech, which would occupy too much space to explain, with as much coolness as if he really understood them. Fifty languages! Fifty fiddle-strings! We should like to see him go through an examination for one. The fact is we are sick of infant and other phenomena. America has sent us many oddities—Tom Thumb and the Ojibeways to wit; but we believe these were infinitely more valuable than this new importation. The man means well, but if every well-meaning man were to favour us with his lucubrations, we should soon be tired of the genus. We sincerely hope to hear no more of Elihu Burritt, unless it be shoeing horses in New York, where he should have remained in quiet privacy. He might there have enjoyed his *otium cum dignitate* to his heart's content. It will now be *sine* with a vengeance.

JULY 25.

We have just returned from viewing Mr. T. R. King's gallery of paintings, and we really do hope that so deserving an artist will meet with the success he deserves. His Persian painting, elsewhere announced, is so curious a novelty, that all the ladies must patronise it.

STRAND, JULY 27.

We have just passed the offices of the Metropolitan Drapers' Association. This reminds us that we must use the whole powers of our tattling pen in persuading the ladies *never* to shop after six o'clock. The good which this would do we shall endeavour to explain next month.

F. A. B.